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CARLYLE'S

FREDERICK THE GREAT

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PREFACE

THIS being a book of selections, I have ventured on occasion to take patches of the text from different chapters and sew them into a single paragraph. I have also on occasion cut out the dispensable parts of sentences,—the amplifications and parentheses; a proceeding utterly inadmissible in any other sort of book, and in the case of some authors even in this sort. But Carlyle is not a structural writer; with him it is the word that matters; and his sentence often resembles the polypus with which he compares the Russian square at Zorndorf—if you lop away a limb, it immediately ‘arranges a new life for itself’.

The editor’s narrative (enclosed in brackets), which carries on the story from one selection to another, is as short as it can be. I have left Carlyle’s system of inverted commas as I found it. He is fond of quoting from stray leaves of his note-books, and putting these passages in commas, although he is only citing himself; and he does the same thing when he gives voice to his own meditations through the mouth of ‘Smelfungus’ or another. The reader should be warned of this practice, for I have left the commas standing. No attempt has been made at a uniform spelling in the case of proper names and

place-names. The English forms will be found in the Notes and Narrative Links; the German forms, as a rule, in the text.

In the Notes and Introduction I have been much indebted to Professor Koser's biography of Frederick, to the short and very helpful *Life* by Mr. W. F. Reddaway (Putnam), and to *The Evolution of Prussia* by Mr. J. A. R. Marriott and Mr. C. Grant Robertson (Clarendon Press). I have also to thank Mr. Spenser Wilkinson for kindly allowing me to use the plans of Rossbach and Leuthen from his *French Army before Napoleon* (Clarendon Press).

A. M. D. H.

DATES

A. D.

- 928 Foundation of the North Mark by Henry the Fowler.
- 1134-1320 The Ascanian Margraves.
- 1323-73 Bavarian Margraves.
- 1373-1414 Luxemburg Margraves.
- 1415 Frederick I of Hohenzollern, Burgrave of Nuremberg, becomes Elector of Brandenburg.
- 1618 Sigismund, Elector of Brandenburg, invested with the Duchy of East Prussia.
- 1640-88 The Great Elector.
- 1660 East Prussia freed from the suzerainty of Poland.
- 1701 Frederick I becomes first King.
- 1712 Birth of Frederick the Great (January 24).
- 1713 Accession of Frederick William I.
- 1726 Frederick enters the Army.
- 1730 The Crown Prince condemned to death for attempted desertion, and imprisoned in the fortress of Cüstrin (October).
- 1731 The Crown Prince is reconciled with the King (August), and restored to his rank in the Army (November).
- 1732-40 Life at Ruppín and Reinsberg.
- 1733 Marries Elizabeth Christina, daughter of the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern.
- 1740 Frederick's accession (May 31). October 20, death of Charles VI. December 16, the Prussians invade Silesia. December 27, Treaty of Alliance with Russia.
- 1741 April 10, Mollwitz. June 5, Treaty with France. September, appeal of Maria Theresa to the Hungarians. October 9, secret agreement of Klein-Schnellendorf. Silesia evacuated by the Austrians. November, agreement of Klein-Schnellendorf repudiated.
- 1742 End of January, Charles Albert of Bavaria elected Emperor. Frederick's foray into Moravia (January-April). May 17,

A. D.

- Chotusitz. July 28, Treaty of Berlin (otherwise called of Breslau).
- 1744 May, Union of Frankfurt. June, new agreement with France. August 15, Frederick begins the Second Silesian War. September 16, captures Prague. September–December, disastrous campaign in Bohemia, and retreat to Silesia.
- 1745 January 26, death of the Emperor Charles VII, followed by Treaty of Füssen. February, Silesia cleared of Austrians by the Old Dessauer. May, secret Treaty of Warsaw between Saxony and Austria, with the connivance of Russia. June 3, Saxons and Austrians descend into Silesia. June 4, Battle of Hohenfriedberg. September, Francis of Lorraine elected Emperor. Battle of Sohr. November 23, Hennesdorf. December 15, Kesselsdorf. December 25, Treaty of Dresden.
- 1748 Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.
- 1756 May, Alliance between France and Austria. August 28, Frederick crosses Saxon frontier. September 9, enters Dresden. October 1, Brown, advancing to relieve Saxon army in Pirna country, is repulsed at Lobositz. October 17, Capitulation of Struppen.
- 1757 January, Treaty of Westminster. May 6, Battle of Prague. June 18, Kolin. July, loss of Lusatia. September 9, Kloster Zeven. November 5, Rossbach. November 22, Duke of Brunswick-Bevern defeated and taken at Breslau. Breslau in Austrian hands. December 5, Leuthen.
- 1758 May, Frederick encamps before Olmütz. Relinquishes the siege and retires into Bohemia, July 1–14. August 25, Zorndorf. October 14, Hochkirch. Frederick relieves Neisse November 6; and Dresden November 15.
- 1759 April–June, Frederick at Landshut. July 23, Züllichau. August 12, Kunersdorf. September 4, Schmiettau surrenders Dresden. End of October, Russians return home. November 21, Maxen.
- 1760 June 23, Fouquet overwhelmed at Landshut. July 10–29,

A. D.

- Siege of Dresden. July 26, Loudon captures Glatz. August 1, Frederick sets out for Silesia, to relieve Breslau. August 3, Loudon raises siege of Breslau. August 15, Liegnitz. October 3-12, raid of Russians and Austrians on Berlin. November 3, Torgau.
- 1761 August, Loudon unites with Russians in Silesia. Frederick builds the Camp of Bunzelwitz. September 20, Russians abandon Silesia. October 1, Loudon takes Schweidnitz. October 2, Pitt resigns office.
- 1762 January 5, death of the Tsarina Elizabeth, and accession of Peter III. April 9, England refuses further subsidies. May 5, Peace with Russia. June, Alliance with Russia. July 9, the Tsar Peter dethroned, Catharine made Autocrat of the Russias. She recalls her troops from Frederick's camp. July 21, Burkersdorf. October 9, Prussians recapture Schweidnitz. October 29, Saxony secured by Battle of Freiberg. November 3, preliminaries of Peace between France and England signed.
- 1763 February, Peace of Hubertsburg.
- 1764 Treaty of Alliance with Russia. Stanislaus elected King of Poland (September). Death of the Emperor Francis, and accession of Joseph II.
- 1768 Religious troubles in Poland; Russian intervention. October, Russo-Turkish War.
- 1769 Joseph II visits Frederick at Neisse.
- 1770 Frederick returns this visit at Neustadt (August). Austria annexes the district of Zips.
- 1771 February, Catharine takes up the idea of a Partition of Poland, previously mooted by Frederick.
- 1772 First Partition of Poland.
- 1778 War of Bavarian Succession begins (July).
- 1779 War of Bavarian Succession ends (May).
- 1780 Death of Maria Theresa (November).
- 1785 January, Austria again threatens Bavaria. July, formation of the *Fürstenbund*.
- 1786 August 17, death of Frederick.

INTRODUCTION

I

CARLYLE AND FREDERICK

HISTORY, on its personal side, is Carlyle's element. In him, as in the Biblical prophets, the poet (in the larger sense of the word) is a part of the missionary, and History is at once the stuff of his art and the evidence of his doctrine. He can never acquiesce in the effect of the pure imagination, where the mind leaves go of here and now or there and then. He must bind all thoughts and delights to the militant will; and even *King Lear*, he would say, true though it be as the image of a vital experience, would be truer still if it recorded a fact and had taken, as it were, the immediate stress of life. No one is more impatient of the idea that history is a sort of tale which you may embellish with the fancy. It is the very truth, writing and making itself in the deeds of men, and only to be read with a sacred care. At the same time, as the record of human heroism, it is a poem. All the course of Time, he says, is 'an imprisoned Epic, Psalm, or Prophecy', which it is the historian's duty to disimprison.

At its most characteristic pitch this poetical history is a mystic vision. 'These clear eyes of neighbour Jocelin', he writes of his Chronicler Monk in *Past and Present*, 'looked on the bodily presence of King John. Lackland, with a great retinue, boarded once for the matter of a fortnight in St. Edmundsbury Convent. O Jocelin, what did he say, what did he do; how looked he, lived he—at the very lowest what coat or breeches

had he on? Jocelin is obstinately silent. With Jocelin's eyes we discover almost nothing of John Lackland. As through a glass darkly, we with our own eyes and appliances, intensely looking, discern at most: a blustering, dissipated human figure, with a kind of blackguard quality air, in cramoisy velvet, or other uncertain texture, with much plumage and fringing; riding abroad with hawks; tearing out the bowels of St. Edmundsbury Convent by living at rack and manger there. . . . And in this manner vanishes King Lackland; traverses swiftly our strange intermittent magic mirror; and rides with his hawks into Egyptian night again. How much in all History is at once inscrutable and certain; so dim, yet so indubitable. For King Lackland *was* there, verily he; and did live and look in one way or the other; and a whole world was living and looking along with him. There is the grand peculiarity; the immeasurable one; distinguishing to an infinite degree the poorest historical Fact from all Fiction whatsoever.' But why, then, if the meanest shred of life is so precious that he will strain his sight to save it from Time,—why will he not turn rather to the scene before him? Why does he think more of History with its fragments than of the Present with its feast, and peer in darkness when he may see in the light? It is a fair question, and Carlyle in an Essay on History has answered it. The light of the Present, he there says, rather blinds the eyes than opens them. We are too near the facts to discern their true significance; but the Past is visibly encased in the mystery of Being, and 'the poet's work is done to his hand'. Thus in History the impressionist and the mystic in him (and he was compounded of both) come together into play. The coat and breeches of King John, of which his eyes would fain lay hold, are at least one note of a strange generation that is gone into silence, and you hear the silence as you hear the note. And the issues of life are clearer, more solemn, fraught with deeper

pathos and sterner warning—‘grim and sad in the depths of the old dead Time’.

This sort of Prophecy or Psalmody,—this visual mysticism—is frequent in *The French Revolution* and in *Cromwell*. But *Frederick*, on the whole, is set to another key. It is not a book that he wrote from the heart inevitably. The Seven Years’ War did not lay open the depths of human nature like the great storm in France; nor was its hero a man of men in the same degree as Cromwell. Not that Carlyle is troubled because the King of Prussia broke treaties and bested his enemies at a knavish game. Under all his craft he can see an ultimate honesty, a sense of the vital and practical thing which is the moral sense itself. As far as it goes his admiration of Frederick is very sincere. He displays him in all the ambiguous brilliance of his nature, Prussian and Frenchman in one, nimble wit with iron will and stoic heart, cruel cynicism with a radiant *bonhomie*, ambition and imperious pride with homely simplicity and the love of books and friends. He brings him now and then nearer to us as one much sinned against by others, lonely, sensitive, impulsive, his many days heavy with labour and poor in joy. Yet the feeling persists that the man was a will rather than a soul, and remains to us what he was to those around him, ‘radiant but metallic’. It is a marred hero, born to his cost in an unheroic and unspiritual time. And to Carlyle the feeling was sometimes a burden. He began the book in January 1853, after a month’s visit to Germany in the previous summer to see the portraits belonging to the story and some of its scenes. The first two volumes, extending to the King’s accession, were published in 1858; and in August and September of that year a second tour was undertaken to inspect the battle-fields. A third volume appeared in 1862; a fourth in 1864; the last two in 1866. For most of these fourteen years he enjoyed the help of two volunteer secretaries; one, Joseph Neuberger, a retired

German merchant, who accompanied him on the two occasions to Germany; the other, Henry Larkin, who among his talents had the gift of drawing maps and plans, and straightened out the tangles of the wars. Nevertheless, Carlyle was worried and depressed with the work. He groaned continually over the big unindexed German histories by 'pedants and tenebrific persons'. It is 'a task', he writes to Emerson, 'that generally seems to me not worth doing, and that yet must be done. No job approaching to it in ugliness was ever cut out for me; nor had I any motive to go on except the sad negative one, Shall we be beaten in our old days?' In 1852 he saw Luther's room in the Wartburg, 'the most venerable of all rooms I ever entered'. 'I kissed his old oak table, looked out of the window down the sheer Castle wall, and over the range of silent woody mountains, and thought to myself, Here for a time lived one of God's soldiers.' That is a spirit out of which he might have written a greater 'poem' than *Frederick*, and for some years he had thought of either of these men as a subject for a comprehensive work. Why, then, should he have chosen as he did?

The reason seems to be that he wrote *Frederick* in the mood of the *Latter-Day Pamphlets* (1850); and that book is the final mark of a change in his mind. Nothing after 1845, or even 1843, except *The Life of John Sterling* and the Address at Edinburgh, is the true Carlyle. For there are two versions of his philosophy, of which the humaner and more helpful is paling in the 'forties beside the other. Whoever would understand him must bear in mind the dismal years between the Reform Bill in 1832 and the acme of Chartism in 1848; for his theory is close to the circumstances of the time, and its temper changes as he views them. He believed that the misery and desperation of the working classes were due to the fact that their rulers had agreed not to govern them, but

to leave them alone, as long at any rate as they kept the peace and paid in the tale of work ; and this at a time when the industrial revolution had thrust a new order into the frame of the state, and all the questions of modern life—of towns and factories and Capital and Labour—were crying to be answered. With the result that the penury had spread to the brain and heart of the rich, and the wealth of the land was under a spell, for no one enjoyed it. What was worse, the ruling Utilitarian philosophers, from Bentham to Ricardo, had made a theory to mate these practices ; a theory in which man is by nature a seeker after 'happiness', and that is, as a rule, after wealth, in which virtue is an acquisitive prudence, and the industrial battle an automatic good. To interfere with this conflict for some abstract ethical ideal would be folly, since the weal of the state rested on its intensity, and poverty was the inevitable residue of failure. Carlyle met these facts and this theory of *laissez faire* with the passion of a just and merciful and pious man ; and the passion ran more and more to the extreme. Was there no force in nature to right the wrong and explode the theory? One unfailing force there was, if it were enlightened—hero-worship. 'We needs must love the highest when we see it' was the important truth in the world ; and that man desires happiness apart from the highest was not true at all. But the highest must appear in the flesh, or it would not avail. Ever and again it had appeared in history in a few men or one in an age ; and all the social subordinations came, or once had come, from the reverence of the weaker and lower for the stronger and nobler. Hero-worship was the saving health of the social instinct, the result of all true religion, 'the presence of heaven on earth' ; and Democracy, understood as the negation of it, was not only anarchy, but atheism. England's evils would melt away if she found her heroes ; and that was to say, if she found her soul.

Much of his political speculation is free from any note of tyranny. The hero is the crest of a wave ; only an heroic people can produce him. Fighting and chastising are a minor part of his business ; the major part is to lead and inspire. It is the moral appeal and the moralizing labour that distinguish a Frederick from a buccaneer, and in Burke's expression, 'mellow his usurpations into legality'. 'The essential element [in William the Conqueror] was not scorching fire, but shining illuminative light', such light as 'spreads by incalculable contagion'. Gurth, the thrall of Cedric, was better off than a modern labourer, for he was sure of his victuals and his work. 'But no man is, or can henceforth be, the brass-collar thrall of any man ; you will have to bind him by other, far nobler and cunninger methods. Let him go abroad as a trusted one, as a free one, and return home to you with rich earnings at night. Garth could only tend pigs : this one will build cities, conquer waste worlds. How, in conjunction with inevitable Democracy, indispensable Sovereignty is to exist ; certainly it is the hugest question ever heretofore propounded to mankind.' And the pages in which he called his generation to noble living, and stirred them as with battle music, are all afire with fraternity. 'Ploughers, Spinners, Builders ; Prophets, Poets, Kings ; Brindleys and Goethes, Odins and Arkwrights ; all martyrs and noble men and gods are of one grand Host ; immeasurable ; marching ever forward since the beginnings of the world. The enormous all-conquering flame-crowned Host ; noble every soldier in it ; sacred and alone noble.' But then, very often, in the midst of this thrilling strain, there will come another movement, and the master estranges the very hearts that beat to him fastest. 'You do not allow a palpable madman to leap over precipices ; you violate his liberty. Every stupid, every cowardly and foolish man, is but a less palpable madman ; his true liberty were that a wiser man lay hold of him, and

order and compel him to go a little righter. O, if thou really art my Senior, *Seigneur*, Elder, Presbyter, or Priest, if thou do know better than I what is good and right, I conjure thee in the name of God, force me to do it; were it by never such brass collars, whips, and handcuffs, leave me not to walk over precipices.' 'I understand they do not tolerate freedom of debate on board a Seventy-four.' This is the argument that leads up to the *Discourse on the Nigger Question* and the 'beneficent cart whip' for 'idle Quashee', and must always enfeeble his influence. He is never sure of all the difference between flogging a man to salvation (if it were possible) and inspiring him to it.

Now it is plain that you cannot compare the crew of a Seventy-four to a civil Society; for a warship exists for a circumscribed end, to which the only means is naval discipline. Right and wrong, in respect of the working of the ship, and within reason, are simple and absolute; they are, and only can be, by the will of the officer. But Carlyle is always hoping for a civil state as harmonious as if its good and evil were equally determinate; in which, if any discord arose, the loyal and the recalcitrant would be as opposite to one another morally as the angels in Milton. He is always thinking of those single-minded periods when men seemed to 'stand all together against the Evil thing', and Justice to radiate 'as the all-victorious Light-Element'. The good in man, he says, sinks down through the 'vortices and cross-currents' of evil to a centre of beauty and order. Or shams and injustices are 'an obstruction' flung off in the clash of true forces, that these 'may remain and embrace brother-like in some resulting force'. Yes; but when they are flung off, and all goes well, how is it that disease returns and your bells are jangled? For one thing, of course, the heart of man is wicked, and, as Aristotle says, 'becomes tired' of his virtues. But there are also the laws of growth, the surprises of

truth, the enlargement of desires ; whereby the order of one age is a burden to the next, and the new at variance with the old. Carlyle is not only open to these truisms, but possessed by them ; his whole reading of history is of an evolution in which the creative and affirmative ages are succeeded by the critical in a spiral ascent. And yet he will not have it that discussion and dispute are all to the good if light and power come of them ; or that, as thought presses on to act, the outer liberty is a furtherance and earnest of the inner. He clings to the notion that the dubitative or deliberative consciousness is a sort of disease or a sort of froth upon the mind that aspires and divines. It is the fallacy of killing the goose and demanding the golden eggs. ' You talk ', he says in effect, ' of the consent of the subject to the sovereign will. Let me tell you that, when most profitable, the consent is tacit and unreasoned, and men will obey a true hero by instinct, although their tongues rebel.' Instinct will tell them whether the hero is true ; and from this it follows that, so long as a sovereign power maintains itself, it is felt to be, and must be, just and right. We know since the French Revolution that, if it were not, it could not last, or could not last for long. ' Might and right, if you give them time, are one and the same.' It was easy, when despair urged him, to go further, and to say : the more might the more right, the more sovereignty the better.

Despair began to urge him towards 1850 when he took, in Lowell's phrase, to ' bawling for fire from heaven in default of the matchbox '. He found himself in what may be called the second depression of the Revolution. The first, after the first wave, was the period of Byron and Shelley. Then came the rally of the twenties, and the crisis of 1832. Carlyle had other hopes than the revolutionaries, but he was with them on the whole, believing that good would rise to the top if the nations were shaken up. The chief aim of his *Essays* and of

Sartor Resartus is to propound a gospel for the times, and to give news of the revelation of mystery and divinity in Goethe and the German writers. Then came, in 1837, his Epic of the French Revolution, as of 'a God in wrath'. In the forties (*Chartism* 1840, *Heroes* 1841, *Past and Present* 1843, *Cromwell* 1845) he turns from the 'fire from below' to the 'light from above', and teaches the doctrine of the saving man. But more especially in certain portions of his *Cromwell*, the harder note was coming on. The Reform Bill had cast out Satan by Beelzebub, and England had sunk in his sight ever deeper into cant, incompetence, and misery. In the *Latter-Day Pamphlets* he empties out his vials of despair, and loses altogether that thought of 'inevitable Democracy'. His account of the national nursery in Prussia under Frederick William and Frederick the Great is meant for a picture of a better world. But most men have received as a warning what he intended for a model.

The doctrine of the strong man is half a truth, and therefore half a romance. It is a point of view that throws up the masses and sublimities, and dwarfs the plains. But by this line of sight he can often see more, and more justly, than the man without a prejudice. There are some who think, for instance, that his portrait of Frederick William is 'a splendid *tour de force*'; but this is a case where the historian reads the facts by the inner light and his own idea of moral values. Carlyle's account is at least an illuminative conjecture, and is commonly counted a great act of historical redress. On the other hand, the 'worshipper' is too unwilling to blame his hero, and falls at times into a vein of excuse that is simply immoral. Even his reading of the facts is subject to the bias. It seems, for instance, that he has quite under-estimated the element of ambition in Frederick when he ascended the throne. According to Professor Koser, the greatest authority

on the subject, it is wrong to suppose, as Carlyle does, that the young King was sated with Silesia, and ceased after its acquisition to covet other men's goods. He dallied for a time with the thought of making Prussia the warder of the *Reich*, and the Prussian King a Mayor of the Palace with more territory to boot ; and that hope was blended with the fear for Silesia in the inception of the second war.¹ Again, it is all in keeping with his theory that Carlyle has lifted the personal factor till the others are out of sight. All the drift of general and impersonal causes, all the web of usual things he either skimps or leaves aside. Thus he has skimmed the account of the King's innumerable labours in the internal government—his industrial schemes and ventures—the porcelain factory, the tobacco monopoly, and so forth ; his tariff treaties and wars ; his amendments in the tenure of land ; his new villages in the wastes ; his canals and drainages, and matters like these. We hear much of the army marching and fighting, but little of its recruitment and its methods of discipline. We hear of the legal reforms, but not of the causes that lamed them. It is the chief count in the judgement of posterity that Frederick marched in the first files of his age, but never before them ; that the idea of citizenship did not touch him ; that the royal absolutism, resting on the army, and that again on a feudalized state, was his sum of wisdom ; and that in consequence both army and state were severed from the fresh springs of strength in the age of the Revolution, and fell into that predicament from which the scourge of Napoleon and the labours of Stein were destined to redeem them. But these are aspects that Carlyle does not care to regard, and he leaves obscure the whole structure of Prussian society and even the administrative system.

The present volume has been put together for those many

¹ See further the note on the Partition of Poland (p. 357).

who would be glad to make acquaintance with the main moments of the story, as simply a study of personal and national character. On the principle that 'a big book is a big evil' the main moments alone have been taken, and much has been left that is only not of the first importance. In this way the reader will certainly miss the chief marvel of the work—the abundance of the power that etches on the memory so vast a number of figures and personalities, of incidents and landscapes from all the field of the subject and all its borders and approaches, from the records of a dozen countries and a thousand years. But the descriptive gift is at any rate at its highest pitch in some of these selections, and all together are a fair example of Carlyle's minor style, as we may call it, in the writing of history. *Frederick* is not written in flame and darkness, like the *French Revolution*, but in clear and affluent light. None of the battles are rendered in the solemn tone of the story of Dunbar; but one and all are great combinations of precision and power. The mystic temper is not so rife as elsewhere; the element is shrewd wisdom and a masterful humour, and Emerson called it 'the wittiest book in the world'. Moreover, these Prussians belong, as Frenchmen do not, to the true *venue* of Carlyle's insight, so that the reader does not suspect that they are seen vividly but seen amiss. It is true, the events through which we are now living have branded the philosophy of the book. They have written the vices of 'the Prussian idea' so large that he who runs may read them, and Prussia, and all Germany after her, are plainly at enmity at this hour with the better genius of our kind. And yet there is an element of indispensable value in the Prussian creed. Logically it knows no right and wrong beyond the borders of the land; but it builds on the neutral excellences of work and discipline and the will to do or die. Carlyle has seen the excellences and blinked the vice. He loves strength and valour, but he loves

justice also, and he fails to find the term between them. He is driven, therefore, to say that in the long run justice always wins, and your right is proved by victory and scouted by defeat. Or else there is no God at work in the world, and Nature is at variance with the moral law. 'True,' we might answer him, 'all sound religion must end in hope and in the trust that right, at the close of the account, is mightier than wrong. But, to justify the ways of your great men, you incline to be too summary and simple with the account, and to forget how often Justice is unsearchable and the sense of it blind. You seem at times not to recognize that right, in the same manner as life itself, is spilt and wasted abundantly, and loses altogether on this or that issue to win in other ways and in the sum. If you link justice and strength too closely, you will risk the missing of the finest notes in the music of humanity.' But Carlyle's heart is better than his doctrine, and his error is the fruit of a noble impatience, for he values the strong hand only for the saving of souls.

The history of him who made Prussia and stamped her to this day should give us a clearer insight than the news of the passing hour into the proficiencies by which she lives; and it ought to corroborate for the future the bitter lesson of the great war,—that our right will never save us unless we arm for it, and that not to arm is to wrong ourselves and other men.

II

THE BIRTH OF MODERN PRUSSIA

The germ of modern Prussia is the Mark or March of Brandenburg, of which Berlin is the central point. It lies between the middle Elbe and the lower Oder and along their banks, and presents the usual features of the German Plain—pinewood, moor, sand, and broad, sluggish rivers. We first hear of it as being captured from the Wends, a heathen and Slavic people, by the Saxon Duke Henry the Fowler, in the year 928. For two hundred years from this date it was subordinated to the Saxon Duchy and continually vexed by Slavic insurrections, with which its rulers were hardly able to cope. A new era began in 1134, when Albert the Bear, Count of Ascanien (Aschersleben) in the Harz Mountains, was appointed Margrave.

Under him and his descendants, the so-called Ascanian Margraves (1134–1319), the Wends were Christianized and subdued, the country settled with German immigrants, mainly from the lower Rhine, and the borders pushed further eastward beyond the Oder. The Old Mark, or the westward district about Stendal, the Middle Mark about Berlin (founded 1240), the Uckermark to the north, and the New Mark beyond Oder, are distinctions dating from this period. The barons and knights, the peasantry, and a few towns, shared equally in the benefits of a strong government. In 1319 the Principality reverted to the Emperor Louis the Bavarian, and remained in the House of Wittelsbach, until in 1373 it passed by purchase to the Luxemburg Emperor Charles IV and his heirs. Charles had already ordained (1351) that the Margrave of Brandenburg should be one of the imperial electors. Under these two dynasties all the evils of public debt and feudal anarchy descended

on the country ; but a day of better things was at hand when the electorate reverted to the Emperor Sigismund, and he, in return for a large sum of money, conferred it on Frederick of Hohenzollern, Burgrave of Nuremberg, and his heirs in the year 1415.

The castle of Zollern or Hohenzollern (meaning, perhaps, a place of toll) lies in Suabia, some two miles south of Hechingen, and at the extreme southern limit of the Black Forest. About the year 1170 Conrad, a younger son of the family, which is supposed to have held the castle since early in the ninth century, married the daughter of Conrad, Burgrave of Nuremberg, and in 1192 succeeded his father-in-law in that office. The office was hereditary in fact, and after 1273 in law ; so that Conrad and his posterity were the perpetual executors of imperial authority in a large and wealthy town and its adjacent lands. In 1248 Frederick, the third of these Burgraves, acquired the town and district of Baireuth in virtue of a fortunate marriage, and some eighty years after (1332-41) the inheritance was further enlarged by the purchase of Ansbach and of the fortress of Plassenburg with its town of Culmbach and the district thereon dependent. Thus most of Franconia, or the north-east portion of what is now Bavaria, became theirs, the whole principality being generally designated the Margraviate of Culmbach. Good managers and resolute soldiers, as the Hohenzollerns were, they steadily increased their political influence and their feudal territory up to that momentous advancement in 1415. After the accession in Brandenburg they consistently maintained the connexion between the electorate and the southern principality. Except in one instance the two countries were never ruled by a single man ; but Culmbach, or more usually its two divisions of Ansbach and Baireuth, were given as appanages to younger sons of the family. By two famous charters of Hohenzollern policy, the

will made by the Elector, Albert Achilles (*dispositio Achillea*) in 1473 and the *Agreement of Gera*, drawn up in a conclave held at that town in 1598, it was settled that primogeniture should be the rule of succession; that, while the electorate should be indivisible, Culmbach might be split off and split in two, but no more than two, for younger sons; either of these minor lines to succeed to the other's inheritance, Ansbach or Baireuth, as the case might be, if the other failed; and the whole margraviate to revert to Brandenburg if both failed. It was not until the Congress of Vienna in 1815 that this connexion was broken, and Culmbach was resigned to the Kingdom of Bavaria.

For two hundred years the Hohenzollerns ruled in Brandenburg like circumspect merchants, with order and thrift at home, and a peaceful opportunism in foreign policy. By the outbreak of the 'Thirty Years' War they had consolidated the alliance, which has held to this hour, between themselves and the feudal aristocracy, so that the political pretensions of the Parliaments of the Estates were reduced to a nullity, and the path was clear for the royal absolutism of Prussia. The regular accumulation of new territories had increased their dominion from about the extent of two Yorkshires to almost the extent of Ireland. It is necessary to enumerate the most important of their acquisitions and claims:

(a) In 1618 the Elector John Sigismund was invested with the Duchy of Prussia under the suzerainty of the King of Poland. For six hundred years German soldiers and churchmen had laboured to Germanize and Christianize the Wendish Prussians in the land beyond the Marches on the seaboard between the Vistula and the Memel. From the year 1231 to the close of the fourteenth century the work was gloriously prosecuted by the Order of Teutonic Knights who had missed their vocation in Palestine. The colonist and the trader followed the knight, and Danzig, Marienburg, Königsberg,

Memel were the centres of a strong military and ecclesiastical order with an element of sea-borne commerce. But the pressure of the Poles on the south became ever severer as the fifteenth century wore on and the original spirit of the Prussian Crusade withered. By the Peace of Thorn in 1466 the western half of Prussia, including Danzig and Marienburg and the whole course of the Vistula from Thorn to the sea, were ceded to Poland, and the eastern half, with its capital of Königsberg, now islanded in foreign land from all Germany besides, was left to the Teutonic Knights as a Polish fief. In 1511 the Hohenzollern, Albert, Margrave of Ansbach, was called to save Prussia from its peril by becoming the High Master of the Order. As a last means of reform he secularized the Knights under his command and made the territory a lay duchy under Poland. He was succeeded in 1569 by an imbecile son, with whom the Elector of Brandenburg was co-infeoffed; and thus it came about that, when the Duke fell totally insane in 1618, the Elector succeeded him, and Brandenburg acquired new importance by its union with a principality beyond the bounds of the Empire, with a dormant claim on the lower waters of the Vistula, and the hope of sea power.

(b) A common method of aggrandizing territory in these ages was the so-called 'Heritage-Fraternities': i. e. agreements by which two reigning houses made over their domains each to the other in case one of them became extinct. Such an agreement was made by Brandenburg with the ducal House of Pomerania in 1529, and was ratified anew in 1571.

(c) In 1537 a similar bargain was struck with the Duke of Liegnitz in Silesia, by which the Hohenzollerns were granted the reversion of Liegnitz, Wohlau, and Brieg; but it was arbitrarily cancelled by the Emperor Ferdinand I. Another Silesian barony, Jägerndorf, was purchased by the Ansbach Margraves in 1524, and forfeited by Charles V in 1620. It

was not the wont of the Electoral House to forgo or forget its pretensions ; and these claims on Silesian territory were allowed to sleep, but not to die.

(d) In 1609 Duke John William of Cleves, the lord not only of Cleves but of rich industrial lands on either side of the Middle Rhine—Jülich, Mark, Ravensberg, Ravenstein, and Berg—died childless, and left his whole inheritance by will to the Elector John Sigismund, the same who secured the Duchy of Prussia. Sigismund had married the daughter of the eldest sister of this Duke of Cleves, so that his right was twice strong. The inheritance, however, was disputed by several others ; the vacant lands lay in the way of many ambitions, Dutch and Spanish, French and Austrian, and the question merged in the great issue of the Thirty Years' War. By the Treaty of Xanten in 1614 the dispute was provisionally settled ; Jülich and Berg were given to the Catholic Pfalz-Neuburg, while Cleves and the other lands remained to the Elector.

The least competent of all the Hohenzollerns, the Elector George William, succeeded to power in 1618, almost contemporaneously with the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War ; and until his death in 1640 the country was rudderless in the storm. The people of Brandenburg and Prussia were Lutheran ; the ruling House was also Protestant, though Sigismund, in order to aid his claims on the Rhine, had subscribed for himself and his family to Calvin. George William would have done better to stand firmly either for the Reformation or for the Emperor, but he did neither, with the result that Brandenburg became a cockpit of the northern combatants and sank to the last extreme of impotence and misery. Then, in 1640, Frederick William, the 'Great Elector', succeeded him, and under the Great Elector modern Prussia was born. It is in this man that the type is first conspicuous of which Frederick the Great is the outstanding instance—stern diligence and thrift, swift

and unbending resolution, and a craft which rooted in what Carlyle called the 'intellectual veracity'—the sense for fact. Such was his diplomacy between his accession and the Peace of Westphalia (1648) that the wasted Principality emerged from the war with considerable gains. As a consequence of his part in the negotiations for the Peace the German Protestants ever afterwards looked up to him and his successors as their leaders and protectors. For himself he acquired Halberstadt and Minden, two stepping-stones to the Rhenish province, and the reversion of the rich Archbishopric of Magdeburg, which fell in in the year 1681. In 1637 Pomerania reverted to the Hohenzollerns by the Heritage Treaty, and was forthwith wrested away by the Swedes. Neither at the Peace of Westphalia nor afterwards did the Great Elector satisfy his unsleeping ambition to possess himself of this province, his clear right and the inevitable outlet of Brandenburg to the sea; but the Peace gave him the eastern and poorer half of it, the so-called Hinder Pomerania (*Hinter-Pommern*), while the western half from Stettin to Stralsund remained Swedish.

With these scattered territories lying everywhere where great forces clashed, without natural boundaries, and poor in men and money, the hope of the Hohenzollerns lay only in nursing their own resources and gambling skilfully in European politics. The results of the Great Elector's foreign policy from the Peace of Westphalia to his death in 1688 are briefly these:

(a) The question of the lands on the Rhine was settled by a treaty in 1666, which practically confirmed that of Xanten. Cleves, Mark, and Ravensberg were retained by Frederick William; Jülich and Berg by Pfalz-Neuburg; but these territories were to revert to Brandenburg if the Neuberg line died out.

(b) Prussia became an independent Duchy, being freed from the Polish suzerainty. Result of the Northern War (1655-60),

principally between Sweden and Poland, in which the Great Elector began as an ally of the Swedes and afterwards changed sides.

(c) In the war between France, England, and Sweden on the one side and the Dutch, aided by Spain and the German coalitions, on the other (1672–88) the Elector stood for the Dutch. In the famous fight at Fehrbellin (1675) he overthrew the Swedes who had invaded Brandenburg; and in the following years occupied the whole of Swedish Pomerania, including the towns of Stettin and Stralsund. These gains had to be resigned, however, at the Peace of St. Germain at the bidding of Louis XIV, Sweden's ally, and because the Emperor would not stand by his vassal, which was the beginning of the estrangement between the House of Hohenzollern and the House of Hapsburg.

(d) In 1675 the Heritage Treaty with Liegnitz came to fruit, by which Liegnitz, Brieg, and Wohlau down in Silesia were to fall to the Elector of Brandenburg. But the Hapsburgs were already suspicious of the rising power in the north. The Emperor Leopold seized the territories, and incorporated them with Bohemia. In 1684, the Elector having in the meanwhile transferred his favour to France, it became necessary to win him back. As an indemnity for the dispossession in Liegnitz, the Austrians offered to cede him the district of Schwiebus in northern Silesia, while at the same time they made a secret bargain with his son Frederick, by which Frederick, for a consideration in money, was to restore Schwiebus to its original masters when he succeeded his father. The Elector received the sop grudgingly and of necessity; Frederick, after his accession, was held to his word, and the Silesian question was opened again.

But the deepest mark set by Frederick William on his country was in the sphere of home affairs. He owed his foreign successes mainly to the forming and training of a standing army of nearly 30,000 men, whose services he hired out to other sovereigns.

The existence of this force radically affected the relations between the Prince and his subjects. The army was master in the Electorate and only the Elector was master of the army. Moreover, it was officered exclusively by the nobles, so that the bond of interest, which had hitherto united the Elector with his baronage against the other estates of his territories, was confirmed by a military allegiance such as that which, in the *Germania* of Tacitus, the *comites*—the body-guard of personal followers—yielded to the *dux*. Again, the confiscation of Church lands at the Reformation had enormously increased the personal estates of the Elector, and therewith his direct feudal government. Frederick William carried through the constitutional revolution which since the middle of the sixteenth century is perceptible in Brandenburg, and imposed the model of Brandenburg on Prussia and Cleves. The revolution consisted not only in the process by which the united Diets (*Landtage*) of the Estates—nobles, towns, and rural communities—lost their right or claim to grant taxes, pass laws, and control administration,—not only in the enfeebling or paralysing of the Diets, but in the growth of a new political and judicial system to supersede them. Its main feature was a Council of State (*Staatsrat*) of nine members, under the presidency of the Elector, by and with the advice of which he undertook to govern—the brain of the body politic where all the nerves centred.¹ Under it a hierarchy of great and small officials and tax-gatherers in their administrative districts daily asserted their master's claim to treat the entire Electorate as a fief of his own; while the nobles, once they had sided with the autocrat, were the partners of his power. They were his lieutenants in the civil administration as well as the officers of his army. They governed their estates for him and themselves, their privileges, their prestige, their whole conception of life were his as well as their own.

¹ Under Frederick the Great this body was all but defunct.

The ceaseless work of the Great Elector in militarizing his State, and furthering the means of wealth; the tolerance with which he welcomed the persecuted of any creed, Huguenot or Catholic, so they brought with them some skill or art or the habits of industry; the foresight with which he began his navy, his African Company, his settlements on the Guinea coast—all this came of a spirit which was common to master and subject, a spirit which grew from the needs of the land, and was the secret of safety and unity in this agglomerate of races and political bodies apparently so liable to mutual disunion or foreign force. 'Both Brandenburg and East Prussia were essentially agricultural domains, and poor agricultural domains. It is difficult to disentangle the shares of race and environment. German and Wend, Prussian, Slav, and Lett were blended together; immigration was continuous, and on to the original blend were grafted Dutch, Huguenot, and Protestant from the south, even Scandinavian and Finn. The gospel of work, discipline, and efficiency was burnt into the souls and fibres of this racial amalgam by sun, wind, mist, and a bitter soil, before that gospel became a state policy, imposed in the interests of the community. We can trace in the evolution of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the slow and expanding consciousness of a relentless belief, alike in the electors and their subjects, noble or serf—that they were of the North northy, that they could make the North, and the North could make them. German they might be, Protestant they might be, but they were first and foremost Prussians. History, nature, and God had made them different from other German races and German states. The alliance of electors and nobility, with common prejudices, superstitions, and connexions, made indeed the political framework of Brandenburg-Prussia. But it achieved a still more enduring result. It made the Prussian soul.'¹

¹ *Evolution of Prussia*, pp. 69, 70.

BOOK I

FREDERICK AS CROWN PRINCE

I

The First Two Kings of Prussia : Frederick I and Frederick William I

[IN the year 1700 Frederick, who succeeded the Great Elector in 1688, obtained from the Emperor the rank and title of King of Prussia, and was crowned with great state at Königsberg. During the long struggle between Hapsburg and Bourbon in the war of the Grand Alliance (1689-97) and the war of the Spanish Succession (1702-13) the Prussian army was a most important factor, and the offer and gift of the crown prevented Frederick from leaving the Austrian cause to itself and seeking his own advantage, as he might have done, in the Great Northern War (1698-1721), in which the ambition of the House of Vasa to make the Baltic a Swedish sea and the splendid soldiery of Charles XII broke to pieces against the coalition of Russia, Poland, Denmark, and Hanover. The first King of Prussia was an ordinary man, whose ostentation contributed as much as his ceaseless wars to the poverty in which he left the kingdom at his death. Three years before his accession as Elector he married

+ Sophie Charlotte, daughter of the Elector Ernst August of Hanover and the Electress Sophie, sister, therefore, of King George I. She had a quick mind and much

reading, and made her Court 'a lunar reflex of Versailles' with its assemblage of philosophers and theologians. Her only son, Frederick William, was born in 1688, and her death in 1705 removed perhaps the only influence towards the humanities by which there was any possibility of affecting him.

Soldiering was his ruling passion ; he served as a young man with the Prussian contingent under Marlborough at the siege of Tournay and the battle of Malplaquet ; and in long years of peace his devoutest labour was on the drilling-ground. For the rest, it seems that a balance must be cast between the view of him given by Macaulay and the view here presented by Carlyle. In 1706 he married his cousin, Sophie Dorothee, only daughter of King George I. Two boys, the first children of the marriage, died in early infancy ; then came a daughter, Wilhelmine, afterwards Margravine of Baireuth ; and then Frederick, afterwards Frederick II of Prussia, and 'Frederick the Great', was born at Berlin on January 24, 1712.]

Sophie Dorothee of Prussia

Uncle George again, 'Kurprinz Georg Ludwig' (Electoral Prince and Heir-Apparent), who became George I. of England ; he, always a taciturn, saturnine, somewhat grim-visaged man, not without thoughts of his own but mostly inarticulate thoughts, was, just at this time (1693), in a deep domestic intricacy. Uncle George the Kurprinz was painfully detecting, in these very months, that his august Spouse and cousin, a brilliant *not* uninjured lady, had become an indignant injuring one ; that she had gone, and was going, far astray in her walk of life !

Sure enough, it was in this year 1693, that the famed

Königsmark tragedy came ripening fast towards a crisis in Hanover ; and next year the catastrophe arrived. Perhaps it was on this very visit, on one visit it credibly was, that Sophie Charlotte witnessed a sad scene in the Schloss of Hanover : high words rising, where low cooings had been more appropriate ; harsh words, mutually recriminative, rising ever higher ; ending, it is thought, in *things*, or menaces and motions towards things (actual box on the ear, some call it),—never to be forgotten or forgiven ! And on Sunday 1st of July 1694, Colonel Count Philip Königsmark, Colonel in the Hanover Dragoons, was seen for the last time in this world. From that date, he has vanished suddenly underground, in an inscrutable manner ; never more shall the light of the sun, or any human eye behold that handsome blackguard man. Not for a hundred and fifty years shall human creatures know, or guess with the smallest certainty, what has become of him.

And shortly after Königsmark's disappearance, there is this sad phenomenon visible : A once very radiant Princess (witty, haughty-minded, beautiful, not wise or fortunate) now gone all ablaze into angry tragic conflagration ; getting locked into the old Castle of Ahlden, in the moory solitudes of Lüneburg Heath : to stay there till she die,—thirty years as it proved,—and go into ashes and angry darkness as she may. Old peasants, late in the next century, will remember that they used to see her sometimes driving on the Heath,—beautiful lady, long black hair, and the glitter of diamonds in it ; sometimes the reins in her own hand, but always with a party of cavalry round her, and their swords drawn. ' Duchess

of Ahlden', that was her title in the eclipsed state. Born Princess of Zelle; by marriage, Princess of Hanover (*Kurprinzessin*); would have been Queen of England, too, had matters gone otherwise than they did.—Her name is Sophie Dorothee. In her happier innocent days she had two children, a King that is to be, and a Queen; George II. of England, Sophie Dorothee of Prussia; but must not now call them hers, or ever see them again.

Sophie Dorothee is described to us by courtier contemporaries as 'one of the most beautiful princesses of her day': Wilhelmina, on the other hand, testifies that she was never strictly to be called beautiful, but had a pleasant attractive physiognomy; which may be considered better than strict beauty. Uncommon grace of figure and look, testifies Wilhelmina; much dignity and soft dexterity, on social occasions; perfect in all the arts of deportment; and left an impression on you at once kindly and royal. Portraits of her, as Queen at a later age, are frequent in the Prussian Galleries; she is painted sitting, where I best remember her. A serious, comely, rather plump, maternal-looking Lady; something thoughtful in those gray still eyes of hers, in the turn of her face and carriage of her head, as she sits there, considerately gazing out upon a world which would never conform to her will. Decidedly a handsome, wholesome and affectionate aspect of face. Hanoverian in type, that is to say, blond, florid, slightly *profuse*;—yet the better kind of Hanoverian, little or nothing of the worse or at least the worst kind. The eyes, as I say, are gray, and quiet, almost sad; expressive of reticence and reflection, of

slow constancy rather than of *speed* in any kind. One expects, could the picture speak, the querulous sound of maternal and other solicitude; of a temper tending towards the obstinate, the quietly unchangeable;—loyal patience not wanting, yet in still larger measure royal impatience well concealed, and long and carefully cherished. This is what I read in Sophie Dorothee's Portraits,—probably remembering what I had otherwise read, and come to know of her. I find she had given much of her physiognomy to the Friedrich now born. In his Portraits as Prince-Royal, he strongly resembles her; it is his mother's face informed with youth and new fire, and translated into the masculine gender: in his later Portraits, one less and less recognises the mother.

Friedrich Wilhelm, now in the sixth year of wedlock, is still very fond of his Sophie Dorothee,—“*Fiechen*” (*Feechin*, diminutive of *Sophie*), as he calls her; she also having, and continuing to have, the due wife's regard for her solid, honest, if somewhat explosive bear. He troubles her a little now and then, it is said, with whiffs of jealousy; but they are whiffs only, the product of accidental moodinesses in him, or of transient aspects, misinterpreted, in the court-life of a young and pretty woman. As the general rule, he is beautifully good-humoured, kind even, for a bear; and, on the whole, they have begun their partnership under good omens. And indeed we may say, in spite of sad tempests that arose, they continued it under such. She brought him gradually no fewer than fourteen children, of whom ten survived him and came to maturity: and it is to be

admitted their conjugal relation, though a royal, was always a human one ; the main elements of it strictly observed on both sides ; all quarrels in it capable of being healed again, and the feeling on both sides true, however troublous. A rare fact among royal wedlocks, and perhaps a unique one in that epoch.

[In a little more than a year after the birth of his grandson Frederick I died, and Frederick William succeeded him. The story of his reign (1713-40) falls into the three chapters of foreign policy, the army, and internal administration. (a) In 1713 the king joined the Northern Coalition and drove the Swedes out of Pomerania ; and by the Peace of 1720 all Western Pomerania to the river Peene, and including Stettin, fell to his share. The menace of Sweden in the north was laid ; but the menace of Russia was gathering form in the hands of Peter the Great (1682-1725). Frederick William was a man of thrift, and therefore a man of peace. He had a stockish prejudice against France and a blind loyalty to the Austrians, who duped him as they would. The Neuburg line of the Palatinate was threatening to die out, and by the settlement of 1666 the long-coveted provinces of Jülich and Berg would fall to Prussia. In return for Austrian promises to aid his claim the king guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction of Charles VI in 1726, and lent his troops to the Austrians in the war of the Polish Succession, only to find at the Peace of 1738 that he had been tricked and that Jülich and Berg were guaranteed to the Palatine Prince of Sulzbach. Only in his last years did the truth dawn on him that Austria was an enemy. (b) He raised the army from some 30,000 to 90,000 men. Prussia, in his time, was the twelfth State in Europe for population, the fourth for the numbers of its troops, the first for their efficiency

and discipline. Gradually a system of cantonal conscription was introduced to supplement the old system of voluntary service; each district being required to supply men in proportion to population. (c) The alliance with the aristocracy; the personal government of the sovereign; the elaboration of administrative machinery answering at a touch to his will; the extinction of the feudal Parliaments; the adjustment of political and military life to the social frame; the ceaseless care for the minutest matters of trade, industry, agriculture; the fearless hospitality to all manner of religious refugees, and the absolute tolerance at home,—all these policies and methods of the Great Elector were carried forward and confirmed. Frederick William turned his kingdom into a school, and scourged it daily to prosperity. Whatever the moral and spiritual losses of his government may have been, the material gains were many and evident. By the iron parsimony of his court and his public services the extravagance of his father was more than redeemed. He trebled the productivity of the land, doubled its revenues, and left a solid balance of savings in his treasury.]

Frederick William I and his Ways

I find, except Samuel Johnson, no man of equal veracity with Friedrich Wilhelm in that epoch: and Johnson too, with all his tongue-learning, had not logic *enough*. Friedrich Wilhelm had no logic whatever. The rugged Orson, he needed to be right. From utmost Memel down to Wesel again, ranked in a straggling manner round the half-circumference of Europe, all manner of things and persons were depending on him, and on his being right, not wrong, in his notion.

A man of clear discernment, very good natural eye-

sight ; and irrefragably confident in what his eyes told him, in what his belief was ;—yet of huge simplicity withal. Capable of being coaxed about, and led by the nose, to a strange degree, if there were an artist dextrous enough, daring enough ! His own natural judgment was good, and, though apt to be hasty and headlong, was always likely to come right in the end ; but internally, we may perceive, his modesty, self-distrust, anxiety and other unexpected qualities, must have been great. And then his explosiveness, impatience, excitability ; his conscious dumb ignorance of all things beyond his own small horizon of personal survey ! An Orson capable enough of being coaxed and tickled, by some first-rate conjuror ;—first-rate ; a second-rate might have failed, and got torn to pieces for his pains.

He was full of sensitiveness, rough as he was and shaggy of skin. His wild imaginations drove him hither and thither at a sad rate. He ought to have the privileges of genius. His tall Potsdam Regiment, his mad-looking passion for enlisting tall men ; this also seems to me one of the whims of genius ; an exaggerated notion to have his ‘ stanza ’ polished to the last punctilio of perfection ; and might be paralleled in the history of Poets. Stranger ‘ man of genius ’, or in more peculiar circumstances, the world never saw !

In a military, and also in a much deeper sense, he may be defined as the great Drill-sergeant of the Prussian Nation. Indeed this had been the function of the Hohenzollerns all along ; this difficult, unpleasant and indispensable one of drilling. For I have remarked that, of all things, a Nation needs first to be drilled ;

and no Nation that has not first been governed by so-called "Tyrants", and held tight to the curb till it became perfect in its paces and thoroughly amenable to rule and law, and heartily respectful of the same, and totally abhorrent of the want of the same, ever came to much in this world. England itself, in foolish quarters of England, still howls and execrates lamentably over its William Conqueror, and rigorous line of Normans and Plantagenets; but without them, if you will consider well, what had it ever been? A gluttonous race of Jutes and Angles, capable of no grand combinations; lumbering about in potbellied equanimity; not dreaming of heroic toil and silence and endurance, such as leads to the high places of this Universe, and the golden mountain-tops where dwell the Spirits of the Dawn.

He was not tall of stature, this arbitrary King: a florid-complexioned stout-built man; of serious, sincere, authoritative face; his attitudes and equipments very Spartan in type. Man of short firm stature; stands (in Pesne's best Portraits of him) at his ease, and yet like a tower. Most solid; 'plumb and rather more'; eyes steadfastly awake; cheeks slightly compressed, too, which fling the mouth rather forward; as if asking silently, "Anything astir, then? All right here?" Face, figure and bearing, all in him is expressive of robust insight, and direct determination; of healthy energy, practicality, unquestioned authority,—a certain air of royalty reduced to its simplest form. The face, in Pictures by Pesne and others, is not beautiful or agreeable; healthy, genuine, authoritative, is the best you can say of it. Yet it may

have been, what it is described as being, originally handsome. High enough arched brow, rather copious cheeks and jaws; nose smallish, inclining to be stumpy; large gray eyes, bright with steady fire and life, often enough gloomy and severe, but capable of jolly laughter too. Eyes 'naturally with a kind of laugh in them', says Pöllnitz;—which laugh can blaze-out into fearful thunderous rage, if you give him provocation. Especially if you lie to him; for that he hates above all things. Look him straight in the face: he fancies he can see in *your* eyes, if there is an internal mendacity in you: wherefore you must look at him in speaking; such is his standing order.

His hair is flaxen, falling into the ashgray or darker; fine copious flowing hair, while he wore it natural. But it soon got tied into clubs, in the military style; and at length it was altogether cropped away, and replaced by brown, and at last by white, round wigs. Which latter also, though bad wigs, became him not amiss, under his cocked-hat and cockade, says Pöllnitz. The voice, I guess, even when not loud, was of clangorous and penetrating, quasi-metallic nature; and I learn expressly once, that it had a nasal quality in it. His Majesty spoke through the nose; snuffled his speech, in an earnest ominously plangent manner. In angry moments, which were frequent, it must have been—unpleasant to listen to. For the rest, a handsome man of his inches; conspicuously well-built in limbs and body, and delicately finished-off to the very extremities. His feet and legs, says Pöllnitz, were very fine. The hands, if he would have taken care of them, were beautifully white;

fingers long and thin ; a hand at once nimble to grasp, delicate to feel, and strong to clutch and hold : what may be called a beautiful hand, because it is the usefulest.

Nothing could exceed his Majesty's simplicity of habitudes. But one loves especially in him his scrupulous attention to cleanliness of person and of environment. He washed like a very Mussulman, five times a day ; & loved cleanliness in all things, to a superstitious extent ; which trait is pleasant in the rugged man, and indeed of a piece with the rest of his character. He is gradually changing all his silk and other cloth room-furniture ; in his hatred of dust, he will not suffer a floor-carpet, even a stuffed chair ; but insists on having all of wood, where the dust may be prosecuted to destruction. Wife and woman-kind, and those that take after them, let such have stuffing and sofas : he, for his part, sits on mere wooden chairs ;—sits, and also thinks and acts, after the manner of a Hyperborean Spartan, which he was. He ate heartily, but as a rough farmer and hunter eats ; country messes, good roast and boiled ; despising the French Cook, as an entity without meaning for him. His favourite dish at dinner was bacon and greens, rightly dressed ; what could the French Cook do for such a man ? He ate with rapidity, almost with indiscriminate violence : his object not quality but quantity. He drank too, but did not get drunk : at the Doctor's order he could abstain ; and had in later years abstained. Pöllnitz praises his fineness of complexion, the originally eminent whiteness of his skin, which he had tanned and bronzed by hard riding and hunting, and otherwise worse

discoloured by his manner of feeding, and digesting : alas, at last his waistcoat came to measure, I am afraid to say how many Prussian ells,—a very considerable diameter indeed !

For some years after his accession he still appeared occasionally in ‘burgher dress’, or unmilitary clothes ; ‘brown English coat, yellow waistcoat’ and the other indispensables. But this fashion became rarer with him every year ; and ceased altogether (say Chronologists) about the year 1719 : after which he appeared always simply as Colonel of the Potsdam Guards (his own Lifeguard Regiment) in simple Prussian uniform : close military coat ; blue, with red cuffs and collar, buff waistcoat and breeches ; white linen gaiters to the knee. He girt his sword about the loins, well out of the mud ; walked always with a thick bamboo in his hand. Steady, not slow of step ; with his triangular hat, cream-white round wig (in his older days), and face tending to purple, —the eyes looking out mere investigation, sharp swift authority, and dangerous readiness to rebuke and set the cane in motion :—it was so he walked abroad in this earth ; and the common run of men rather fled his approach than courted it.

For, in fact, he was dangerous ; and would ask in an alarming manner, “Who are you ?” Any fantastic, much more any suspicious-looking person, might fare the worse. An idle loungee at the street-corner he has been known to hit over the crown ; and peremptorily dispatch : “Home, Sirrah, and take to some work !” That the Applewomen be encouraged to knit, while waiting for custom ;—encouraged and quietly constrained, and at

length packed away, and their stalls taken from them, if unconstrainable,—there has, as we observed, an especial rescript been put forth ; very curious to read.

Dandiacal figures, nay people looking like Frenchmen, idle flaunting women even,—better for them to be going. “ Who are you ? ” and if you lied or prevaricated (“ *Er blicke mich gerade an*, Look me in the face, then ! ”), or even stumbled, hesitated, and gave suspicion of prevaricating, it might be worse for you.

This King did not love the French, or their fashions, at all. We said he dismissed the big Peruke,—put it on for the last time at his Father’s funeral, so far did filial piety go ; and then packed it aside, dismissing it, nay banishing and proscribing it, never to appear more. The Peruke, and, as it were, all that the Peruke symbolised. For this was a King come into the world with quite other aims than that of wearing big perukes, and, regardless of expense, playing burst-frog to the ox of Versailles, which latter is itself perhaps a rather useless animal. Of Friedrich Wilhelm’s taxes upon wigs ; of the old “ Wig-inspectors ”, and the feats they did, plucking off men’s periwigs on the street, to *see* if the government-stamp were there, and to discourage wiggery, at least all but the simple scratch or useful Welsh-wig, among mankind : of these, and of other similar things, I could speak ; but do not.

The flunky world, much stript of its plush and fat perquisites, accuses Friedrich Wilhelm bitterly of avarice and the cognate vices. But it is not so ; intrinsically, in the main, his procedure is to be defined as honourable thrift,—verging towards avarice here and there ; as poor

human virtues usually lean to one side or the other ! ‘Verging upon avarice,’ sure enough : but, unless we are unjust and unkind, he can by no means be described as a *Miser King*. He collects what is his ; gives you accurately what is yours. For wages paid he will see work done ; he will ascertain more and more that the work done be work needful for him ; and strike it off, if not. A Spartan man, as we said,—though probably he knew as little of the Spartans as the Spartans did of him.

Frederick William and his Judges

One morning early General Graf von Dönhof, Colonel of a Musketeer regiment, favourite old soldier, calls upon the King, with a grimly lamenting air. “What is wrong, Herr General ?”—“Your Majesty, my best musketeer, an excellent soldier, and of good inches, fell into a mistake lately,—bad company getting round the poor fellow ; they, he among them, slipt into a house and stole something ; trifle and without violence : pay is but three half-pence, your Majesty, and the Devil tempts men ! Well, the Criminal-Collegium have condemned him to be hanged ; an excellent soldier and of good inches, for that one fault. Nobleman Schlubhut was ‘to make restitution’, they decreed : that was their decree on Schlubhut, one of their own set ; and this poor soldier, six feet three, your Majesty, is to dance on the top of nothing for a three-halfpenny matter !”—So would Dönhof represent the thing,—‘fact being,’ says my Dryasdust, ‘it was a case of housebreaking with theft ‘to the value of 6,000 thalers, and this musketeer the

‘ ringleader ! ’—Well ; but was Schlubhut sentenced to hanging ? Do you keep two weights and two measures, in that Criminal-Collegium of yours, then ?

Friedrich Wilhelm feels this sad contrast very much ; the more, as the soldier is his own chattel withal, and of superlative inches : Friedrich Wilhelm flames-up into wrath ; sends off swift messengers to bring these Judges, one and all, instantly into his presence. The Judges are still in their dressing-gowns, shaving, breakfasting ; they make what haste they can. So soon as the first three or four are reported to be in the ante-room, Friedrich Wilhelm, in extreme impatience, has them called in ; starts discoursing with them upon the two weights and two measures. Apologies, subterfuges do but provoke him farther ; it is not long till he starts up, growling terribly : ‘ *Ihr Schurken* (Ye Scoundrels), how could you ? ’ and smites down upon the crowns of them with the Royal Cudgel itself. Fancy the hurry-scurry, the unforensic attitudes and pleadings ! Royal Cudgel rains blows, right and left : blood is drawn, crowns cracked, crowns nearly broken ; and ‘ several Judges lost a few teeth, and had their noses battered ’, before they could get out. The second relay meeting them in this dilapidated state, on the staircases, dashed home again without the honour of a Royal interview.

2

Frederick's Childhood

§ 1. EARLIER PHASE : TO 1719

[FREDERICK's nurses and governesses were mostly French Protestants of the refugee families, the chief of them, a Madame de Roucoulles, to whom he continued kind and devoted until her death many years after.]

The French Element

Roucoulles and the other female souls appear to have done their part as well as could be looked for. Respectable Edict-of-Nantes French ladies, with high head-gear, wide hoops ; a clear, correct, but somewhat barren and meagre species, tight-laced and high-frizzled in mind and body. It is not a very fertile element for a young soul : not very much of silent piety in it ; and perhaps of vocal piety more than enough in proportion. An element founding on what they call 'enlightened Protestantism', 'freedom of thought', and the like, which is apt to become loquacious, and too conscious of itself ; tending, on the whole, rather to contempt of the false, than to deep or very effective recognition of the true.

But it is, in some important senses, a clear and pure element withal. At lowest, there are no conscious semi-falsities, or volunteer hypocrisies, taught the poor Boy ; honour, clearness, truth of word at least ; a decorous dignified bearing ; various thin good things, are honestly inculcated and exemplified ; nor is any bad, ungraceful or suspicious thing permitted there, if recognised for

such. It might have been a worse element ; and we must be thankful for it. Friedrich, through life, carries deep traces of this French-Protestant incipency.

From this Edict-of-Nantes environment, which taught our young Fritz his first lessons of human behaviour,—a polite sharp little Boy, we do hope and understand,—he learned also to clothe his bits of notions, emotions, and garrulous utterabilities, in the French dialect. Learned to speak, and likewise, what is more important, to *think*, in French ; which was otherwise quite domesticated in the Palace, and became his second mother-tongue. Not a bad dialect ; yet also none of the best. Very lean and shallow, if very clear and convenient ; leaving much in poor Fritz unuttered, unthought, unpractised, which might otherwise have come into activity in the course of his life. He learned to read very soon, I presume ; but he did not, now or afterwards, ever learn to spell. From all manner of sources,—from inferior valetaille, Prussian Officials, Royal Majesty itself when not in gala,—he learned, not less rootedly, the corrupt Prussian dialect of German ; and used the same, all his days, among his soldiers, native officials, common subjects and wherever it was most convenient ; speaking it, and writing and mis-spelling it, with great freedom, though always with a certain aversion and undisguised contempt. It is true, the Prussian form of German is but rude ; and probably Friedrich, except sometimes in Luther's Bible, never read any German book. What, if we will think of it, could he know of his first mother-tongue ! German, to this day, is a frightful dialect for the stupid, the pedant and dullard sort ! Only in the hands of the

gifted does it become supremely good. It had not yet been the language of any Goethe, any Lessing; though it stood on the eve of becoming such. It had already been the language of Luther, of Ulrich Hutten, Friedrich Barbarossa, Charlemagne and others. And several extremely important things had been said in it, and some pleasant ones even sung in it, from an old date, in a very appropriate manner,—had Crown-Prince Friedrich known all that. But he could not reasonably be expected to know:—and the wiser Germans now forgive him for not knowing, and are even thankful that he did not.

The German Element : Grumkow and the Old Dessauer

Besides that French element, and in continual contact and contrast with it, which prevails chiefly in the Female Quarters of the Palace,—there is the native German element for young Fritz, of which the centre is Papa. Born Hyperboreans these others; rough as hemp, and stout of fibre as hemp; native products of the rigorous North. Of whom, after all our reading, we know little. —O Heaven, they have had long lines of rugged ancestors, cast in the same rude stalwart mould, and leading their rough life there, of whom we know absolutely nothing! Dumb all those preceding busy generations; and this of Friedrich Wilhelm is grown almost dumb. Grim semi-articulate Prussian men; gone all to pipeclay and moustache for us. Strange blond-complexioned, not unbeautiful Prussian honourable women, in hoops, brocades, and unintelligible head-gear and hair-towers,

—*ach Gott*, they too are gone. Grumkow, a cunning, greedy-hearted, long-headed fellow, of the old Pomeranian Nobility by birth, has a kind of superficial polish put upon his Hyperboreanisms; he has been in foreign countries, doing legations, diplomacies, for which, at least for the vulpine parts of which, he has a turn. He writes and speaks articulate grammatical French; but neither in that, nor in native Pommerish Platt-Deutsch, does he show us much, except the depths of his own greed, of his own astucities and stealthy audacities.

As to the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, rugged man, whose very face is the colour of gunpowder, he also knows French, and can even write in it, if he like;—but does not much practise writing, when it can be helped. His children, I have heard, he expressly did not teach to read or write, seeing no benefit in that effeminate art, but left them to pick it up as they could. A man of dreadful impetuosity. Set upon his will as the one law of Nature; storming forward with incontrollable violence: a very whirlwind of a man. He is General Field-Marshal of the Prussian Armies, the foremost man in war-matters with this new King; and well worthy to be so. He is inventing, or brooding in the way to invent, a variety of things,—‘iron ram-rods’, for one; a very great improvement on the fragile ineffective wooden implement; that is the first thing; and there will be others. Inventing many things;—and always well practising what is already invented, and known for certain. In a word, he is drilling to perfection, with assiduous rigour, the Prussian Infantry to be the

wonder of the world. He has fought with them, too, in a conclusive manner ; and is at all times ready for fighting. A man that has been in many wars ; in whose rough head are schemes hatching. Any religion he has is of Protestant nature ; but he has not much,—on the doctrinal side, very little. Luther's Hymn, *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*, he calls " God Almighty's grenadier-march ". On joining battle, he audibly utters, with bared head, some growl of rugged prayer, far from orthodox at times, but much in earnest : that lifting of his hat for prayer, is his last signal on such occasions. He is very cunning as required, withal ; not disdaining the serpentine method when no other will do. With Friedrich Wilhelm, who is his second-cousin, he is from of old on the best footing, and contrives to be his Mentor in many things besides War. A tall, strong-boned, hairy man ; with cloudy brows, vigilant swift eyes ; has ' a bluish tint of skin,' says Wilhelmina, ' as if the gunpowder still stuck to him '. He wears long moustaches ; triangular hat, plume and other equipments, are of thrifty practical size. Can be polite enough in speech ; but hides much of his meaning, which indeed is mostly inarticulate, and not always joyful to the bystander. He plays rough pranks, too, on occasion ; and has a big horse-laugh in him, where there is a fop to be roasted, or the like.

Bayle-Calvin logics, and shadows of Versailles, on this hand, and gunpowder Leopolds and inarticulate Hyperboreans on that : here is a wide diversity of nutriment, all rather tough in quality, provided for the young soul. Innumerable unconscious inferences he must have drawn

in his little head! Prince Leopold's face, with the whiskers and blue skin, I find he was wont, at after periods, to do in caricature, under the figure of a Cat's. For bodily nourishment he had 'beer-soup'; a decided Spartan tone prevailing, wherever possible, in the breeding and treatment of him. And we need not doubt, by far the most important element of his education was the unconscious Apprenticeship he continually served to such a Spartan as King Friedrich Wilhelm. Of whose works and ways he could not help taking note, angry or other, every day and hour; nor in the end, if he *were* intelligent, help understanding them, and learning from them. A harsh Master and almost half-mad, as it many times seemed to the poor Apprentice; yet a true and solid one, whose real wisdom was worth that of all the others, as he came at length to recognise.

§ II. SECOND PHASE: FROM 1719 TO 1726

[In his seventh year Frederick was put to school under tutors; of whom a young Frenchman, Duhan de Jandun, undertook the instruction in divinity, history, and cognate subjects, while military science was in the hands of officers, Count Fink von Finkenstein and Colonel von Kalkstein. Duhan was a genial and amiable character and did what he could to humanize the prince's education; the other two were grave and conscientious men. Frederick liked them all three, and remained their friend.]

*Frederick William's Instructions for the Education of
his Son*

A very rough Document, giving Friedrich Wilhelm's regulations on this subject, from his own hand, has come down to us. Most dull, embroiled, heavy Document ; rough and stiff as natural bullheadedness helped by Prussian pipeclay can make it. The points insisted on, in a ponderous but straggling confused manner, by his didactic Majesty, are chiefly these :

10. ' Must impress my Son with a proper love and ' fear of God, as the foundation and sole pillar of our ' temporal and eternal welfare. No false religions, or ' sects of Atheist, Arian, Socinian, or whatever name the ' poisonous things have, which can so easily corrupt ' a young mind, are to be even named in his hearing : ' on the other hand, a proper abhorrence (*Abscheu*) of ' Papistry, and insight into its baselessness and nonsensi- ' cality (*Ungrund und Absurdität*), is to be communicated ' to him.' But the grand thing will be, ' To impress on ' him the true religion, which consists essentially in this, ' That Christ died for all men,' and generally that the Almighty's justice is eternal and omnipresent,—' which ' consideration is the only means of keeping a sovereign ' person (*souveraine Macht*), or one freed from human ' penalties, in the right way.'

20. ' He is to learn no Latin. Let the Prince learn ' French and German,' so as to write and speak, ' with ' brevity and propriety', in these two languages, which may be useful to him in life.

30. ' Let him learn Arithmetic, Mathematics, Artillery, ' —Economy to the very bottom.' And, in short, useful knowledge generally ; useless ditto not at all. ' History ' in particular ;—Ancient History only slightly (*nur*

‘überhin);—but the History of the last Hundred-and-fifty Years to the exactest pitch.] The *Jus Naturale* and *Jus Gentium*,’ by way of handlamp to History, ‘he must be completely master of; as also of Geography, whatever is remarkable in each Country. And in Histories, most especially the History of the House of Brandenburg; where he will find domestic examples, which are always of more force than foreign. And along with Prussian History, chiefly that of the Countries which have been connected with it, as England, Brunswick, Hessen and the others. And in reading of wise History-books there must be considerations made (*sollen beyrn Lesen kluger Historiarum Betrachtungen gemacht werden*) upon the causes of the events.’

4°. ‘With increasing years, you will more and more, to a most especial degree, go upon Fortification,’—mark you!—‘the Formation of a Camp, and the other War-Sciences; that the Prince may, from youth upwards, be trained to act as Officer and General, and to seek all his glory in the soldier profession.’ This is whither it must all tend. You, Finkenstein and Kalkstein, have both of you, in the highest measure, to make it your care to infuse into my Son’ (*einzuprägen*, stamp into him) ‘a true love for the Soldier business, and to impress on him that, as there is nothing in the world which can bring a Prince renown and honour like the sword, so he would be a despised creature before all men, if he did not love it, and seek his sole glory (*die einzige Gloria*) therein.’

✕ A Day's Routine

(From instructions issued by the King, September 1721)

Monday. ‘On Monday, as on all weekdays, he is to be called at 6; and so soon as called he is to rise; you are to stand to him (*anhalten*) that he do not loiter or turn

‘in bed, but briskly and at once get up; and say his prayers, the same as on Sunday morning. This done, he shall as rapidly as possible get on his shoes and spatterdashes; also wash his face and hands, but not with soap. Farther shall put on his *cassaquin*’ (short dressing-gown), ‘have his hair combed out and queued, but not powdered. While getting combed and queued, he shall at the same time take breakfast of tea, so that both jobs go on at once; and all this shall be ended before half-past 6.’ Then enter Duhan and the Domestics, with worship, Bible, Hymn, all as on Sunday; this is done by 7, and the Servants go again.

‘From 7 till 9 Duhan takes him on History; at 9 comes ‘Noltenius’ (a sublime Clerical Gentleman from Berlin) with the ‘Christian Religion, till a quarter to 11. Then Fritz rapidly (*geschwind*) washes his face with water, hands with soap-and-water; clean shirt; powders, and puts on his coat;—about 11 comes to the King. ‘Stays with the King till 2,’—perhaps promenading a little; dining always at Noon; after which Majesty is apt to be slumbrous, and light amusements are over.

‘Directly at 2, he goes back to his room. Duhan is there, ready; takes him upon the Maps and Geography, ‘from 2 to 3,—giving accounts’ (gradually!) ‘of all the European Kingdoms; their strength and weakness; size, riches and poverty of their towns. From 3 to 4, Duhan treats of Morality (*soll die Moral tractiren*). ‘From 4 to 5, Duhan shall write German Letters with him, and see that he gets a good *stylum*’ (which he never in the least did). ‘About 5, Fritz shall wash his hands, and go to the King;—ride out; divert himself, in the air and not in his room; and do what he likes, ‘if it is not against God.’

The Company of Cadets

Already, a year before this time (1st September 1717), there had been instituted, for express behoof of little Fritz, a miniature Soldier Company, above a hundred strong ; which grew afterwards to be near three-hundred, and indeed rose to be a permanent Institution by degrees ; called *Kompagnie der kronprinzlichen Kadetten* (Company of Crown-Prince Cadets). A hundred-and-ten boys about his own age, sons of noble families, had been selected from the three Military Schools then extant, as a kind of tiny regiment for him ; where, if he was by no means commander all at once, he might learn his exercise in fellowship with others. An experienced Lieutenant-Colonel was appointed to command in chief. A certain handy and correct young fellow, Rentzel by name, about seventeen, who already knew his fugling to a hairs-breadth, was Drillmaster ; and exercised them all, Fritz especially, with due strictness ; till, in the course of time and of attainments, Fritz could himself take the head charge. Which he did duly, in a year or two : a little soldier thenceforth ; properly strict, though of small dimensions ; in tight blue bit of coat and cocked-hat :—miniature image of Papa (it is fondly hoped and expected), resembling him as a sixpence does a half-crown. In 1721 the assiduous Papa set-up a ‘little arsenal’ for him, ‘in the Orange Hall of the Palace’ : there let him, with perhaps a chosen comrade or two, mount batteries, fire exceedingly small brass ordnance,—his Engineer-Teacher, one Major von Senning, limping about (on cork leg), and superintending if needful.

A Rigorous Education

Of riding-masters, fencing-masters, swimming-masters ; much less of dancing-masters, music-masters (celebrated Graun, 'on the organ', with Psalm-tunes), we cannot speak ; but the reader may be satisfied they were all there. Nor is there lack anywhere of paternal supervision to our young Apprentice. From an early age, Papa took the Crown-Prince with him on his annual Reviews. From utmost Memel on the Russian border, down to Wesel on the French, all Prussia, in every nook of it, garrison, marching-regiment, board of management, is rigorously reviewed by Majesty once a year. There travels little military Fritz, beside the military Majesty, amid the generals and official persons, in their hardy Spartan manner ; and learns to look into everything like a Rhadamanthine Argus, and how the eye of the master, more than all other appliances, fattens the cattle.

On his hunts, too, Papa took him. For Papa was a famous hunter, when at Wusterhausen in the season :—hot Beagle-chase, hot Stag-hunt, your chief game deer ; huge ' Force-Hunt ' (*Parforce-Jagd*, the woods all beaten, and your wild-beasts driven into straits and caudine-forks for you) ; Boar-hunting (*Sauhetze*, 'sow-baiting,' as the Germans call it), Partridge-shooting, Fox- and Wolf-hunting :—on all grand expeditions of such sort, little Fritz shall ride with Papa and party. Rough furious riding ; now on swift steed, now at places on *Wurstwagen*,—*Wurstwagen*, 'Sausage-Car' so-called, most Spartan of vehicles, a mere *stuffed pole* or 'sausage' with

wheels to it, on which you sit astride, a dozen or so of you, and career ;—regardless of the summer heat and sandy dust, of the winter's frost-storms and muddy rains. All this the little Crown-Prince is bound to do ;—but likes it less and less, some of us are sorry to observe !
 1 In fact he could not take to hunting at all, or find the least of permanent satisfaction in shooting partridges and baiting sows. In later years he has been known to retire into some glade of the thickets, and hold a little Flute-Hautbois Concert with his musical comrades, while the sows were getting baited. Or he would converse with Mamma and her Ladies, if her Majesty chanced to be there, in a day for open driving. Which things by no means increased his favour with Papa, a sworn hater of “ effeminate practices ”.

He was nourished ‘ on beer-soup ’, as we said before. Frugality, activity, exactitude were lessons daily and hourly brought home to him, in everything he did and saw. His very sleep was stingily meted out to him : “ Too much sleep stupefies a fellow ! ” Friedrich Wilhelm was wont to say ;—so that the very doctors had to interfere, in this matter, for little Fritz.

Money-allowance completely his own he does not seem to have had till he was seventeen. Exiguous pocket-money, counted in *groschen* (English *pence*, or hardly more), only his Kalkstein and Finkenstein could grant as they saw good ;—about eighteen-pence in the month, to start with, as would appear. The other small incidental moneys, necessary for his use, were likewise all laid out under sanction of his Tutors, and accurately entered in Day-books by them, audited by Friedrich Wilhelm.

[Frederick came out of his school 'equipped with knowledge on all manner of practical and speculative things, to a degree not only unexampled among modern princes, but such as to distinguish him even among the studious class.' But the story of his youth is largely of a clandestine hunger for the finer enjoyment of life. His reading in French literature and in ancient and French history, his music and philosophy were stolen waters. His 'effeminacy' in tastes and dress soon brought on him the set displeasure of the king and a continual persecution. On one occasion his tutor was assaulted by the king for teaching him Latin, which he vainly longed to learn. That a nature so quick and sensitive and an ailing body did not sink altogether under the treatment he received is an early sign of his enormous patience. The worst result of all this was to make him familiar with deceit, and to combine the art of deceiving with a stoical self-control.]

The Misfortunes of Frederick's Education

Noltenius and Panzendorf, for instance, they were busy teaching Friedrich religion'. Another pair of excellent most solemn drill-sergeants, in clerical black serge; they also are busy instilling dark doctrines into the bright young Boy, so far as possible; but do not seem at any time to have made too deep an impression on him. Nor could Noltenius's Catechism, and ponderous drill-exercise in orthodox theology, much inspire a clear soul with pieties, and tendencies to soar Heavenward. But a healthy human soul can stand a great deal. Duhan excepted, it may be said to have been in spite of most of his teachers, and their diligent endeavours, that Friedrich did acquire some human piety; kept the

sense of truth alive in his mind ; *knew*, in whatever words he phrased it, the divine eternal nature of Duty ; and managed, in the muddiest element and most eclipsed Age ever known, to steer by the heavenly loadstars and (so we must candidly term it) to *follow* God's Law, in some measure. Noltenius's *Catechism*, or ghostly Drill-manual for Fritz, at least the Catechism he had plied Wilhelmina with, which no doubt was the same, is still extant. A very abstruse Piece ; orthodox Lutheran-Calvinist, all proved from Scripture ; giving what account it can of this unfathomable Universe, to the young mind. Indignant modern Prussians produce excerpts from it, of an abstruse nature ; and endeavour to deduce therefrom some of Friedrich's aberrations in matters of religion, which became notorious enough by and by. Alas, I fear, it would not have been easy, even for the modern Prussian, to produce a perfect Catechism for the use of Friedrich ; this Universe still continues a little abstruse !

The beginnings of the sad discrepancy between Father and Son are traceable from Friedrich's sixth or seventh year. And there could be no lack of growth in the mutual ill-humour, while the Boy himself continued growing ; enlarging in bulk and in activity of his own. Plenty of new children come, to divide our regard withal, and more are coming ; five new Princesses, wise little Ulrique the youngest of them, whom we love much for her grave staid ways. Nay, next after Ulrique comes even a new Prince ; August Wilhelm, ten years younger than Friedrich ; and is growing up much more according to the paternal heart. Pretty children, all of them, more

or less ; and towardly, and comfortable to a Father ;—and the worst of them a paragon of beauty, in comparison to perverse, clandestine, disobedient Fritz, with his French fopperies, flutings, and cockatoo fashions of hair !—And so the silent divulsion, silent on Fritz's part, exploding loud enough now and then on his Father's part, goes steadily on, splitting ever wider ; new offences ever superadding themselves. Till, at last, the rugged Father has grown to hate the son ; and longs, with ⁺sorrowful indignation, that it were possible to make August Wilhelm Crown-Prince in his stead.

Conceive a rugged thick-sided Squire Western, of supreme degree,—for this Squire Western is a hot Hohenzollern, and wears a crown royal ;—conceive such a burly *ne-plus-ultra* of a Squire, with his broad-based rectitudes and surly irrefragabilities ; the honest German instincts of the man, convictions certain as the Fates, but capable of no utterance, or next to none, in words ; and that he produces a Son who takes to Voltairism, piping, fiddling, and belles-lettres, with apparently a total contempt for Grumkow and the giant-regiment ! Sulphurous rage, in gusts or in lesting tempests, rising from a fund of just implacability, is inevitable. Such incurable discrepancies have risen in the Berlin Palace : fountains of bitterness flowing ever wider, till they made life all bitter for Son and for Father ; necessitating the proud Son to hypocrisies towards his terrible Father, which were very foreign to the proud youth, had there been any other resource. But there was none, now or afterwards. Even when the young man, driven to reflection and insight by intolerable miseries, had begun

to recognise the worth of his surly Rhadamanthine Father, and the intrinsic wisdom of much that he had meant with him, the Father hardly ever could, or could only by fits, completely recognise the Son's worth. Rugged suspicious Papa requires always to be humoured, cajoled, even when our feelings towards him is genuine and loyal. Friedrich, to the last, we can perceive, has to assume masquerade in addressing him, in writing to him,—and, in spite of real love, must have felt it a relief when such a thing was *over*.

That is, all along, a sad element of Friedrich's education ! Out of which there might have come incalculable damage to the young man, had his natural assimilative powers, to extract benefit from all things, been less considerable. As it was, he gained self-help from it ; gained reticence, the power to keep his own counsel ; and did not let the hypocrisy take hold of him, or be other than a hateful compulsory masquerade. At an uncommonly early age, he stands before us accomplished in endurance, for one thing ; a very bright young Stoic of his sort ; silently prepared for the injustices of men and things.

3

The Crown Prince in Disgrace : 1726-32


[IN the summer of 1726 Frederick, not yet fifteen years old, took up the duties of a major in the Grenadier Guards at Potsdam, that famous regiment of giants, ' the shortest man of them rising towards seven feet, some nearly nine feet high,' for which the king's agents bought or crimped recruits all over Europe, with no

regard to cost or consequence. At the same time he began to appear in society, and now and then attended, with the utmost disgust, the so-called 'Tobacco-Parliaments', in which his father with a few congenial spirits, officers or officials, sat together every evening either to talk business informally or to unbend in smoke and beer. In 1728 he accompanied his father on a visit to August, the Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, at Dresden; and easily succumbed to the temptations lying in his way at that dissolute Court. For four or five years from now he seems to have fallen into evil courses, and to have suffered by them in health.]

Frederick and the Cardinal Virtue

(Frequent fits of bad health, for some years coming; with ominous rumours, consultations of physicians, and reports to the paternal Majesty, which produced small comfort in that matter. The sad truth, dimly indicated, is sufficiently visible: his life for the next four or five years was 'extremely dissolute'. Poor young man, he has got into a disastrous course; consorts chiefly with debauched young fellows, as Lieutenants Katte, Keith, and others of their stamp, who lead him on ways not pleasant to his Father, nor conformable to the Laws of this Universe. All this is too certain; rising to its height in the years we are now got to, and not ending for four or five years to come: and the reader can conceive all this, and whether its effects were good or not. Friedrich Wilhelm's old-standing disfavour is converted into open aversion and protest, many times into fits of sorrow, rage and despair, on his luckless Son's behalf;—and it appears doubtful whether this bright young human soul, comparable for the present to a rhinoceros wallowing in the

mud-bath, with nothing but its snout visible, and a dirty gurgle all the sound it makes, will ever get out again or not.

The rhinoceros soul got out; but not uninjured; alas, no, bitterly polluted, tragically dimmed of its finest radiances for the remainder of life. The distinguished Sauerteig, in his *Springwurzeln*, has these words: 'To burn away, in mad waste, the divine aromas and plainly celestial elements from our existence; to change our holy-of-holies into a place of riot; to make the soul itself hard, impious, barren! Surely a day is coming, when it will be known again what virtue is in purity and continence of life; how divine is the blush of young human cheeks; how high, beneficent, sternly inexorable if forgotten, is the duty laid, not on women only, but on every creature, in regard to these particulars? Well; if such a day never come again, then I perceive much else will never come. Magnanimity and depth of insight will never come; heroic purity of heart and of eye; noble pious valour, to amend us and the age of bronze and lacker, how can they ever come? The scandalous bronze-lacker age, of hungry animalisms, spiritual impotencies and mendacities, will have to run its course, till the Pit swallow it.' In the case of Friedrich, it is certain such a day never fully came. The 'age of bronze and lacker', so as it then stood,—relieved truly by a backbone of real Spartan *iron* (of right battle *steel* when needed): this was all the world he ever got to dream of. His ideal, compared to that of some, was but a ; his existence a hard and barren, though a genuine one, and only worth much memory in the absence of better.

[The King's treatment of his son became still harsher, when it transpired that Frederick was abetting his mother in the project of a double marriage with the House of Hanover : Frederick Prince of Wales to marry Wilhelmina and Frederick the Crown Prince to marry Amelia, daughter of George II ; a plan from which Frederick William was now estranged by the Austrian influence.]

Persecution

From the Crown Prince to the King, September 11, 1728

‘ My dear Papa,—I have not, for a long while, presumed to come to my dear Papa ; partly because he forbade me ; but chiefly because I had reason to expect a still worse reception than usual : and, for fear of angering my dear Papa by my present request, I have preferred making it in writing to him.

‘ I therefore beg my dear Papa to be gracious to me ; and can here say that, after long reflection, my conscience has not accused me of any the least thing with which I could reproach myself. But if I have, against my will and knowledge, done anything that has angered my dear Papa, I herewith most submissively beg forgiveness ; and hope my dear Papa will lay aside that cruel hatred which I cannot but notice in all his treatment of me. I could not otherwise suit myself to it ; as I always thought I had a gracious Papa, and now have to see the contrary. I take confidence, then, and hope that my dear Papa will consider all this, and again be gracious to me. And, in the mean while, I assure him that I will never, all my days, fail with my will ; and, notwithstanding his disfavour to me, remain

‘ My dear Papa’s

‘ Most faithful and obedient Servant and Son,

‘ FRIEDRICH.’

The Answer

To which Friedrich Wilhelm, by return of messenger, writes what follows. Very implacable, we may perceive ; —not calling his Petitioner “Thou”, as kind Paternity might have dictated ; infinitely less by the polite title “They (*Sie*)”, which latter indeed his Prussian Majesty reserves for Foreigners of the supremest quality, and domestic Princes of the Blood ; naming all other Prussian subjects, and poor Fritz in this place, “He (*Er*)”, in the style of a gentleman to his valet. But we must, after all, say *Thy* and *Thou*, for intelligibility’s sake :

‘Thy obstinate perverse disposition’ (*Kopf*, head), ‘which does not love thy Father,—for when one does everything and really loves one’s Father, one does what the Father requires, not while he is there to see it, but when his back is turned too. For the rest, thou know’st very well that I can endure no effeminate fellow (*efeminirten Kerl*), who has no human inclination in him ; who puts himself to shame, cannot ride nor shoot ; and withal is dirty in his person ; frizzles his hair like a fool, and does not cut it off. And all this I have, a thousand times, reprimanded ; but all in vain, and no improvement in nothing (*keine Besserung in nits ist*). For the rest, haughty, proud as a churl ; speaks to nobody but some few, and is not popular and affable ; and cuts grimaces with his face, as if he were a fool ; and does my will in nothing unless held to it by force ; nothing out of love ;—and has pleasure in nothing but following his own whims’ (own *Kopf*),—no use to him in anything else. This is the answer.

‘FRIEDRICH WILHELM.’

A Scene (Autumn 1729)

A certain Quantz, ever from Fritz's sixteenth year, was wont to come occasionally, express from Dresden, for a week or two, and give the young man lessons on the flute. The young man's Mother, good Queen Feekin, had begged this favour for him from the Saxon Sovereignities ; and pleaded hard for it at home, or at worst kept it secret there. It was one of the many good maternities, clandestine and public, which she was always ready to achieve for him where possible ;—as he also knew full well in his young grateful heart, and never forgot, however old he grew !

On such occasions Fritz was wont to pull-off the tight Prussian coat or *coatie*, and clap himself into flowing brocade of the due roominess and splendour,—bright scarlet dressing-gown, done in gold, with tags and sashes complete ;—and so, in a temporary manner, feel that there was such a thing as a gentleman's suitable apparel.

Fritz and Quantz sat doing music, an unlawful thing, in this pleasant, but also unlawful costume ; when Lieutenant Katte, who was on watch in the outer room, rushes in, distraction in his aspect : Majesty just here ! Quick, double quick ! Katte snatches the music-books and flutes, snatches Quantz ; hurries with him and them into some wall-press, or closet for firewood, and stands quaking there. Our poor Prince has flung aside his brocade, got on his military coatie ; and would fain seem busy with important or indifferent routine matters. But, alas, he cannot undo the French hairdressing ;

cannot change the graceful French bag into the strict Prussian queue in a moment. The French bag betrays him ; kindles the paternal vigilance,—alas, the paternal wrath, into a tornado pitch. For his vigilant suspecting Majesty searches about ; finds the brocade article behind a screen ; crams it, with loud indignation, into the fire ; finds all the illicit French Books ; confiscates them on the spot, confiscates all manner of contraband goods ;—and there was mere sulphurous whirlwind in those serene spaces for about an hour ! If his Majesty had looked into the wood-closet ? His Majesty, by Heaven's express mercy, omitted that. Haude the Bookseller was sent for ; ordered to carry-off that poisonous French cabinet-library in mass ; sell every Book of it, to an undiscerning public, at what price it will fetch. Which latter part of his order, Haude, in deep secrecy, ventured to disobey, being influenced thereto. Haude, in deep secrecy, kept the cabinet-library secure ; and 'lent' the Prince book after book from it, as his Royal Highness required them.

The Crown Prince to the Queen (December 1729)

'I am in the uttermost despair. What I had always apprehended has at last come on me. The King has entirely forgotten that I am his Son. This morning I came into his room as usual ; at the first sight of me he sprang forward, seized me by the collar, and struck me a shower of cruel blows with his rattan. I tried in vain to screen myself, he was in so terrible a rage, almost out of himself ; it was only weariness,' not my superior strength, 'that made him give up.'

'I am driven to extremity. I have too much honour

‘to endure such treatment; and I am resolved to put an end to it in one way or another.’

[Even at the grand meeting of German princes at Radewitz in June 1730, Frederick was not free from bodily ill-treatment, and an unforgettable taunt. ‘Had I been treated so by my Father,’ the King said, ‘I would have blown my brains out; but this fellow has no honour, he takes all that comes.’ At last the Prince decided to seek relief in flight. In the early morning of August 4, 1730, when travelling with his father and a suite, and resting in the village of Steinfurth, some three hours from Speyer on the Rhine, he attempted to ride away into France, hoping afterwards to find an asylum in England. He was detected before he got to horse; was brought to Prussian territory, and arrested. At Wesel his father was hardly prevented from running him through with his sword. During the next six weeks a sort of fury drove the King from one outrage to another on all whom he suspected to be in connivance, or even in sympathy, with his son. Frederick was kept in solitary confinement, and strictly interrogated by the Minister Grumkow and his coadjutors, who even hinted at the use of torture; but his simple confession could not persuade his father that no deep plot against himself and his kingdom had been foiled in the nick of time. On October 25, 1730, a court martial sentenced both the Crown Prince and Lieutenant Katte, his friend and accomplice, to death. The sentence on Katte was carried out on November 6 in the prison yard at Cüstrin, where Frederick was interned; and the Prince was made to stand at a window, where he could see his friend passing to the scaffold. Frederick could not bear the sight, clamoured again and again that the execution might be stopped until he wrote to the King, called piteously to Katte for forgiveness, and fainted away. After much hesitation the King bowed to the protests of several foreign powers, and commuted the sentence

on the Crown Prince to one of imprisonment. Thanks to his ceaseless protestations of penitence, orthodoxy, and submission, Frederick was released towards the end of November, and was appointed to reside at Cüstrin and assist in the civil government of the district. For the next fifteen months he busied himself with administration and finance in a way to earn his father's approval. He was no longer an officer of the army, and felt his position keenly. At length in August 1731 a public reconciliation took place between father and son, and in the following November the Prince was restored to his rank in the army. In February 1732 he was appointed colonel in command of the Goltz infantry regiment at Ruppín, a little town some forty miles north-east of Berlin ; and here or at Reinsberg in the neighbourhood he spent the next eight years of his life.]

The Lesson of Cüstrin

The Prince's life, in this his eclipsed state, is one of constraint, anxiety, continual liability ; but after the first months are well over, it begins to be more supportable than we should think. He is fixed to the little Town ; cannot be absent any night, without leave from the Commandant ; which, however, and the various similar restrictions, are more formal than real. An amiable Crown-Prince, no soul in Cüstrin but would run by night or by day to serve him. He drives and rides about, in that green peaty country, on Domain business, on visits, on permissible amusement, pretty much at his own modest discretion. A green flat region, made of peat and sand ; human industry needing to be always busy on it : raised causeways with incessant bridges, black sedgy ditch on this hand and that ; many meres, muddy

pools, stagnant or flowing waters everywhere ; big muddy Oder, of yellowish-drab colour, coming from the south, big black Warta (Warthe) from the Polish fens in the east, the black and yellow refusing to mingle for some miles. Friedrich's worst pinch was his dreadful straitness of income ; checking one's noble tendencies on every hand : but the gentry of the district privately subscribed gifts for him (*se cotisirent*, says Wilhelmina) ; and one way and other he contrived to make ends meet. He walks warily ; to this all things continually admonish. We trace in him some real desire to be wise, to do and learn what is useful if he can here. But the grand problem, which is reality itself to him, is always, To regain favour with Papa. And this, Papa being what he is, gives a twist to all other problems the young man may have, for they must all shape themselves by this ; and introduces something of artificial,—not properly of hypocritical, for that too is fatal if found out,—but of calculated, reticent, of half-sincere, on the Son's part : an inevitable feature, plentifully visible in their Correspondence now and henceforth. Corresponding with Papa and his Grumkow, and watched, at every step, by such an Argus as the Tobacco-Parliament, real frankness of speech is not quite the recommendable thing ; apparent frankness may be the safer ! Besides mastery in the Domain Sciences, I perceive the Crown-Prince had to study here another art, useful to him in after life : the art of wearing among his fellow-creatures a polite cloak-of-darkness. Gradually he becomes master of it as few are : a man politely impregnable to the intrusion of human curiosity ; able to look cheerily into the very

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eyes of men, and talk in a social way face to face, and yet continue intrinsically invisible to them. An art no less essential to Royalty than that of the Domain Sciences itself; and,—if at all consummately done, and with a scorn of mendacity for help, as in this case,—a difficult art. It is the chief feature in the Two or Three Thousand *Letters* we yet have of Friedrich's to all manner of correspondents: Letters written with the gracefulest flowing rapidity; polite, affable,—refusing to give you the least glimpse into his real inner man, or tell you any particular you might impertinently wish to know.

4

Ruppin and Reinsberg: 1732-40

[In compliance with the wishes of the Austrian Court, Frederick William in 1732 induced, or rather obliged, the Crown Prince to betroth himself to Elizabeth Christina, daughter of the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, and niece of the Empress, the Emperor Charles VI being married to her mother's sister. The marriage took place in June 1733, and was on the Prince's part entirely heartless. His letters to Grumkow, written while the match was in prospect, are 'not a beautiful correspondence; the tone of it shallow, hard of heart, tragically flippant, now and then even a touch of the hypocritical from him'.]

The Crown Prince to Grumkow, February 19, 1732

'Judge, my dear General, if I can have been much
'charmed with the description you give of the abomin-
'able object of my desires! For the love of God,

‘disabuse the King in regard to her, and let him remember well that fools commonly are the most obstinate of creatures.

‘Let the King but think that it is not for himself that he is marrying me, but for *myself*; nay he too will have a thousand chagrins, to see two persons hating one another, and the miserablest marriage in the world; —to hear their mutual complaints, which will be to him so many reproaches for having fashioned the instrument of our yoke. As a good Christian, let him consider if it is well done to wish to force people; to cause divorces, and to be the occasion of all the sins that an ill-assorted marriage leads us to commit! I am determined to front everything in the world sooner: and since things are so, you may in some good way apprise the Duke of Bevern that, happen what may, I never will have her.

‘I have been unfortunate (*malheureux*) all my life; and I think it is my destiny to continue so. One must be patient, and take the time as it comes. I have still resources:—a pistol-shot can deliver me from my sorrows and my life: and I think a merciful God would not damn me for that; but, taking pity on me, would, in exchange for a life of wretchedness, grant me salvation. This is whitherward despair can lead a young person, whose blood is not so quiescent as if he were seventy. I have a feeling of myself, Monsieur; and perceive that, when one hates the methods of force as much as I, our boiling blood will carry us always towards extremities.’

To the Princess Wilhelmina at Baireuth: March 6, 1732

‘My dearest Sister,—Next Monday comes my Betrothal, which will be done just as yours was. The Person in question is neither beautiful nor ugly, not wanting for

‘sense, but very ill brought-up, timid, and totally behind in manners and social behaviour (*manières du savoir-vivre*): that is the candid portrait of this Princess. ‘You may judge by that, dearest Sister, if I find her to my taste or not.’

From Wilhelmina's Memoirs ; a Conversation with Frederick, January 1733

‘To the question, How with the King and you? he answered, “That his situation was changing every moment; that sometimes he was in favour, sometimes in disgrace;—that his chief happiness consisted in absence. That he led a soft and tranquil life with his Regiment at Ruppin; study and music his principal occupations; he had built himself a House there, and laid-out a Garden, where he could read, and walk about.” Then as to his Bride, I begged him to tell me candidly if the portrait the Queen and my Sister had been making of her was the true one. “As to the young Lady herself,” replied he, “I do not hate her so much as I pretend; I affect complete dislike, that the King may value my obedience more. She is pretty, a complexion lily-and-rose; her features delicate; face altogether of a beautiful person. True, she has no breeding, and dresses very ill: but I flatter myself, when she comes hither, you will have the goodness to take her in hand.”’

Life at Ruppin

Ruppin, where lies the main part of the Regiment Goltz, and where the Crown-Prince Colonel of it dwells, is a quiet dull little Town, in that northwestern region; inhabitants, grown at this day to be 10,000, are perhaps guessable then at 2,000. Of society there

or in the neighbourhood, for such a resident, we hear nothing.

He had a reasonable house, two houses made into one for him, in the place. He laid-out for himself a garden in the outskirts, with what they call a "temple" in it. On stiller evenings we can fancy him there in solitude; reading meditative, or musically fluting;—looking out upon the silent death of Day.

His Father's affection is returning; would so fain return if it durst. But the heart of Papa has been sadly torn-up: it is too good news to be quite believed, that he has a son grown wise, and doing son-like! Rumour also is very busy, rumour and the Tobacco-Parliament for or against; a little rumour is capable of stirring-up great storms in the suspicious paternal mind. All along during Friedrich's abode at Ruppín, this is a constantly recurring weather-symptom; very grievous now and then; not to be guarded against by any precaution;—though steady persistence in the proper precaution will abate it, and as good as remove it, in course of time. Already Friedrich Wilhelm begins to understand that "there is much in this Fritz", and that it will be better if he and Papa, so discrepant in type, and ticklishly related otherwise, live not too constantly together as heretofore. Which is emphatically the Crown-Prince's notion too.

I perceive he read a great deal at Ruppín: what Books I know not specially: but judge them to be of more serious solid quality than formerly; and that his reading is now generally a kind of studying as well. History and Moral Speculation; this is what he evidently

had the appetite for ; appetite insatiable, which lasted with him to the very end of his days. Fontenelle, Rollin, Voltaire, all the then French lights, and gradually others that lay deeper in the firmament :—what suppers of the gods one may privately have at Ruppin, without expense of wine ! Such an opportunity for reading he had never had before.

In his soldier business he is punctual, assiduous ; having an interest to shine that way. And is, in fact, approvable as a practical officer and soldier, by the strictest judge then living. Reads on soldiering withal. One already hears of conferences, correspondences, with the Old Dessauer on this head : ‘ Account of the Siege of Stralsund ’, with plans, with didactic commentaries, drawn-up by that gunpowder Sage for behoof of the Crown-Prince, did actually exist, though I know not what has become of it. Now and afterwards this Crown-Prince must have been a great military reader. From Caesar’s *Commentaries*, and earlier, to the Chevalier Folard, and the Marquis Feuquière ; from Epaminondas at Leuctra to Charles XII. at Pultawa, all manner of Military Histories, we perceive, are at his finger-ends ; and he has penetrated into the essential heart of each, and learnt what it had to teach him. Something of this, how much we know not, began at Ruppin ; and it did not end again.

On the whole, Friedrich is prepared to distinguish himself henceforth by strictly conforming, in all outward particulars possible, to the paternal will, and becoming the most obedient of sons. Partly from policy and necessity, partly also from loyalty ; for he loves his

ugged Father, and begins to perceive that there is more sense in his peremptory notions than at first appeared. In all outward particulars the Crown-Prince will conform; in the inward, he will exercise a judgment, and if he cannot conform, will at least be careful to hide. To do his Commandant duties at Ruppín, and avoid offences, is much his determination. We observe he takes great charge of his men's health; has the Regiment Goltz in a shiningly exact condition at the grand reviews;—is very industrious now and afterwards to get tall recruits, as a dainty to Papa. Knows that nothing in Nature is so sure of conciliating that strange old gentleman; corresponds, accordingly, in distant quarters; lays out, now and afterwards, sums far too heavy for his means upon tall recruits for Papa. But it is good to conciliate in that quarter, by every method, and at every expense;—Argus of Tobacco-Parliament still watching one there; and Rumour needing to be industriously dealt with, difficult to keep down.

The young Wife had an honest guileless heart; if little articulate intellect, considerable inarticulate sense; did not fail to learn tact, perpendicular attitude, speech enough;—and I hope kept well clear of pouting (*faire la fâchée*), a much more dangerous rock for her. With the gay temper of eighteen, and her native loyalty of mind, she seems to have shaped herself successfully to the Prince's taste; and growing yearly gracefuler and better-looking, was an ornament and pleasant addition to his Ruppín existence. These first seven years, spent at Berlin or in the Ruppín quarter, she always regarded as the flower of her life.

Papa, according to promise, has faithfully provided a Crown-Prince Palace at Berlin. Princess-Royal had Schönhausen given her ; a pleasant Royal Mansion some miles out of Berlin, on the Ruppin side. Furthermore, the Prince-Royal, being now a wedded man, has, as is customary in such case, a special *Amt* (Government District) set apart for his support ; the "Amt of Ruppin", where his business lies. What the exact revenues of Ruppin are, is not communicated ; but we can justly fear they were far too frugal,—and excused the underhand borrowing, which is evident enough as a painful shadow in the Prince's life henceforth. He does not seem to have been wasteful ; but he borrows all round, under sevenfold secrecy, from benevolent Courts, from Austria, Russia, England : and the only pleasant certainty we notice in such painful business is, that, on his Accession, he pays with exactitude.

[In the autumn of 1736 an old castle at Reinsberg, close to Ruppin, was rebuilt and assigned to the Prince as a residence. Here he kept a little Court of his own, surrounded himself with musicians and literary men, and corresponded assiduously with the leaders of French literature. In August 1736 he initiated his memorable intercourse with Voltaire in an adulatory letter, in which he begged Voltaire to correspond with him. Voltaire was now forty-two years of age. Three years before this date he had begun his long retreat with Madame du Châtelet at Cirey, and the dramatist in him was giving place to the satirist and iconoclast. He was flattered by Frederick's attentions, answered them in the same key, and became the censor of his poetic and other productions. In 1740, a few weeks after his

accession as King, Frederick had the gratification of appearing for the first time in print. His *Anti-Macchiavel*, a refutation of Macchiavelli's *Prince*, was issued in the autumn of that year both at the Hague and at London, at the instigation and with the help of Voltaire.]

Frederick and Voltaire

'Voltaire was the spiritual complement of Friedrich,' says Sauerteig once: 'what little of lasting their poor Century produced lies mainly in these Two. A very somnambulating Century! But what little it *did*, we must call Friedrich, what little it *thought*, Voltaire. Other fruit we have not from it to speak of, at this day. Voltaire, and what *can* be faithfully done on the Voltaire Creed; "Realised Voltairism";—admit it, reader, not in a too triumphant humour,—is not that pretty much the net historical product of the Eighteenth Century? The rest of its history either pure somnambulism; or a mere Controversy, to the effect, "Realised Voltairism? How soon shall it be realised, then? Not at once, surely!" So that Friedrich and Voltaire are related, not by accident only. They are, they for want of better, the two Original Men of their Century; the chief and in a sense the sole products of their Century. They alone remain to us as still living results from it,—such as they are.'

We can perceive what kind of Voltaire it was to whom the Crown-Prince now addressed himself; and how luminous an object, shining afar out of the solitudes of Champagne upon the ardent young man, still so capable of admiration. Model Epic, *Henriade*; model History *Charles Douze*; sublime Tragedies, *César*, *Alzire* and others, which readers still know though with less enthu-

siasm, are blooming fresh in Friedrich's memory and heart ; such Literature as man never saw before ; and in the background Friedrich has inarticulately a feeling as if, in this man, there were something grander than all Literatures : a Reform of human Thought itself ; a new ' Gospel ', good-tidings or God's-Message, by this man. A sublime enough Voltaire ; radiant enough, over at Cirey yonder. To all lands, a visible Phœbus Apollo, climbing the eastern steep ; with arrows of celestial " new light " in his quiver ; capable of stretching many a big foul Python, belly uppermost, in its native mud, and ridding the poor world of her Nightmares and Mud-Serpents in some measure, we may hope !—

And so there begins, from this point, a lively Correspondence between Friedrich and Voltaire ; which, with some interruptions of a notable sort, continued during their mutual Life ; and is a conspicuous feature in the Biographies of both. The world talked much of it, and still talks ; and has now at last got it all collected, and elucidated into a dimly legible form for studious readers. It is by no means the diabolically wicked Correspondence it was thought to be ; the reverse, indeed, on both sides ; —but it has unfortunately become a very dull one, to the actual generation of mankind. Not without intrinsic merit ; on the contrary (if you read intensely, and bring the extinct alive again), it sparkles notably with epistolary grace and vivacity ; and, on any terms, it has still passages of biographical and other interest : but the substance of it, then so new and shining, has fallen absolutely commonplace, the property of all the world, since then ;

and is now very wearisome to the reader. No doctrine or opinion in it that you have not heard, with clear belief or clear disbelief, a hundred times, and could wish rather not to hear again. The common fate of philosophical originalities in this world. As a Biographical Document, it is worth a very strict perusal, if you are interested that way in either Friedrich or Voltaire: finely significant hints and traits, though often almost evanescent, so slight are they, abound in this Correspondence; frankness, veracity under graceful forms, being the rule of it, strange to say!

In Friedrich's History it was, no doubt, an important fact, that there lived a Voltaire along with him, twenty years his senior. With another Theory of the Universe than the Voltaire one, how much *other* had Friedrich too been! But the Theory called by Voltaire's name was not properly of Voltaire's creating, but only of his uttering and publishing; it lay ready for everybody's finding, and could not well have been altogether missed by such a one as Friedrich. So that perhaps we exaggerate the effects of Voltaire on him, though undoubtedly they were considerable. Considerable; but not derived from this express correspondence, which seldom turns on didactic points at all; derived rather from Voltaire's Printed *Works*, where they lay derivable to all the world. Certain enough it is, Voltaire was at this time, and continued all his days, Friedrich's chief Thinker in the world; unofficially, the chief Preacher, Prophet and Priest of this Working King;—no better off for a spiritual Trismegistus was poor Friedrich in the world! On the practical side, Friedrich soon outgrew him,—perhaps

had already outgrown, having far more veracity of character, and an intellect far better built in the silent parts of it, and trained too by hard experiences to know shadow from substance ;—outgrew him, and gradually learned to look down upon him, occasionally with much contempt, in regard to the practical. But in all changes of humour towards Voltaire, Friedrich, we observe, considers him as plainly supreme in speculative intellect ; and has no doubt but, for thinking and speaking, Nature never made such another.

Frederick's Writings

H

As biographical documents, these Poetries and Proses of the young man give a very pretty testimony of him ; but are not of value otherwise. In fact, they promise, if we look well into them, That here is probably a practical faculty and intellect of the highest kind ; which again, on the speculative, especially on the poetical side, will never be considerable, nor has even tried to be so. This young soul does not deal in meditation at all, and his tendencies are the reverse of sentimental. Here is no introspection, morbid or other, no pathos or complaint, no melodious informing of the public what dreadful emotions you labour under : here, in rapid prompt form, indicating that it is truth and not fable, are generous aspirations for the world and yourself, generous pride, disdain of the ignoble, of the dark, mendacious ;—here, in short, is a swift-handed, valiant, *steel*-bright kind of soul ; very likely for a King's, if other things answer, and not likely for a Poet's. No doubt he could have made something of Literature too ; could have written

Books, and left some stamp of a veracious, more or less victorious intellect, in that strange province too. But then he must have applied himself to it, as he did to reigning : done in the cursory style, we see what it has come to.

It is certain, Friedrich's reputation suffers, at this day, from his writing. From his *not* having written nothing, he stands lower with the world. Which seems hard measure ;—though perhaps it is the law of the case, after all. ‘ Nobody in these days ’, says my poor Friend, ‘ has the least notion of the sinful waste there is in talk, whether by pen or tongue. Better probably that King Friedrich had written no Verses ; nay I know not that David's Psalms did David's Kingship any good ! ’ If Reinsberg, and its vacancy of great employment, was the cause of Friedrich's verse-writing, we will not praise Reinsberg on that head ! But the truth is, Friedrich's verses came from him with uncommon fluency ; and ^xwere not a deep matter, but a shallow one, in any sense. Not much more to him than speaking with a will ; than fantasying on the flute in an animated strain. Ever and anon through his life, on small hint from without or on great, there was found a certain leakage of verses, which he was prompt to utter ;—and the case at Reinsberg, or afterwards, is not so serious as we might imagine.

The Anti-Macchiavel

The spectacle of one who was himself a King (for the mysterious fact was well known to Van Duren and everybody) stepping forth to say with conviction, That Kingship was not a thing of attorney mendacity, to be

done under the patronage of Beelzebub, but of human veracity, to be set about under quite Other patronage ; and that, in fact, a King was the ' born servant of his People ' (*domestique* Friedrich once calls it), rather than otherwise : this, naturally enough, rose upon the then populations, unused to such language, like the dawn of a new day ; and was welcomed with such applauses as are now incredible, after all that has come and gone ! This *Anti-Macchiavel* of Friedrich's is a clear distinct Treatise ; confutes, or at least heartily contradicts, paragraph by paragraph, the incredible sophistries of Macchiavel. Nay it leaves us, if we sufficiently force our attention, with the comfortable sense that his Royal Highness is speaking with conviction, and honestly from the heart, in the affair : but that is all the conquest we get of it, in these days. Treatise fallen more extinct to existing mankind it would not be easy to name.

The printing of the *Anti-Macchiavel* was not intrinsically momentous in Friedrich's history ; yet it might as well have been dispensed with. He had here drawn a fine program, and needlessly placarded it for the street populations : and afterwards there rose, as could not fail on their part, comparison between program and performance ; scornful cry, chiefly from men of weak judgment, " Is this King an *Anti-Macchiavel*, then ? Pfui ! "

[In these eight years of quiet duty there was one stirring episode. In the war of the Polish Succession a Prussian contingent of 10,000 men was contributed to the army of Prince Eugene in the Rhine country. Frederick

William and the Crown Prince joined these troops, and were witnesses of the futile operations by which Eugene attempted to relieve Philipsburg in the summer of 1734. During his three months at the war Frederick was an intent observer, and won the admiration of those about him by his coolness under fire.]

BOOK II

THE CONQUEST OF SILESIA

I

Frederick's Accession

[FREDERICK WILLIAM died on May 31, 1740. Frederick began his reign by playing the philosopher-king with astonishing spirit. Immediately after his accession he had set measures on foot for the relief of the poor, for the institution of a newspaper, for the abolition of legal torture, and for founding an Academy of the Sciences. At the same time he gave his famous order for religious toleration.]

Frederick's Judiciousness

Friedrich's actual demeanour in these his first weeks, which is still decipherable if one study well, has in truth a good deal of the brilliant, of the popular-magnanimous ; but manifests strong solid quality withal, and a head steadier than might have been expected. For the Berlin world is all in a rather Auroral condition ; and Friedrich too is,—the chains suddenly cut loose, and such hopes opened for the young man. He has great things ahead ; feels in himself great things, and doubtless exults in the thought of realising them. Magnanimous enough, popular, hopeful enough, with Voltaire and the highest

of the world looking on:—but yet he is wise, too; creditably aware that there are limits, that this is a bargain, and the terms of it inexorable. We discern with pleasure the old veracity of character shining through this giddy new element; that all these fine procedures are at least unaffected, to a singular degree true, and the product of nature, on his part; and that, in short, the complete respect for Fact, which used to be a quality of his, and which is among the highest, and also rarest in man, has on no side deserted him at present.

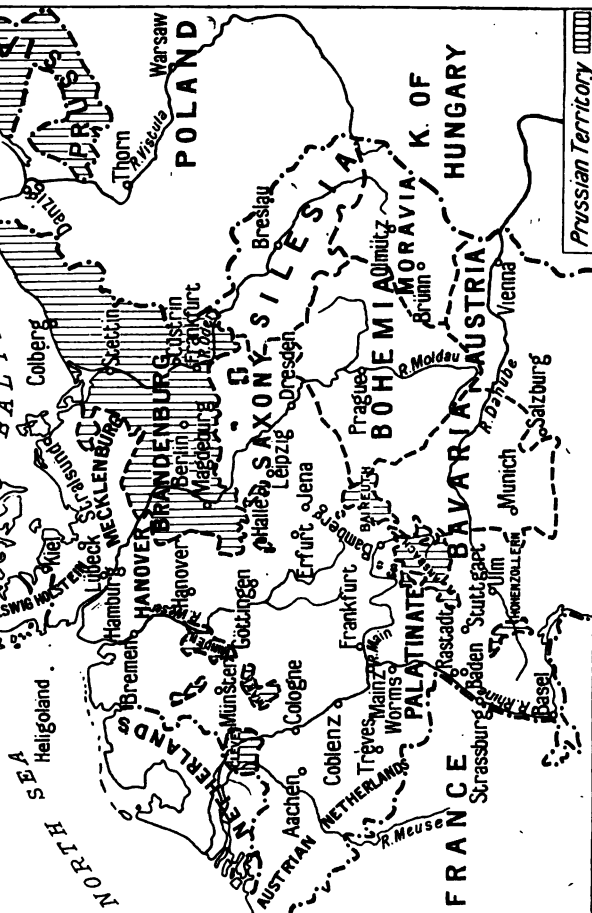
On the Religion of his Subjects

June 22d, 1740, the *Geistliche Departement* (Board of Religion, we may term it) reports that the Roman-Catholic Schools, which have been in use these eight years past, for children of soldiers belonging to that persuasion, ‘are, especially in Berlin, perverted, directly in the teeth of Royal Ordinance, 1732, to seducing Protestants into Catholicism’.

His Majesty writes on the margin these words, rough and ready, which we give with all their grammatical blotches on them; indicating a mind made-up on one subject, which was much more dubious then, to most other minds, than it now is:

‘*Die Religionen Müsen (müssen) alle Tollerirt (tolerirt) werden, und Mus (muss) der Fiscal nuhr (nur) das Auge darauf haben, das (dass) keine der andern abrug Tuhe (Abbruch thue), den (denn) hier mus (muss) ein jeder nach seiner Fasson Selich (Façon selig) werden.*’

PRUSSIA IN 1740



A. S. Hamer.

Prussian Territory

Germany.

Which in English might run as follows :

‘ All Religions must be tolerated (*Tollerated*), and the
‘ Fiscal must have an eye that none of them make unjust
‘ encroachment on the other ; for in this Country every
‘ man must get to Heaven in his own way.’

Wonderful words ; precious to the then leading spirits, and which (the spelling and grammar being mended) flew abroad over all the world ; the enlightened Public everywhere answering his Majesty, once more, with its loudest “ Bravissimo ! ” on this occasion. With what enthusiasm of admiring wonder, it is now difficult to fancy, after the lapse of sixscore years ! And indeed, in regard to all these worthy acts of Human Improvement which we are now concerned with, account should be held (were it possible) on Friedrich’s behalf how extremely original, and bright with the splendour of new gold, they then were : and how extremely they are fallen dim, by general circulation, since that.

Freedom of the Press

General Freedom of the Press Friedrich did not grant, in any quite Official or steady way ; but in practice, under him, it always had a kind of real existence, though a fluctuating, ambiguous one. And we have to note, through Friedrich’s whole reign, a marked disinclination to concern himself with Censorship, or the shackling of men’s poor tongues and pens ; nothing but some officious report that there was offence to Foreign Courts, or the chance of offence, in a poor man’s pamphlet, could induce Friedrich to interfere with him or it,—and indeed his interference was generally against his Ministers

for having wrong informed him, and in favour of the poor Pamphleteer appealing at the fountain-head. To the end of his life, disgusting Satires against him, *Vie privée* by Voltaire, *Matinées du Roi de Prusse*, and still worse Lies and Nonsenses, were freely sold at Berlin, and even bore to be printed there, Friedrich saying nothing, caring nothing. He has been known to burn pamphlets publicly,—one Pamphlet we shall ourselves see on fire yet ;—but it was without the least hatred to them, and for official reasons merely. To the last, he would answer his reporting Ministers, “ *La presse est libre* (Free press, you must consider) ! ”—grandly reluctant to meddle with the press, or go down upon the dogs barking at his door.

[The King stood severely on his dignity and rights ; treated old benefactors and old enemies with a pure regard to their usefulness ; and incisively humbled those who presumed on former intimacy. To his mother he behaved with assiduous affection, but became colder and more distant to the rest of his family. From now onwards he ceases more and more to combat or conceal his true feelings towards the simple and amiable Queen, and the conditions come about in which he lives entirely apart from her.

His first meeting with Voltaire (at the Castle of Moyland in the Cleve country in September) was one of many acts by which he endeavoured to attract scholars and men of letters to his Court ; among others, e. g., the philosopher Wolf (who had fled from his home in Halle under Frederick William), and the explorer and geometer Maupertuis, whom he prevailed on to come to Berlin to found the Academy, and ‘insert into this wild crabtree the graft of the sciences’.]

Maupertuis

No reader guesses in our time what a shining celestial body the Maupertuis, who is now fallen so dim again, then was to mankind. In cultivated French society there is no such lion as M. Maupertuis since he returned from flattening the Earth in the Arctic regions. "The Exact Sciences, what else is there to depend on?" thinks French cultivated society: "and has not Monsieur done a feat in that line?" Monsieur, with fine ex-military manners, has a certain austere gravity, reticent loftiness and polite dogmatism, which confirms that opinion. A studious ex-military man,—was Captain of Dragoons once, but too fond of study,—who is conscious to himself, or who would fain be conscious, that he is, in all points, mathematical, moral and other, the man. A difficult man to live with in society. Comes really near the limit of what we call genius, of originality, poetic greatness in thinking;—but never once can get fairly over said limit, though always struggling dreadfully to do so. Think of it! A fatal kind of man; especially if you have made a lion of him at any time. Of his envies, deep-hidden splenetic discontents and rages, with Voltaire's return for them, there will be enough to say in the ulterior stages. He wears 'a red wig with yellow bottom (*crinière jaune*)'; and as Flattener of the Earth, is, with his own flattish red countenance and impregnable stony eyes, a man formidable to look upon, though intent to be amiable if you do the proper homage.

[Wilhelmina, who came to Berlin in October, saw with dismay that in many circles the King was greatly disliked.]

Frederick's Unpopularity

King Friedrich was not amiable to everybody at this time,—which indeed he never grew to be at any other time. He had to be King ; that was the trade he followed, not the quite different one of being amiable all round. It may be doubted if a good King can be amiable ; certainly he cannot in any but the noblest ages, and then only to a select few. I should guess Friedrich was at no time fairly loved, not by those nearest to him. He was rapid, decisive ; of wiry compact nature ; had nothing of his Father's amplitudes, simplicities ; nothing to sport with and fondle, far from it. Tremulous sensibilities, ardent affections ; these we clearly discover in him, in extraordinary vivacity ; but he wears them under his polished panoply, and is outwardly a radiant but metallic object to mankind.

[In the third week of October he moved to Reinsberg, with the ague upon him, for recreation and air. He was busy with music and literature and schemes of general improvement when news came that the Emperor was dead.]

News of the Death of Charles VI

Tuesday forenoon 25th October 1740, Express arrives at Reinsberg ; direct from Vienna five days ago ; finds Friedrich under eclipse, hidden in the interior, labouring under his ague-fit. News that his Imperial Majesty Karl VI. died, after short illness, on Thursday the 20th last. Kaiser dead : House of Hapsburg, and its Five

Centuries of tough wrestling, and uneasy Dominancy in this world, ended, gone to the distaff:—the counter-wrestling Ambitions and Cupidities not dead; and nothing but Pragmatic Sanction left between the fallen House and them! Friedrich kept silence; showed no sign how transfixed he was to hear such tidings; which, he foresaw, would have immeasurable consequences in the world.

One of the first was, that it cured Friedrich of his ague. It braced him (it, and perhaps ‘a little quinquina which he now insisted on’) into such a tensity of spirit as drove out his ague like a mere hiccup; quite gone in the course of next week; and we hear no more of that importunate annoyance. He summoned Secretary Eichel, “Be ready in so many minutes hence;” rose from his bed, dressed himself;—and then, by Eichel’s help, sent off expresses for Schwerin his chief General, and Podewils his chief Minister. A resolution, which is rising or has risen in the Royal mind, will be ready for communicating to these Two by the time they arrive, on the second day hence. This done, Friedrich, I believe, joined his company in the evening; and was as light and brilliant as if nothing had happened.

2

The Preparation

[FREDERICK had already given proof of what Carlyle calls his 'eye to Fact'. He had at once increased his army to 100,000 men (disbanding the costly giant guard), and had settled the long dispute over the Duchy of Herstal with the Bishop of Liège by military force. 'I believe', he wrote to Voltaire, after hearing of the Emperor's death, 'there will, by June next, be more talk of cannon, soldiers, trenches, than of actresses and dances for the ballet. This small event changes the entire system of Europe. It is the little stone which Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream loosening itself, and rolling down on the Image made of Four Metals, which it shivers to ruin.' Ostensibly he based his invasion of Silesia on the ancient claims of his House to Liegnitz and Jägerndorf; but to himself he made it no secret that he was out for plunder. By his own confession his main motive was the state of his own army and exchequer and that of Austria's, and 'perhaps the desire of making oneself a name'.]

The Opportunity

It is almost touching to reflect how unexpectedly, like a bolt out of the blue, all this had come upon Friedrich; and how it overset his fine program for the winter at Reinsberg, and for his Life generally. Not the Peaceable magnanimities but the Warlike, are the thing appointed Friedrich this winter, and mainly henceforth. Those 'golden or soft radiances' which we saw in him, admirable to Voltaire and to Friedrich, and to an esurient philanthropic world,—it is not those, it is 'the *steel-bright* or stellar kind', that are to become predominant



in Friedrich's existence : grim hailstorms, thunders and tornado for an existence to him, instead of the opulent genialities and halcyon weather, anticipated by himself and others ! Indisputably enough to us, if not yet to Friedrich, "Reinsberg and Life to the Muses" are done. On a sudden, from the opposite side of the horizon, see, miraculous Opportunity, rushing hitherward,—swift, terrible, clothed with lightning like a courser of the gods : dare you clutch *him* by the thunder-mane, and fling yourself upon him, and make for the Emyrean by that course rather ? Be immediate about it, then ; the time is now, or else never !—No fair judge can blame the young man that he laid hold of the flaming Opportunity in this manner, and obeyed the new omen. To seize such an opportunity, and perilously mount upon it, was the part of a young magnanimous King, less sensible to the perils, and more to the other considerations, than one older would have been.

"Desire to make himself a name ; how shocking !" exclaim several Historians. "Candour of confession that he may have had some such desire ; how honest !" is what they do not exclaim. As to the justice of his Silesian Claims, or even to his own belief about their justice, Friedrich affords not the least light which can be new to readers here. He speaks, when business requires it, of 'those known rights' of his, and with the air of a man who expects to be believed on his word ; but it is cursorily, and in the business way only ; and there is not here or elsewhere the least pleading :—a man, you would say, considerably indifferent to our belief on that head ; his eye set on the practical merely.

“Just Rights? What are rights, never so just, which you cannot make valid? The world is full of such. If you have rights and can assert them into facts, do it; that is worth doing!”

[Prussia had guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction of Charles VI, by which the Hapsburg dominions were to pass undivided to Maria Theresa, his daughter. But the plea for Frederick is that the sanction was a delusion.]

The Powers and the Pragmatic Sanction

Almost within year and day, Pragmatic Sanction is a vanished quantity; and poor Kaiser Karl's life-labour is not worth the sheep-skin and stationery it cost him. History reports in sum, That 'nobody kept the Prag-
× 'matic Sanction; that the few' (strictly speaking, the one) 'who acted by it, would have done precisely the 'same, though there had never been such a Document 'in existence'. To George II., it is, was and will be, the Keystone of Nature, the true Anti-French palladium of mankind; and he, dragging the unwilling Dutch after him, will do great things for it: but nobody else does anything at all. Document more futile there had not been in Nature, nor will be.

[Frederick secured his flanks on the coming expedition, (a) by an army under the Old Dessauer posted so as to strike with equal ease at Saxony and Hanover, (b) by a Treaty of Alliance (December 27) with the Tsarina Elisabeth, whom the Revolution of December 5, 1740, had set on the throne, after the death of the Tsarina Anne in October. The Prussian preparations were a mystery to the whole world almost up to December 16, when the King crossed the Silesian border with 40,000

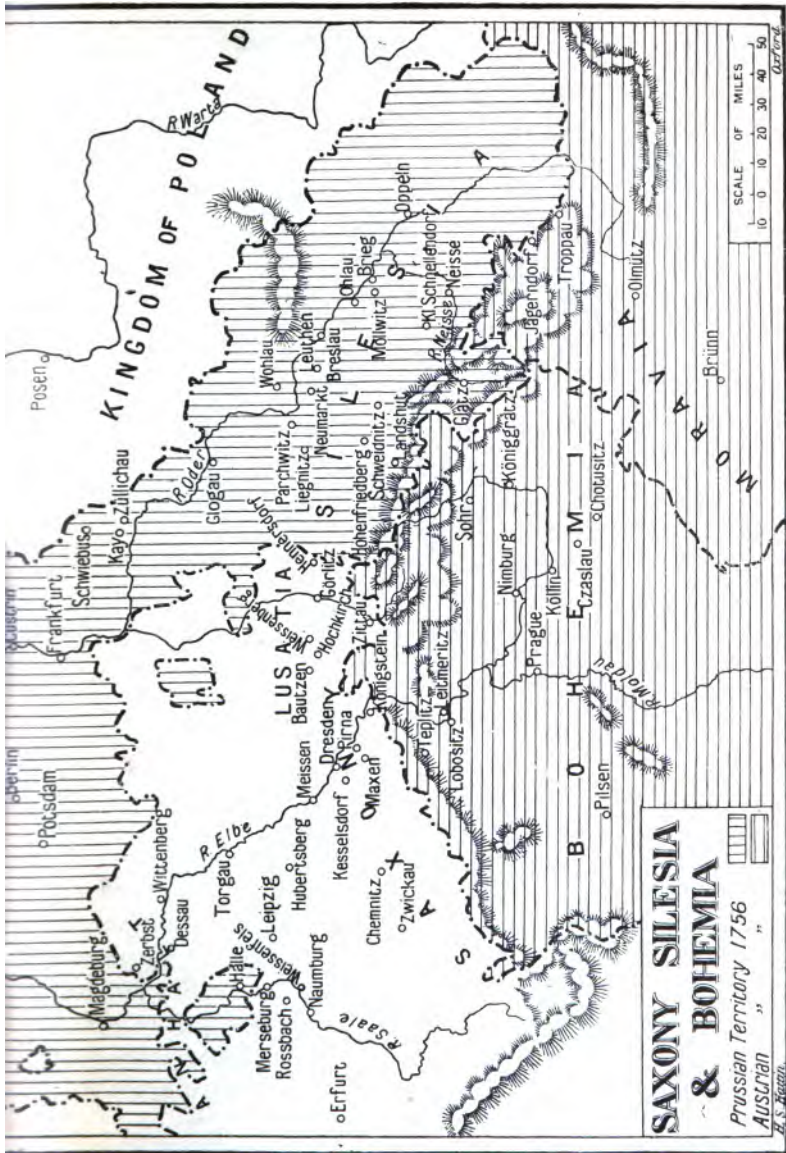
men. Three days later his envoy to Vienna, Count Gotter, formally demanded Silesia from the Queen of Hungary in return for Prussia's support of the Pragmatic Sanction. Gotter was instructed to bargain for the whole province, but to take less. His demands were proudly refused.]

Better for Maria Theresa, and for all the world how much better, could she have accepted this Fifth Proposition ! But how could she,—the high Imperial Lady, keystone of Europe, though by accident with only a few pounds of ready-money at present ? Twenty years of bitter fighting, and agony to herself and all the world, were necessary first ; a new Fact of Nature having turned-up, a new European Kingdom with real King to it ; *not* recognisable as such, by the young Queen of Hungary or by any other person, till it do its proofs.

3

*The First Silesian War ; to the Battle
of Mollwitz**Silesia*

SCHLESIEEN, what we call Silesia, lies in elliptic shape, spread on the top of Europe, partly girt with mountains, like the crown or crest to that part of the Earth ;—highest table-land of Germany or of the Cisalpine Countries ; and sending rivers into all the seas. The summit or highest level of it is in the south-west ; longest diameter is from north-west to south-east. From



Crossen, whither Friedrich is now driving, to the Jablunka Pass, which issues upon Hungary, is above 250 miles ; the *axis*, therefore, or longest diameter, of our Ellipse we may call 250 English miles ;—its shortest or conjugate diameter, from Friedland in Bohemia (Wallenstein's old Friedland), by Breslau across the Oder to the Polish Frontier, is about 100. The total area of Schlesien is counted to be some 20,000 square miles, nearly the third of England Proper.

Schlesien,—will the reader learn to call it by that name, on occasion ? for in these sad Manuscripts of ours the names alternate,—is a fine, fertile, useful and beautiful Country. It leans sloping, as we hinted, to the East and to the North ; a long curved buttress of Mountains (“ *Riesengebirge*, Giant Mountains ”, is their best-known name in foreign countries) holding it up on the South and West sides. This Giant-Mountain Range,—which is a kind of continuation of the Saxon-Bohemian “ Metal Mountains (*Erzgebirge*) ” and of the straggling Lausitz Mountains, to westward of these,—shapes itself like a billhook (or elliptically, as was said) : handle and hook together may be some 200 miles in length. The precipitous side of this is, in general, turned outwards, towards Böhmen, Mähren, Ungarn (Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary, in our dialects) ; and Schlesien lies inside, irregularly sloping down, towards the Baltic and towards the utmost East. From the Bohemian side of these Mountains there rise Two Rivers : Elbe, tending for the West ; Morawa for the South ;—Morawa, crossing Moravia, gets into the Donau, and thence into the Black-Sea ; while Elbe, after intricate adventures among

the mountains, and then prosperously across the plains, is out, with its many ships, into the Atlantic. Two rivers, we say, from the Bohemian or steep side : and again, from the Silesian side, there rise other Two, the Oder and the Weichsel (*Vistula*) ; which start pretty near one another in the South-East, and, after wide windings, get both into the Baltic, at a good distance apart.

For the first thirty, or in parts, fifty miles from the Mountains, Silesia slopes somewhat rapidly ; and is still to be called a Hill-country, rugged extensive elevations diversifying it : but after that, the slope is gentle, and at length insensible, or noticeable only by the way the waters run. From the central part of it, Schlesien pictures itself to you as a plain ; growing ever flatter, ever sandier, as it abuts on the monotonous endless sand-flats of Poland, and the Brandenburg territories ; nothing but Boundary Stones with their brass inscriptions marking where the transition is ; and only some Fortified Town, not far off, keeping the door of the Country secure in that quarter.

On the other hand, the Mountain part of Schlesien is very picturesque ; not of Alpine height anywhere (the Schnee-Koppe itself is under 5,000 feet), so that verdure and forest wood fail almost nowhere among the Mountains ; and multiplex industry, besung by rushing torrents and the swift young rivers, nestles itself high up ; and from wheat-husbandry, madder and maize husbandry, to damask-weaving, metallurgy, charcoal-burning, tar-distillery, Schlesien has many trades, and has long been expert and busy at them to a high degree. A very pretty

Ellipsis, or irregular Oval, on the summit of the European Continent ;—" like the palm of a left-hand well stretched-out, with the Riesengebirge for thumb ! " said a certain Herr to me, stretching out his arm in that fashion towards the north-west. Palm, well stretched-out, measuring 250 miles ; and the cross-way 100. There are still beavers in Schlesien ; the Katzbach River has gold grains in it, a kind of Pactolus not now worth working : and in the scraggy lonesome pine-woods, grimy individuals, with kindled mounds of pine-branches and smoke carefully kept down by sods, are sweating-out a substance which they inform you is to be tar.

[The way was barred to the Prussians by three fortresses : Glogau, the northernmost, closing the highway of the Oder ; Brieg, commanding the Upper Oder ; and Neisse, on the river of that name, the stronghold of Upper Silesia, and the backdoor of the province towards Austria. Breslau, the capital, was hardly defensible, and being Protestant and anti-Austrian, had refused an Austrian garrison. The invaders, with only weak forces opposing them, had overrun the whole country by the end of January. Breslau surrendered at once ; the three fortresses shut their gates and were masked. At length Glogau fell by storm on March 8 ; and Frederick had now a safe road for supplies, for which the southernmost depôt was Ohlau, two marches south-east of Breslau. He immediately prepared for an active siege of Neisse, with an army under Schwerin to the south-east, around Jägerndorf, to stop the Austrians on that side. On April 2 the King was with Schwerin, when Marshal Neipperg with an Austrian army passed them on the west, marching northwards. Neipperg reached Neisse

on April 5, and continued his march straight on Frederick's magazine at Ohlau, while Frederick followed, gathering troops on the way. He came up with the Austrians before the village of Mollwitz on April 8, and waited in a violent snowstorm all the following day (Sunday, April 9) until the morning of the 10th, with failing provisions and no precise knowledge of the enemy's whereabouts. His fate depended on his being able to fight through to Ohlau. For two nights the anxiety kept him sleepless, and he wrote a letter to his brother, August Wilhelm, with requests and dispositions in case of his death.]

The Battle

Monday morning, the Prussians are up betimes. This morning, all is calm, sleeked out into spotless white; Pogarell and the world are wrapt as in a winding-sheet, near two feet of snow on the ground. Air hard and crisp; a hot sun possible about noon season. 'By daybreak' we are all astir, rendezvousing, ranking,—into Four Columns; ready to advance in that fashion for battle, or for deploying into battle, wherever the Enemy turn up. The orders were all given overnight, two nights ago; were all understood, too, and known to be rhadamanthine; and, down to the lowest pioneer, no man is uncertain what to do. If we but knew where the Enemy is; on which side of us; what doing, what intending? At break of day the ranking and arranging began. Pogarell clock is near striking ten, when the last squadron or battalion quits Pogarell; and the four Columns, punctiliously correct, are all under way. Two on each side of Ohlau Highway; steadily advancing, with pioneers ahead to clear any obstacle there may be.

[Neipperg's position is presently ascertained. The Marshal had ordered a day of rest for his troops, and was not expecting an attack.]

Neipperg, all this while, is much at his ease on this white resting-day. He is just sitting down to dinner at the Dorfschulze's (Village Provost, or miniature Mayor of Mollwitz), a composed man ; when—rockets or projectiles, and successive anxious sputterings from the steeples-tops of Brieg, are hastily reported : what can it mean ? Means little perhaps ;—Neipperg sends out a Hussar party to ascertain, and composedly sets himself to dine.

The truth is, the Prussian advance goes on with punctilious exactitude, by no means rapidly. Colonel Count von Rothenburg is warily leading the Vanguard of Dragoons ; warily, with the Four Columns well to rear of him : the Austrian Hussar party came upon Rothenburg, not two miles from Mollwitz ; and suddenly drew bridle. Then Rothenburg tumbles to the right-about, and chases ;—finds, on advancing, the Austrian Army totally unaware. It is thought, had Rothenburg dashed forward, and sent word to the rearward to dash forward at their swiftest, the Austrian Army might have been cut in pieces here, and never have got together to try battle at all. But Rothenburg had no orders ; nay, had orders Not to get into fighting ;—nor had Friedrich himself, in this his first Battle, learned that feline or leonine promptitude of spring which he subsequently manifested. Far from it ! Indeed this punctilious deliberation, and slow exactitude as on the review-ground, is wonderful and noteworthy at the first start of Friedrich ;—the faithful apprentice-hand still rigorous

to the rules of the old shop. Ten years hence, twenty years hence, had Friedrich found Neipperg in this condition, Neipperg's account had been soon settled !

Fancy Neipperg's state of mind, busy beginning dinner in the little Schulze's, or Town-Provost's house, when the Hussars dashed-in at full gallop, shouting "*Der Feind*, The Enemy ! All in march there ; vanguard this side of Pampitz ; killed forty of us ! " The first thing is to get our Force together ; and it lies scattered about in Three other Villages besides Mollwitz, miles apart. Neipperg has his left wing formed, and the other parts in a state of rapid genesis, Horse and Foot pouring-in from Laugwitz, Bärzdorf, Grüningen, before the Prussians have quite done deploying themselves, and got well within shot of him. Römer, by birth a Saxon gentleman, by all accounts a superior soldier and excellent General of Horse, commands this Austrian left wing ; General Göldlein, a Swiss veteran of good parts, presiding over the Infantry in that quarter. Neipperg himself, were he once complete, will command the right wing.

Neipperg is to be in two lines, as the Prussians are, with horse on each wing, which is orthodox military order. His length of front, I should guess, must have been something better than two English miles ; a sluggish Brook, called of Laugwitz, from the Village of that name which lies some way across, is on his right hand. Neipperg's right is covered by that. His left rests on the Hamlet of Grüningen, a mile-and-half north-east of Mollwitz ;—meant to have rested on Hermsdorf nearly east, but-the Prussians have already taken that up. The sun coming more and more round to west of south (for

it is now past noon) shines right in Neipperg's face, and is against him. His regular Cavalry, 8,600, outnumbers twice or more that of the Prussians, not to mention their quality; and he has fewer Infantry, somewhat in proportion;—the entire force on each side is scarcely above 20,000, the Prussians slightly in majority by count. In field-pieces Neipperg is greatly outnumbered; the Prussians having about threescore, he only eighteen. And now here *are* the Prussians, close upon our left wing, not yet in contact with the right,—which in fact is not yet got into existence.

The Prussians, though so ready for deploying, have had their own difficulties and delays. Between the boggy Brook of Laugwitz on their left, and the Village of Hermsdorf, two miles distant, on which their right wing is to lean, there proves not to be room enough; and then, owing to mistake of Schulenburg (who commands the right wing of Horse here, and is not up in time), there is too much room. Not room enough for all the Infantry, we say: the last Three Battalions of the front line therefore, the three on the outmost right, wheel round, and stand athwart; *en potence* (as soldiers say), or at right angles to the first line; hanging to it like a kind of lid in that part,—between Schulenburg and them,—had Schulenburg come up. Thus are the three battalions got rid of at least; 'they cap the First Prussian line rectangularly, like a lid', says my Authority,—lid which does not reach to the Second Line by a good way. This accidental arrangement had material effects on the right wing. Unfortunate Schulenburg did at last come up:—had he miscalculated the distances, then?

Once on the ground, he will find he does not reach to Hermsdorf after all, and that there is now too much room!—In respect of Horse, the Austrians are more than two to one; to make out our deficiency, the King, imitating something he had read about Gustavus Adolphus, intercalates the Horse-Squadrons, on each wing, with two Battalions of Grenadiers, and so lengthens them;—‘a manœuvre not likely to be again imitated’, he admits.

All these movements and arrangements are effected above a mile from Mollwitz, no enemy yet visible. Once effected, we advance again with music sounding, sixty pieces of artillery well in front,—steady, steady!—across the floor of snow which is soon beaten smooth enough, the stage, this day, of a great adventure. And now there is the Enemy’s left wing, Römer and his Horse; their right wing wider away, and not yet, by a good space, within cannon-range of us. It is towards Two of the afternoon; Schulenburg now on his ground, laments that he will not reach to Hermsdorf;—but it may be dangerous now to attempt repairing that error? At Two of the clock, being now fairly within distance, we salute Römer and the Austrian left, with all our sixty cannon; and the sound of drums and clarionets is drowned in universal artillery thunder. Incessant, for they take (by order) to “swift-shooting”, which is almost of the swiftness of musketry in our Prussian practice; and from sixty cannon, going at that rate, we may fancy some effect. The Austrian Horse of the left wing do not like it; all the less as the Austrians, rather short of artillery, have nothing yet to reply with.

No Cavalry can stand long there, getting shivered in that way; in such a noise, were there nothing more. "Are we to stand here like milestones, then, and be all shot without a stroke struck?" "Steady!" answers Römer. But nothing can keep them steady. And—and there is Schulenburg, for one thing, stretching himself out eastwards (rightwards) to get hold of Hermsdorf; thinking this an opportunity for the manœuvre. "Forward!" cries Römer; and his Thirty Squadrons, like bottled whirlwind now at last let loose, dash upon Schulenburg's poor Ten (five of them of Schulenburg's own regiment),—who are turned sideways too, trotting towards Hermsdorf, at the wrong moment,—and dash them into wild ruin. That must have been a charge! That was the beginning of hours of chaos, seemingly irretrievable, in that Prussian right wing.

For the Prussian Horse fly wildly; and it is in vain to rally. The King is among them; has come in hot haste, conjuring and commanding: poor Schulenburg addresses his own regiment, "Oh shame, shame! shall it be told, then?" rallies his own regiment, and some others; charges fiercely in with them again; gets a sabre-slash across the face,—does not mind the sabre-slash, small bandaging will do;—gets a bullet through the head, and falls down dead; his regiment going to the winds again. Nothing can rally that right wing. They fly along the front of their own First Line of Infantry, they fly between the Two Lines; Römer chasing,—till the fire of the Infantry (intolerable to our enemies, and hitting some even of our fugitive friends) repels him. For the notable point in all this was the conduct of the

Infantry ; and how it stood in these wild vortexes of ruin ; impregnable, immovable, as if every man of it were stone ; and steadily poured-out deluges of fire,—‘ five Prussian shots for two Austrian ’ :—such is perfect discipline against imperfect ; and the iron ramrod against the wooden.

The intolerable fire repels Römer, when he trenches on the Infantry : however, he captures nine of the Prussian sixty guns ; has scattered their Horse to the winds ; and charges again and again, hoping to break the Infantry too,—till a bullet kills him, the gallant Römer ; and some other has to charge and try. It was thought, had Göldlein with his Austrian Infantry advanced to support Römer at this juncture, the Battle had been gained. Five times, before Römer fell and after, the Austrians charged here ; tried the Second Line too ; tried once to take Prince Leopold in rear there. But Prince Leopold faced round, gave intolerable fire ; on one face as on the other, he, or the Prussian Infantry anywhere, is not to be broken.

The Prussian Horse, this right wing of it, is a ruined body ; boiling in wild disorder, flooding rapidly away to rearward,—which is the safest direction to retreat upon. They ‘ sweep away the King’s person with them ’, say some cautious people ; others say, what is the fact, that Schwerin entreated, and as it were commanded, the King to go ; the Battle being, to all appearance, irretrievable. Go he did, with small escort, and on a long ride,—to Oppeln, a Prussian post, thirty-five miles rearward, where there is a Bridge over the Oder and a safe country beyond. So much is indubitable ; and that he

dispatched an Aide-de-Camp to gallop into Brandenburg, and tell the Old Dessauer, "Bestir yourself! Here all seems lost!"—and vanished from the Field, doubtless in very desperate humour. Upon which the extraneous world has babbled a good deal, "Cowardice! Wanted courage: Haha!" in its usual foolish way; not worth answer from him or from us.

Indisputable it is, though there is deep mystery upon it, the King vanishes from Mollwitz Field at this point for sixteen hours, into the regions of Myth, "into Fairyland", as would once have been said; but reappears unharmed in tomorrow's daylight. For the present we hasten back to Mollwitz,—where the murderous thunder rages unabated all this while; the very noise of it alarming mankind for thirty miles round.

'Had Göldlein but advanced with his Foot, in support of gallant Römer!' say the Austrian Books. But Göldlein did not advance; nor is it certain he would have found advantage in so doing: Göldlein, where he stands, has difficulty enough to hold his own. For the notable circumstance, miraculous to military men, still is, How the Prussian Foot (men who had never been in fire, but whom Friedrich Wilhelm had drilled for twenty years) stand their ground, in this distraction of the Horse. Not even the Two outlying Grenadier Battalions will give way: those poor intercalated Grenadiers, when their Horse fled on the right and on the left, they stand there, like a fixed stone-dam in that wild whirlpool of ruin. They fix bayonets, 'bring their two field-pieces to flank' (Winterfeld was Captain there), and, from

small arms and big, deliver such a fire as was very unexpected. Nothing to be made of Winterfeld and them. They invincibly hurl back charge after charge ; and, with dogged steadiness, manœuvre themselves into the general Line again ; or into contact with the Three superfluous Battalions, arranged *en potence*, whom we heard of. Those Three, ranked athwart in this right wing ('like a lid', between First Line and second), maintained themselves in like impregnable fashion,—Winterfeld commanding ;—and proved unexpectedly, thinks Friedrich, the saving of the whole. For they also stood their ground immovable, like rocks ; steadily spouting fire-torrents. Five successive charges storm upon them, fruitless : "Steady, *meine Kinder* ; fix bayonets, handle ramrods ! There is the Horse-deluge thundering in upon you ; reserve your fire, till you see the whites of their eyes, and get the word ; then give it them, and again give it them : see whether any man or any horse can stand it !"

Neipperg, soon after Römer fell, had ordered Göldlein forward : Göldlein with his Infantry did advance, gallantly enough ; but to no purpose. Göldlein was soon shot dead ; and his Infantry had to fall back again, ineffectual or worse. Iron ramrods against wooden ; five shots to two : what is there but falling back ? Neipperg sent fresh Horse from his right wing, with Berlichingen, a new famed General of Horse ; Neipperg is furiously bent to improve his advantage, to break those Prussians, who are mere musketeers left bare, and thinks that will settle the account : but it could in no wise be done. The Austrian Horse, after their fifth trial, renounce

charging ; fairly refuse to charge any more ; and withdraw dispirited out of ball-range.

In fact, the Austrian Infantry too, all Austrians, hour after hour, are getting wearier of it : neither Infantry nor Cavalry can stand being riddled by swift shot in that manner. In spite of their knapsack walls, various regiments have shrunk out of ball-range ; and several cannot, by any persuasion, be got to come into it again. Others, who do reluctantly advance,—see what a figure they make ; man after man edging away as he can, so that the regiment ‘stands forty to eighty men deep, with lanes through it every two or three yards’ ; permeable everywhere to Cavalry, if we had them ; and turning nothing to the Enemy but colour-sergeants and bare poles of a regiment ! And Römer is dead, and Göldlein of the Infantry is dead. And on their right wing, skirted by that marshy Brook of Laugwitz, the Austrians are suffering. And the Prussian fire of small arms, at such rate, has lasted now for five hours. The Austrian Army, becoming instead of a web a mere series of flying tatters, forming into stripes or lanes in the way we see, appears to have had about enough.

These symptoms are not hidden from Schwerin. His own ammunition, too, he knows is running scarce, and fighters here and there are searching the slain for cartridges :—Schwerin closes his ranks, trims and tightens himself a little ; breaks forth into universal field-music, and with banners spread, starts in mass wholly, “Forwards !” Forwards towards these Austrians and the setting sun.

An intelligent Austrian Officer, writing next week from

Neisse, confesses he never saw anything more beautiful. 'I can well say, I never in my life saw anything more beautiful. They marched with the greatest steadiness, arrow-straight, and their front like a line (*schnurgleich*), as if they had been upon parade. The glitter of their clear arms shone strangely in the setting sun, and the fire from them went on no otherwise than a continued peal of thunder.' Grand picture indeed; but not to be enjoyed as a Work of Art, for it is coming upon us! 'The spirits of our Army sank altogether,' continues he; 'the Foot plainly giving way, Horse refusing to come forward, all things wavering towards dissolution':—so that Neipperg, to avoid worse, gives the word to go.

They had lost nine of their own cannon, and all of those Prussian nine which they once had, except one. Prisoners of them were few, and none of much mark. The Austrians were not much chased; though they might have been. Schwerin, they say, though he had two wounds, was for pursuing vigorously: but Leopold of Anhalt over-persuaded him; urged the darkness, the uncertainty. Pursuit lasted little more than two miles, and was never hot. The loss of men, on both sides, was not far from equal, and rather in favour of the Austrian side:—Austrians counted in killed, wounded and missing, 4,410 men; Prussians, 4,613;—but the Prussians bivouacked on the ground, or quartered in these Villages, with victory to crown them, and the thought that their hard day's-work had been well done.

Dimly poring in those old Books, and squeezing one's way into face-to-face view of the extinct Time, we begin to notice what a clangorous rumour was in

Mollwitz to the then generation of mankind ;—betokening many things ; universal European War, as the first thing. Which duly came to pass ; as did, at a slower rate, the ulterior thing, not yet so apparent, that indeed a new hour had struck on the Time Horologe, that a new Epoch had risen. Yes, my friends. New Charles XII. or not, here truly has a new Man and King come upon the scene : capable perhaps of doing something ? Slumberous Europe, rotting amid its blind pedantries, its lazy hypocrisies, conscious and unconscious : this man is capable of shaking it a little out of its stupid refuges of lies, and ignominious wrappages and bed-clothes, which will be its grave-clothes otherwise ; and of intimating to it, afar off, that there is still a Veracity in Things, and a Mendacity in Sham-Things, and that the difference of the two is infinitely more considerable than was supposed.

This Mollwitz is a most deliberate, regulated, ponderously impressive (*gravitätisch*) Feat of Arms, as the reader sees ; done all by Regulation methods, with orthodox exactitude ; in a slow, weighty, almost pedantic, but highly irrefragable manner. It is the triumph of Prussian Discipline ; of military orthodoxy well put in practice : the honest outcome of good natural stuff in those Brandenburgers, and of the supreme virtues of Drill. It is a Victory due properly to Friedrich Wilhelm and the Old Dessauer, who are far away from it. Friedrich Wilhelm, though dead, fights here, and the others only do his bidding on this occasion. His Son, as yet, adds nothing of his own ; though he will ever henceforth begin largely adding,—right careful withal to lose nothing, for the Friedrich Wilhelm contribution is

invaluable, and the basis of everything :—but it is curious to see in what contrast this first Battle of Friedrich's is with his latter and last ones.

[The military effect of Mollwitz was small. Neipperg retired to Neisse, and could not be brought to battle again. But Brieg was presently reduced.]

4

*From Mollwitz to the End of the First
Silesian War*

[MOLLWITZ precipitated the Coalition now forming under the initiative of France against Austria. Louis XV had come over to Belleisle and his ambitions and the policy of Fleury and peace was done with. The Silesian War is now a side-issue in the War of the Austrian Succession. Frederick knew what he wanted, viz. an agreement with Maria Theresa on something like his original terms—the cession of Lower Silesia and Breslau. This arrangement was urged both in Vienna and upon Frederick by the English ambassadors. But Vienna refused to give way; the diplomacy of England was ambiguous; and Frederick became impatient. On June 5 he signed a secret treaty with France.]

The Treaty with France, June 1741

A very fast-and-loose Treaty, to all appearance! Outwardly it is a mere Treaty of Alliance, each party guaranteeing the other for Fifteen Years; without mention made of the joint Belleisle Adventure now in the wind. But then, like the postscript to a lady's letter, there come "secret articles" bearing upon that essential item: How France, in the course of this current season

1741, is to bring an Army across the Rhine in support of its friend Kur-Baiern *versus* Austria ; is, in the same term of time, to make Sweden declare war on Russia (important for Friedrich, who is never sure a moment that those Russians will not break-in upon him) ; and finally, most important of all, That France ‘guarantees Lower Silesia with Breslau to his Prussian Majesty’. In return for which his Prussian Majesty—will do what? It is really difficult to say what : Be a true ally and second to France in its grand German Adventure? Not at all. Friedrich does not yet know, nor does Belleisle himself quite precisely, what the grand German Adventure is ; and Friedrich’s wishes never were, nor will be, for the prosperity of that. Support France, at least in its small Bavarian Anti-Austrian Adventure? By no means definitely even that. “Maintain myself in Lower Silesia with Breslau, and fight my best to such end :” really that, you might say, is in substance the most of what Friedrich undertakes ; though inarticulately he finds himself bound to much more,—and will frankly go into it, *if* you do as you have said ; and unless you do, will not. Never was a more contingent Treaty : “unless you stir-up Sweden, Messieurs ; unless you produce that Rhine Army ; unless—” such is steadily Friedrich’s attitude ; long after this, he refuses to say whom he will vote for as Kaiser : “Fortune of War will decide it,” answers he, in regard to that and to many other things ; and keeps himself to an incomprehensible extent loose ; ready, for weeks and months after, to make bargain on his own Silesian Affair with anybody that can

Frederick in the Summer of 1741

Various Letters there are, to Jordan principally, some to Algarotti ; both of whom he still keeps at Breslau, and sends for, if there is like to be an hour of leisure. The Letters indicate cheerfulness of humour, even levity, in the Writer ; which is worth noting, in this wild clash of things now tumbling round him, and looking to him as its centre : but they otherwise, though heartily and frankly written, are, to Jordan and us, as if written from the teeth outward ; and throw no light whatever either on things befalling, or on Friedrich's humour under them. Reading diligently, we do notice one thing, That the talk about "fame (*gloire*)" has died out. Not the least mention now of *gloire* ;—perception now, most probably, that there are other things than "*gloire*" to be had by taking arms ; and that War is a terribly grave thing, lightly as one may go into it at first ! This small inference we do negatively draw, from the Friedrich Correspondence of those months : and except this, and the levity of humour noticeable, we practically get no light whatever from it ; the practical soul and soul's business of Friedrich being entirely kept veiled there, as usual.

[After the rally of the Hungarian nation to the cause of its Queen in September 1741, Frederick concluded the Treaty of Klein-Schnellendorf in deep secrecy (October 9). By its terms the rest of Silesia was to be abandoned to him, and the entire province was to be ceded by a peace signed not later than Christmas ; he, in return, to carry on the war perfunctorily and do Austria no hurt. Neipperg accordingly gave up Neisse after a sham siege, and evacuated the country. The Austrians divulged the plot, and

Frederick became convinced that the whole manœuvre was a mistake. The Coalition now included Spain, France, Bavaria, and Saxony. When the allies marched into Bohemia and took Prague in November, the Treaty of Klein-Schnellendorf was forthwith repudiated. Frederick left Charles Albert of Bavaria (elected Emperor January 27) and his French confederates to shift for themselves before the vigorous offensive of the Austrians, and marched (end of January 1742) over the mountains into Moravia, taking with him a reluctant Saxon army, and supported as well by a force of French. Moravia was to fall to August of Saxony by the terms of the Coalition, and his lordship there might be better for Frederick than Austria's. By the end of April the Moravian adventure had ended in failure before the walls of Brünn and in a barren country infested with light horse, and Frederick, deserted by the French and Saxons, retreated into Bohemia before Prince Charles of Austria. At Chotusitz, within three marches of Prague, he turned on the Austrians, and in a fierce battle, in which his own courage and decision were conspicuous, beat them thoroughly (May 17, 1742). By the Treaty of Berlin (July 28) he withdrew from the war, receiving the whole of Silesia, except a small strip on the south-west.]

Klein-Schnellendorf, October 9, 1741

Between the two Camps, nearly midway, lies a Schloss or noble Mansion, called Klein-Schnellendorf, belonging to a certain Count von Sternberg, who is not there at present, but whose servants are. Neipperg, now come to a state of readiness, approves the suggestion of Hyndford, and promptly at the due moment converts it into a fact. Arrests namely, on a given morning, every living soul within or about the Mansion; and in this way, has it reduced to the comfortable furnished solitude of

Sleeping Beauty's Castle ; a place fit for high persons to hold a Meeting in, which shall remain secret as the grave. For Friedrich, keeping shy of Hyndford, as he well may with a Valori watching every step, has, by words, by silences, when Hyndford could waylay him for a moment, sufficiently indicated what he will and what he will not ; and, for one indispensable condition, in the present thrice-delicate Adventure, he will not sign anything ; will give and take word of honour, and fully bind himself, but absolutely not put pen to paper at all. Neipperg being willing too, judicious Hyndford finds a medium. Let the parties meet at Klein-Schnellendorf, and judicious Hyndford be there with pen and paper.

Monday 9th October 1741, accordingly, there is meeting to be held. Hyndford, Neipperg with his General Lentulus, these wait for Friedrich, on the one hand :—“ to fix some cartel for exchange of prisoners ”, it is said ;—in these precincts of Klein-Schnellendorf. And Friedrich, on the other hand, is actually riding that way, with Goltz ;—visiting outposts, reconnoitring, so to speak. “ Dine you with Prince Leopold (the Young Dessauer), my fine Valori ; I fear I sha’n’t be home to dinner ! ” he had said when going off ; hoodwinking his fine Valori, who suspects nothing. At a due distance from Klein-Schnellendorf, the very groom is left behind ; and Friedrich, with Goltz only, pushes on to the Schloss. All ready there ; salutations soon done ; business set about, perfected :—and Hyndford, by way of Protocol, or summary of what had been agreed on, on mutual word of honour, writes a State Paper, which became rather famous afterwards.

The King stayed about two hours ; was extremely polite, and even frank and communicative. ‘A very ‘high-spirited young King,’ thinks Neipperg, reporting of it ; ‘will not stand contradiction ; but a great deal ‘can be made of him, if you go into his ideas, and humour ‘him in a delicate dextrous way. He did not the least ‘hide his engagements with France, Bavaria, Saxony ; ‘but would really, so far as I Neipperg could judge, ‘prefer friendship with Austria, on the given terms ; ‘and seems to have secretly a kind of pique at Saxony, ‘and no favour for the French and their plans.’

‘Business being done’ (this is Hyndford’s report), ‘the ‘King took Neipperg aside, beckoning Hyndford to be ‘of the party. Friedrich’s talk to Neipperg is, How ‘he may assault the French with advantage : “Join ‘Lobkowitz and what force he has in Böhmen ; go ‘right into your enemies, before they can unite there. If ‘the Queen prosper, I shall—perhaps I shall have no ‘objection to join her by and by ? If her Majesty fail ; ‘well, every one must look to himself.”’ These words Hyndford listened to with an edacious solid countenance, and greedily took them down.

And so, “*Bon voyage*, and well across the Mountains, *M. le Maréchal* ; till we meet again ! And you, Excellency Hyndford, be so good you as write to me,—for Valori’s behoof,—complaining that I am deaf to all proposals, that nothing can be had of me. And other Letters, pray, of the like tenor, all round ; to Presburg, to England, to Dresden :—if the Couriers are seized, it shall be well. Your Letter to myself, let a trumpet come with it while I am at dinner, and Valori beside

me ! ”—“ Certainly, your Majesty,” answers Hyndford ; and does it, does all this ; which produces a soothing effect on Valori, poor soul !

Was Frederick mendacious ?

In that foul Lapland-witch world, of seething Diplomacies and monstrous wiggèd mendacities, horribly wicked and despicably unwise, I find nothing notable, memorable even in a small degree, except this aspect of a young King who does know what he means in it. Clear as a star, sharp as cutting steel (very dangerous to hydrogen balloons), he stands in the middle of it, and means to extort his own from it by such methods as there are.

Magnanimous I can by no means call Friedrich to his allies and neighbours, nor even superstitiously veracious, in this business : but he thoroughly understands, he alone, what just thing he wants out of it. He is at the gaming-table with these sharpers ; their dice all cogged ;—and he knows it, and ought to profit by his knowledge of it. A candid mind will settle what degree of wisdom (which is always essentially veracity), and what of folly (which is always falsity), there was in Friedrich and the others ; whether, or to what degree, there was a better course open to Friedrich in the circumstances :—and, in fine, it will have to be granted that you cannot work in pitch and keep hands evidently clean. Friedrich has got into the Enchanted Wilderness, populous with devils and their works ;—and, alas, it will be long before he get out of it again, *his* life waning towards night before he get victoriously out, and bequeath his conquest



to luckier successors ! It is one of the tragic elements of this King's life ; little contemplated by him, when he went lightly into the Silesian Adventure, looking for honour bright, what he called "*gloire*", as one principal consideration, hardly a year ago !

And indeed we will here advise our readers to prepare for dismissing altogether that notion of Friedrich's duplicity, mendacity, finesse and the like, which was once widely current in the world ; and to attend always strictly to what Friedrich says, if they wish to guess what he is thinking ;—there being no such thing as "mendacity" discoverable in Friedrich, when you take the trouble to inform yourself. "Mendacity," my friends ? How busy have the Owls been with Friedrich's memory, in different countries of the world ;—perhaps even more than their sad wont is in such cases ! For indeed he was apt to be of swift abrupt procedure, disregardful of Owleries ; and gave scope for misunderstanding in the course of his life. But a veracious man he was, at all points ; not even conscious of his veracity ; but had it in the blood of him ; and never looked upon "mendacity" but from a very great height indeed. He does not, except where suitable, at least he never should, express his whole meaning ; but you will never find him expressing what is not his meaning. Reticence, not dissimulation. And as to "finesse",—do not believe in that either, in the vulgar or bad sense. Truly you will find his finesse is a very fine thing ; and that it consists, not in deceiving other people, but in being right himself ; in well discerning, for his own behoof, what the facts before him are ; and in steering, which he does steadily,

in a most vigilant, nimble, decisive and intrepid manner, by monition of the same. No salvation but in the facts. Facts are a kind of divine thing to Friedrich ; much more so than to common men : this is essentially what Religion I have found in Friedrich. And, let me assure you, it is an invaluable element in any man's Religion, and highly indispensable, though so often dispensed with ! Readers, especially in our time English readers, who would gain the least knowledge about Friedrich, in the extinct Bedlam where his work now lay, have a great many things to forget, and sad strata of Owl-droppings, ancient and recent, to sweep away !

After the Moravian Foray

Friedrich's look, when Valori met him again coming home from this Moravian Futility, was '*farouche*', fierce and dark ; his laugh bitter, sardonic ; harsh mockery, contempt and suppressed rage, looking through all he said. A proud young King, getting instructed in several things, by the stripes of experience. Look in that young Portrait by Pesne, the full cheeks, and fine mouth capable of truculence withal, the brow not unused to knit itself, and the eyes flashing out in sharp diligent inspection, of a somewhat commanding nature. We can fancy the face very impressive upon Valori in these circumstances.

The Effect of Chotusitz

In actual loss of men or of ground, the results of that Chotusitz Affair were not of decisive nature. But it had been fought with obstinacy ; with great fury on the

Austrian side, Britannic George, and all the world, looking on : and, in dispiritment and discredit to the beaten party, its results were considerable. The voice of all the world, declaring through its Gazetteer Editors, " You cannot beat those Prussians ! " voice confirmed by one's own sad thoughts :—in such sounding of the rams' horns round one's Jericho, there is always a strange influence (what is called panic, as if Pan or some god were in it), and one's Jericho is the apter to fall !

Settlement of Silesia after the War

By degrees the Münchows and Official Persons intrusted with Silesia got it wrought in all respects, financial, administrative, judicial, secular and spiritual, into the Prussian model : a long tough job ; but one that proved well worth doing. In this state, counts one authority, it was worth to Prussia ' about six times what it had been to Austria ' ;—from some other forgotten source, I have seen the computation ' eight times '.

Six or eight times as useful to Prussia : and to the Inhabitants what multiple of usefulness shall we give ? To be governed on principles fair and rational, that is to say, conformable to Nature's appointment in that respect ; there is no multiple to be found in Arithmetic which will express that !—Certain of these advantages, in the new Government, are seen at once ; others, the still more valuable, do not appear, except gradually and after many days and years. With the one and the other, Schlesien appears to have been tolerably content. From that Year 1742 to this, Schlesien has expressed by word and symptom nothing but thankfulness for the Transfer

it underwent ; and there is, for the last Hundred Years, no part of the Prussian Dominion more loyal to the Hohenzollerns than this their latest acquisition, when once it too got moulded into their own image.

5

Some of the Actors

Maria Theresa

As for the brave young Queen of Hungary, my admiration goes with that of all the world. Not in the language of flattery, but of evident fact, the royal qualities abound in that high young Lady. Most brave, high and pious-minded ; beautiful too, and radiant with goodnature, though of temper that will easily catch fire : there is perhaps no nobler woman then living. And she fronts the roaring elements in a truly grand feminine manner ; as if Heaven itself and the voice of Duty called her : “ The Inheritances which my Fathers left me, we will not part with these. Death, if it so must be ; but not dishonour :—Listen not to that thief in the night ! ” Pity she had not complied with Friedrich, and saved such rivers of bitterness to herself and mankind ! But how could she see to do it ?

‘ Does her Majesty still think of “ taking the command of her Armies on herself ”, high Amazon that she is !
‘ At one time she did seriously think of it, says a good witness. It is certain she chiefly was the reformer of her
‘ Army, in years coming ; she, athwart many impediments.

‘An ardent rider, often on horseback, at paces furiously
‘swift; her beautiful face tanned by the weather.
‘Very devout too; honest to the bone, athwart all her
‘prejudices. Since our own Elizabeth, no Woman, and
‘hardly above one Man, is worth being named beside her
‘as a Sovereign Ruler;—she is “a living contradiction of
‘the Salic Law”, say her admirers. All hearts and right
‘hands in Austria are hers. The loss of Schlesien rankles
‘incurable in the noble heart, pious to its Fathers withal,
‘and to their Heritages in the world. And indeed, to the
‘end of her life, she never could get over it. To the last,
‘they say, if a Stranger, getting audience, were graciously
‘asked, “From what Country, then?” and should answer,
‘“Schlesien, your Majesty!” she would burst into tears.’

Francis, Husband of Maria Theresa

Her Husband, the Grand-Duke, is an inert, but good-tempered, well-conditioned Duke after his sort. Him we shall see try various things; and at length take to banking and merchandise, and even meal-dealing on the great scale. ‘Our Armies had most part of their meal
‘circuitously from him,’ says Friedrich. Now as always he follows loyally his Wife’s lead, never she his: Wife being, intrinsically as well as extrinsically, the better man.

George II

It is certain, George II. was a proud little fellow; very high and airy in his ways. A man of some worth, too; ‘scrupulously kept his word’, say the witnesses:

a man always conscious to himself, "Am not I a man of honour, then?" to a punctilious degree. For the rest, courageous as a Welf; and had some sense withal,—though truly not much, and indeed, as it were, none at all in comparison to what he supposed he had! Here is Bielfeld's description faithfully abridged: "Big blue 'eyes, perhaps rather of parboiled character, though 'proud enough; eyes flush with his face or more, rather 'in relief than on a level with it,'—à fleur de tête, after the manner of a fish, if one might say so, and betokening such an intellect behind them! 'Attitude constrained, 'leg advanced, his courtiers call it majestic. Biggish 'mouth, strictly shut in the crescent or horseshoe form ('fermée en croissant); eyebrows, you can see are ashy-blond; general tint is fundamentally livid; but when 'in good case, the royal skin will take tolerably bright 'colours (*prend d'assez belles couleurs*)."

'King Friedrich's private accounts [of the Battle of 'Dettingen] are, That the Britannic Majesty did at first 'ride up, to see what was what; but that his horse ran 'away with him; upon which he hastily got down; 'drew sword; put himself at the head of his Hanoverian 'Infantry, and stood,—left foot drawn back, sword pushed 'out, in the form of a fencing-master doing lunge,— 'steadily in that defensive attitude, inexpugnable like the 'rocks, till all was over. This is defaced by the spirit of 'ridicule. Britannic Majesty's horse did run away with 'him; upon which he took to his feet and his Hanoverians. 'But he had been repeatedly on horseback; and was 'heard encouraging his people, and speaking even in the 'English language, "Steady, my boys; fire, my brave

‘boys, give them fire ; they will soon run ! ’ Latterly, ‘there can be no doubt, he stands in the above attitude of lunge ; no fear in him, and no plan ; “ *sans peur et sans avis* ”, as we might term it. Like a real Hanoverian Sovereign of England ; like England itself, and its ways in those German Wars. A typical epitome of long sections of English History, that attitude of lunge ! ’

August III, King of Poland, Elector of Saxony

‘At four every morning, Guarini, Jesuit Confessor to the King and Queen, comes to Brühl ; Brühl settles with him what his Majesty shall think, in reference to current business, this day ; Guarini then goes, confesses both Majesties ; confesses, absolves, turns in the due way to secular matters. At nine, Brühl himself arrives, for Privy Council : “ What is your Majesty pleased to think on these points of current business ? ” Majesty serenely issues his thoughts, in the form of orders ; which are found correct to pattern. A poor Majesty, taking deeply into tobacco. On all roads he travels, be it to mass, to hunt, to dinner, anywhither in his Palace or out of it, there are faithful creatures keeping eye, who admit no unsafe man to the least glimpse of him by night or by day.’

Graf von Brühl, Saxon Minister

As for Graf von Brühl, the fact that he cordially hates Friedrich is too evident ; but the why is not known to me. Except indeed, That no man,—especially no man with three hundred and sixty-five fashionable suits of clothes usually about him, different suit each day of the year,—can be comfortable in the evident contempt of

another man. Other man of sarcastic bantering turn, too ; tongue sharp as needles ; whose sayings many birds of the air are busy to carry about. Year after year, Brühl hates him more and more. A cunning little wretch, they say, and of deft tongue ; but surely among the unwise of all the Sons of Adam in that day.

Comte de Belleisle

Where did the Austrian-Succession War originate ? With Monseigneur the Maréchal de Belleisle principally ; with the ambitious cupidities and baseless vanities of the French Court and Nation, as represented by Belleisle. Belleisle's schemes are grandiose to a degree. Germany with our Bavarian for Kaiser ; Germany to be cut into, say, Four little Kingdoms : 1°. Bavaria with the lean Kaiserhood ; 2°. Saxony, fattened by its share of Austria ; 3°. Prussia the like ; 4°. Austria itself, shorn down as above, and shoved out to the remote Hungarian parts : *voilà*. These, not reckoning Hanover, which perhaps we cannot get just yet, are Four pretty Sovereignities. And will not France have a glorious time of it ; playing master of the revels there, egging one against the other ! Yes, Germany is then, what Nature designed it, a Province of France.

The Count, lean and growing old, is not healthy ; is ever and anon tormented, and laid-up for weeks, with rheumatisms, gouts and ailments : but otherwise he is still a swift ardent elastic spirit ; with grand schemes, with fiery notions and convictions, which captivate and hurry-off men's minds. A magnanimous high-flown spirit ; fit for many things ; and is still full of ambition

to distinguish himself, and tell the world at all moments,
 “ *Me voilà ; World, I too am here !* ”

A man of such intrinsic distinction as Belleisle, whom Friedrich afterwards deliberately called a great Captain, and the only Frenchman with a genius for war ; and who, for some time, played in Europe at large a part like that of Warwick the Kingmaker : how has he fallen into such oblivion ? ‘ For the times are babbly,’ says Goethe, ‘ And then again the times are dumb :

‘ *Denn geschwätzig sind die Zeiten,
 ‘ Und sie sind auch wieder stumm.*’

Alas, if a man sow only chaff, in never so sublime a manner,—it will avail him nothing. And that, to a lamentable extent, was Belleisle’s case. His aim, grandiose, patriotic, what you will, was unluckily false and not true. How could ‘ the times ’ continue talking of him ? They found they had already talked too much. For my own share, I find in Belleisle a really notable man ; far superior to the vulgar of noted men, in his time or ours. But when the general Life-element becomes so unspeakably phantasmal as under Louis XV., it is difficult for any man to be real.

The Tsarina Elisabeth

And so, on the morrow morning, 5th December 1741, by aid of the Preobrazinsky Regiment, she was Czarina of All the Russias, prosperously enough for the rest of her life. Twenty years or rather more. An indolent, orthodox, plump creature, disinclined to cruelty ; “ not an ounce of nun’s flesh in her composition,” said the

wits. She was well with Friedrich, or might have been kept so by management, could Friedrich have held his witty tongue, when eavesdroppers were by. But he could not always; though he tried. And sarcastic quizzing (especially if it be truth too), on certain female topics, what Improper-Female, Czarina of All the Russias, could stand it? Elizabeth was orthodox, too, and Friedrich not, "the horrid man!" Indignation became fixed hate on the Czarina's part, and there followed terrible results at last: a Czarina risen to the cannibal pitch upon a man, in his extreme need;—" *infâme Catin du Nord*," thinks the man! Friedrich's wit cost him dear; him, and half a million others still dearer, twenty years hence.

Czarina Elizabeth, bobbing about in that unlovely whirlpool of intrigues, amours, devotions and strong liquor, which her History is.

6

*Second Silesian War; from August 1744
to the Spring of 1745*

[DURING two years of peace Frederick returns to the Reinsberg life; founds an opera in Berlin with an Opera House; inaugurates the Academy. Meets Voltaire at Aachen (September 2-9, 1742), and at Berlin (August 31-September 10, 1743). On these occasions, as well as on a short visit previous to the first war, Voltaire came as a political agent of the French Government. Frederick urbanely thwarted him in this capacity, but urged him to come and live with him at Berlin. In foreign affairs

East Frisia reverts to Prussia by an old treaty on the extinction of its dynasty (1744).

Course of the European War :—September 1742 Saxony withdraws from the Coalition. By December the French are driven out of Bohemia. England and Holland enter the war, and win the battle of Dettingen, June 1743, thus drawing off a part of the French forces from the east. At the same time by the Convention of Niederschönfeld all Bavaria is handed over to Austria. Following August : Maria Theresa answers French overtures for peace, hinting at ‘compensation’ for her losses and asserting that the Imperial election is invalid. The word ‘compensation’ is supposed to point to Silesia. September : Treaty of Worms between Austria, Sardinia, and England; Sardinia to support Austria in Italy, England to find subsidies. In the enumeration of treaties to be respected by the Contracting Powers the Treaty of Berlin is not mentioned.

Frederick now fears that his hold on Silesia is threatened. May 1744 : he agrees in the Union of Frankfurt to join the Emperor and other German princes to defend the Reich and recover Bohemia, Prussia to receive all of that country east of the Elbe. In June, comes to an agreement with France : France to send troops to the Bohemian campaign. June, July, August : the Austrians cross into Alsace, paralyse the French army in Flanders, and threaten France itself. Frederick determines to invade Bohemia, so as to fetch the Austrians back, with the French hanging to rear and the Prussians in front. He sets out for Prague, August 15 ; takes it, September 16. He announces in a manifesto that his sole motive is the safety and dignity of the Reich.]

Frederick's motives

Friedrich, at an early stage, had inquired of his Britannic Majesty, politely but with emphasis, “What in the world he meant, then, by invading the German

Reich ; leading foreign Armies into the Reich, in this unauthorised manner ?” To which the Britannic Majesty had answered, with what vague argument of words we will not ask, but with a look that we can fancy,—look that would split a pitcher, as the Irish say ! Friedrich persisted to call it an Invasion of the German Reich ; and spoke, at first, of flatly opposing it by a Reichs Army (30,000, or even 50,000, for Brandenburg’s contingent, in such case) ; but as the poor Reich took no notice, and the Britannic Majesty was positive, Friedrich had to content himself with protest for the present.

“ Is not Germany, are not all the German Princes, interested to have Peace ? ” thinks Friedrich. “ A union of the independent German Princes, to recommend Peace, and even with hand on sword-hilt to command it ; that would be the method of producing Treaty of Peace ! ” thinks he always. And is greatly set on that method ; which, we find, has been, and continues to be, the soul of his many efforts in this matter. Friedrich’s feelings for the poor Kaiser and the poor insulted Reich, of which Friedrich is a member, are not “ feigned ” (as the English say), but real, and even indignant ; and about these he can speak and plead freely. For himself and his Silesia, *through* the Kaiser, Friedrich’s feelings are pungently real ;—and they are withal completely adjunct to the other set of feelings, and go wholly to intensifying of them ; the evident truth being, That neither he nor his Silesia would be in danger, were the Kaiser safe. To reach down quite over the Mountains, and have the Elbe for Silesian Frontier : this, as an occasional vague thought, or daydream in high moments,

was probably not new to Friedrich; and would have been very welcome to him,—had it proved realisable, which it did not. That this was “Friedrich’s real end in going to War again”, was at one time the opinion loudly current in England and other uninformed quarters; ‘but it is not now credible to anybody,’ says Herr Ranke; nor indeed worth talking of.

[The war: Frederick, at the request of France, strikes through southern Bohemia towards Austria, instead of awaiting the Austrians before the Bavarian passes. Prince Charles and Marshal Traun, reach Bohemia unmolested by the French, who throughout the war leave Frederick to himself. Beset by light horse and threatened by the main army in their rear, the Prussians return northward, but Traun will not give battle. Under stress of hunger Frederick retires, with heavy losses by death and desertion, to Silesia (December 1744). Traun invades the province from the south; is finally driven out by the Old Dessauer, whom the King has left in charge (February 1745).]

Effect of the Campaign

Foiled, ultimately, then, on every point; a totally ill-ordered game on our part! Evidently we, for our part, have been altogether in the wrong, in various essential particulars. Amendment, that and no other, is the word now. Let us take the scathe and the scorn candidly home to us;—and try to prepare for doing better. Wise is he who, when beaten, learns the reasons of it, and alters these. This wisdom, it must be owned, is Friedrich’s; and much distinguishes him among ~~generals and men~~. Veracity of mind, as I say, loyal

eyesight superior to sophistries ; noble incapacity of self-delusion, the root of all good qualities in man. His epilogue to this Campaign is remarkable ;—too long for quoting here, except the first word of it and the last :

‘No General committed more faults than did the King in this Campaign. . . . The conduct of M. de Traun is a model of perfection, which every soldier that loves his business ought to study, and try to imitate, if he have the talent. The King has himself admitted that he regarded this Campaign as his school in the Art of War, and M. de Traun as his teacher.’ But what shall we say? ‘Bad is often better for Princes than good ;—and instead of intoxicating them with presumption, renders them circumspect and modest.’

To the Court of Vienna, especially to the Hungarian Majesty, this wonderful reconquest of Bohemia, without battle fought,—or any cause assignable but Traun’s excellent manœuvring and Friedrich’s imprudences and trust in the French,—was a thing of heavenly miracle ; blessed omen that Providence had vouchsafed to her prayers the recovery of Silesia itself. All the world was crowing over Friedrich : but her Majesty of Hungary’s views had risen to a clearly higher pitch of exultation and triumphant hope, terrestrial and celestial, than any other living person’s. “Silesia back again”, that was now the hope and resolution of her Majesty’s high heart : “My wicked neighbour shall be driven out, and smart dear for the ill he has done ; Heaven so wills it !” ‘Very little uplifts the Austrians,’ says Valori ; which is true, under such a Queen ; ‘and yet there is nothing that can crush them altogether down,’ adds he.

The general impression, among Pragmatic people,

Saxon, Austrian, British even, was, That Friedrich had pretty much ruined himself, and deserved to do so ; that this of his being mere " Auxiliary " to a Kaiser in distress was an untenable pretext, now justly fallen bankrupt upon him.

Friedrich, contemplating his situation, not self-delusively, but with the candour of real remorse, was by no means yet aware how very bad it was. For six months coming, partly as existing facts better disclosed themselves, as France, Saxony and others showed what spirit they were of ; partly as new sinister events and facts arrived one after the other,—his outlook continued to darken and darken, till it had become very dark indeed. There is perennially the great comfort, immense if you can manage it, of making front against misfortune ; of looking it frankly in the face, and doing with a resolution, hour by hour, your own utmost against it. Friedrich never lacked that comfort ; and was not heard complaining. But from December 13th, 1744, when he hastened home to Berlin, under such aspects, till June 4th, 1745, when aspects suddenly changed, are probably the worst six months Friedrich had yet had in the world.

[January 26, 1745, death of the Emperor Charles VII. His son Maximilian Joseph concludes the Treaty of Füssen, receiving back Bavaria in return for his support of Maria Theresa. The way from France to Bohemia is definitely blocked. May 1745, secret Treaty of Warsaw ; Saxon Elector agrees to join Austria against Prussia in return for a share of Prussian territory. The Elector's motive, and that of Count Brühl, his minister, is largely a sense of resentment remaining from the previous war.

The Treaty of Warsaw is favoured and encouraged by the Tsarina Elisabeth. September 1745, Francis of Lorraine elected Emperor.]

Frederick and the Crisis

Valori says, he is greatly changed, and for the better, by these late reverses of fortune. All the world notices it, says Valori. No longer that brief infallibility of manner; that lofty light air, that politely disdainful view of Valori and mankind: he has now need of men. Complains of nothing, is cheerful, quizzical;—ardently busy to “grind-out the notches”, as our proverb is; has a mild humane aspect, something of modesty, almost of piety in him. Help me, thou Supreme Power, Maker of men, if my purposes are manlike! There may be something of authentic petition to Heaven in the thoughts of that young man. He is grown very amiable; the handsomest young bit of Royalty now going. He must fight well next Summer, or it will go hard with him!

*From Frederick's Letters to Podewils in Berlin,
March–April 1745*

April 17th (still from Neisse). . . . “I toil day and night to improve our situation. The soldiers will do their duty. There is none among us who will not rather have his back-bone broken than give-up one foot-breadth of ground. They must either grant us a good Peace, or we will surpass ourselves by miracles of daring; and force the enemy to accept it from us.”
April 20th. “Our situation is disagreeable; constrained, a kind of spasm: but my determination is taken. If we needs must fight, we will do it like men

“driven desperate. Never was there a greater peril than that I am now in. Time, at its own pleasure, will untie this knot; or Destiny, if there is one, determine the event. The game I play is so high, one cannot contemplate the issue with cold blood. Pray for the return of my good luck.”

✓ April 26th. . . . “I can understand how you are getting uneasy, you Berliners. I have the most to lose of you all; but I am quiet, and prepared for events. If the Saxons take part in the Invasion of Silesia, and we beat them, I am determined to plunge into Saxony. Either I will maintain my all, or else lose my all. It is true, the disaffection of the Russian Court, on such trifling grounds, was not to be expected; and great misfortune can befall us. Well; a year or two sooner, a year or two later,—it is not worth one’s while to bother about the very worst.”

“Perform faithfully the given work on your side, as I on mine; for the rest, let what you call ‘Providence’ decide as it likes”—(*une Providence aveugle?* Ranke, who alone knows, gives “*blinde Vorsehung*”). What an utterance, on the part of this little Titan! Consider it as exceptional with him, unusual, accidental to the hard moment, and perhaps not so impious as it looks!)

✓ “If I am to perish, let it be with honour, and sword in hand. What the issue is to be—Well, what pleases Heaven, or the Other Party (*J’ai jeté le bonnet par dessus les moulins*)! Adieu, my dear Podewils; become as good a philosopher as you are a politician; and learn from a man who does not go to Elsner’s Preaching” (fashionable at the time), “that one must oppose to ill fortune a brow of iron; and, during this life, renounce all happiness, all acquisitions, possessions and lying shows, none of which will follow us beyond the grave.”

7

*From the Battle of Hohenfriedberg to the Peace
of Dresden : June 5—December 25, 1745*

[In the summer of 1745 Frederick awaited the threatened invasion of Austrians and Saxons in Silesia. He determined to let them come the way they would through the hills and to fight them on lower and clearer ground.]

Frederick's Cunning

He is full of silent finesse, this young King ; soon sees into his man, and can lead him strange dances on occasion. In no man is there a plentifuler vein of cunning, nor of a finer kind. Lynx-eyed perspicacity, inexhaustible contrivance, prompt ingenuity,—a man very dangerous to play with at games of skill. And it is cunning regulated always by a noble sense of honour, too ; instinctively abhorrent of attorneyism and the swindler element : a cunning, sharp as the vulpine, yet always strictly human, which is rather beautiful to see. This is one of Friedrich's marked endowments. Intellect sun-clear, wholly practical (need not be specially deep), and entirely loyal to the fact before it ; this,—if you add rapidity and energy, prompt weight of stroke, such as was seldom met with,—will render a man very dangerous to his adversary in the game of war.

“Sire, will not you dispute the Passes, then ?” asks Valori, amazed : “Not defend your Mountain rampart, then ?” “*Mon cher*, the Mountain rampart is three or

four hundred miles long ; there are twelve or twenty practicable roads through it. One is kept in darkness, too ; endless Pandour doggery shutting-out your daylight :—ill defending such a rampart,” answers Friedrich. “ But how, then,” persists Valori ; “ but— ? ” ‘ One day the King answered me,’ says Valori, “ *Mon ami*, if you want to get the mouse, don’t shut the trap ; leave the trap open (*on laisse la souricière ouverte*) ! ”

[On June 3 Prince Charles and the Saxons, persuaded by Frederick’s artifice that the Prussians were in retreat to Breslau, marched down through the hills into the plain between Hohenfriedberg and Striegau, little dreaming, so well had the King hidden his troops, that their enemy was waiting straight in front.]

The Descent into Silesia

Friedrich’s headquarter is at Jauernik : he goes daily riding hither, thither ; to the top of the Fuchsberg (*Foxhill* at Stanowitz) with eager spyglass ; daily many times looks with his spyglass to the ragged peaks about Bolkenhayn, Kauder, Rohnstock ; expecting the throw of the dice from that part. On Thursday 3d June : Do you notice that cloud of dust rising among the peaks over yonder ? Dust-cloud mounting higher and higher. There comes the big crisis, then ! There are the combined Weissenfels and Karl with their Austrian Saxons, issuing proudly from their stone labyrinth ; guns, equipments, baggages, all perfectly brought through ; rich Silesian plain country now fairly at their feet, Breslau itself but a few marches off :—at sight of all which, the Austrian big host bursts-forth into universal field-music, and

shakes-out its banners to the wind. Thursday 3d June 1745 ; a dramatic Entry of something quite considerable on the Stage of History.

[The Prussians lay at right angles to the enemy's front, and drew into line facing it by a night march.]

The Prussian Night March

Never will Valori forget the discipline of these Prussians, and how they marched. Difficult ways ; the hard road is for their artillery ; the men march on each side, sometimes to mid-leg in water,—never mind. Wholly in order, wholly silent ; Valori followed them three leagues close, and there was not one straggler. Every private man, much more every officer, knows well what grim errand they are on ; and they make no remarks. Steady as Time ; and, except that their shoes are not of felt, silent as he. The Austrian watchfires glow silent manifold to leftward yonder ; silent overhead are the stars :—the path of all duty, too, is silent (not about Striegau alone) for every well-drilled man. Tomorrow ; —well, tomorrow ?

Battle of Hohenfriedberg, June 4, 1745

To describe the Battle which ensued, Battle named of Striegau or Hohenfriedberg, excels the power of human talent. It is the huge shock and clash of 70,000 against 70,000, placed in the way we said. An enormous furious *simultas* (or 'both-at-once', as the Latins phrase it), spreading over ten square miles. Rather say, a wide congeries of electric simultaneities ; all *electric*, playing

madly into one another ; most loud, most mad : the aspect of which is smoky, thunderous, abstruse ; the true sequences of which, who shall unravel ?

[At the first streak of dawn the left wing of the Saxons by Striegau was attacked and gave way after a stubborn resistance. Whereupon the rest of the Austrian line began to waver, and the day was decided by a famous charge of the Prussian Horse upon the enemy's right wing. The Prussian loss was 5,000 dead : that of the enemy 9,000 dead, 7,000 prisoners, many more deserters, and 66 cannon. Frederick, with exhausted troops, did not press the pursuit.]

Friedrich, at sight of Valori, embraces his *gros Valori* ; says, with a pious emotion in voice and look, " My friend, God has helped me wonderfully this day ! " Actually there was a kind of devout feeling visible in him, thinks Valori : ' A singular mixture, this Prince, of ' good qualities and of bad ; I never know which pre-ponderates.' As is the way with fat Valoris, when they come into such company.

[The Prussians now followed the enemy into Bohemia and pushed them as far as Königgrätz. All the while the King was anxious for a peace on the original and unalterable terms of the honest surrender of Silesia ; and his hopes rose higher when George II of England (Fontenoy having been fought May 11) came to terms with him in the Treaty of Hanover, and promised his good offices with the Queen. But Maria Theresa spoke her fixed mind when she said that she ' would as soon part with her petticoat as with Silesia ' .]

*Interview between the English Ambassador and the
Queen of Hungary, August 2, 1745*

Robinson. "England has already found, for subsidies, this year, 1,178,753*l.* Cannot go on at that rate. Peace with Prussia is one of the returns the English Nation expects for all it has done."

Queen. "I must have Silesia again; without Silesia the Kaiserhood were an empty title. "Or would you have us administer it under the guardianship of Prussia!" . . .

Robinson. "In Bohemia itself things don't look well; nothing done on Friedrich: your Saxons seem to be quarrelling with you, and going home."

Queen. "Prince Karl is himself capable of fighting the Prussians again. Till that, do not speak to me of Peace! "One other battle, I say! Good God, give me only till the month of October!"

Robinson. "A battle, Madam, if won, won't reconquer Silesia; if lost, your Majesty is ruined at home."

Queen. "*Dussé-je conclure avec lui le lendemain, je lui livrerais bataille ce soir* (Had I to agree with him tomorrow, I would try him in a battle this evening)!"

[In September, Frederick, having exhausted the supplies of North-Eastern Bohemia, began to retire into Silesia. At Sohr (September 30) the Austrians, pressing on his rear, had him at a great disadvantage; but were themselves put to flight by the skill and valour of the Prussians, who charged infantry and guns uphill.

The King cantoned his troops in Silesia, and left for Berlin, believing that he had tamed his enemies. But in a few weeks they sprang a surprise on him. In deep secrecy they prepared an attack on Berlin; Prince Charles

to march from Bohemia into Saxony, and with the Saxons to advance on Frankfurt-on-Oder, while an army of 10,000 Austrians from the Rhine made across Germany for Brandenburg. Frederick got wind of the plan; rushed to the army in Silesia; sprang, all unexpected, on the Saxon vanguard at Hennersdorf (November 23, 1745), and crushed it. Whereupon the whole Austrian enterprise collapsed. Meanwhile the Old Dessauer, starting with an army from Halle, had captured Leipzig, and was making for Dresden. He secured Meissen, so that Frederick might cross the Elbe and join him from the east. At the same time Prince Charles arrived within five miles of Dresden on the south with a relieving army. Frederick urged his lieutenant to strike a blow at once, before the Austrians came up. The blow fell at Kesselsdorf (December 15), a desperate fight, won at great cost, but the end of the war. The Austrians vanished southwards; Dresden was occupied; and on Christmas Day 1745 the three Powers signed a peace, in which Frederick, with clear-sighted moderation, insisted only that Saxony should pay him a small indemnity, and Austria should renew the Treaty of Berlin. The French were left to themselves; and the European War went on until the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748.

At Kesselsdorf the Saxons were only beaten after repeated charges on a position still more formidable than that of the Austrians at Sohr.]

The Old Dessauer at Kesselsdorf

At two, the Old Dessauer is complete; he reverently doffs his hat, as had always been his wont, in prayer to God, before going in. A grim fervour of prayer is in his heart, doubtless; though the words as reported are not very regular or orthodox: "*O Herr Gott, help me yet this once; let me not be disgraced in my old days! Or*

if thou wilt not help me, don't help those *Hundsvögte* " (damned Scoundrels, so to speak), " but leave us to try it ourselves ! " That is the Old Scandanavian of a Dessauer's prayer ; a kind of *Godur* he too, Priest as well as Captain. Which done, he waves his hat once, " On, in God's name ! " and the storm is loose.

Friedrich himself had got to Meissen, Tuesday 14th ; no enemy on his road, or none to speak of : Friedrich was there, or not yet far across, all Wednesday ; collecting himself, waiting, on the slip, for a signal from Old Leopold. Sound of cannon, up the Elbe Dresden-ward, is reported there to Friedrich, that afternoon : cannon, sure enough, notes Friedrich ; and deep dim-rolling peals, as of volleying small-arms ; " the sky all on fire over there ", as the hoar-frosty evening fell. Old Leopold busy at it, seemingly. That is the glare of the Old Dessauer's countenance ; who is giving voice, in that manner, to the earthly and the heavenly powers.

Friedrich, as may be supposed, made his best speed next morning : " All well ! " say the messengers ; all well, says Old Leopold, whom he meets at Wilsdruf, and welcomes with a joyful embrace ; ' dismounting from ' his horse, at sight of Leopold, and advancing to meet ' him with doffed hat and open arms ',—and such words and treatments, that day, as made the old man's face visibly shine. " Your Highness shall conduct me ! " Friedrich, who may well be profuse of thanks and praises, charms the Old Dessauer while they walk together ; brave old man with his holed roquelaure. For certain, he has done the work there,—a great deal of work in his time ! Joy looks through his old rough face, of gunpowder

colour : the Herr Gott has not delivered him to those damned Scoundrels in the end of his days.

[The French Ambassador, in the interest of his master, tried to dissuade Frederick from the Peace. Frederick thereupon vented his mind frankly to the Secretary of the Embassy.]

Frederick's Talk with Secretary D'Arget, December 1745

"That his, Friedrich's, military career was completed.
 "That he would not again expose his Country to the
 "Caprices of Fortune, whose past constancy to him was
 "sufficiently astonishing to raise fears of a reverse."

"I am not in alarm about the Austrians. They dread
 "my Army ; the luck that I have. I am sure of their
 "sitting quiet for the dozen years or so which may
 "remain to me of life ;—quiet till I have, most likely,
 "done with it. What ! Are we never to have any good
 "of our life, then (*Ne dois-je donc jamais jouir*)? There
 "is more for me in the true greatness of labouring for
 "the happiness of my subjects, than in the repose of
 "Europe. I have put Saxony out of a condition to do
 "hurt. I would not henceforth attack a cat, except to
 "defend myself. Ambition (*gloire*) and my interests were
 "the occasion of my first Campaigns. The late Kaiser's
 "situation, and my zeal for France gave rise to these
 "second : and I have been fighting always since for my
 "own hearths,—for my very existence, I might say!
 "In a word, I want to have some good of my life (*veux
 "jouir*). What are we, poor human atoms, to get-up
 "projects that cost so much blood? Let us live, and
 "help to live."

BOOK III

THE TEN YEARS OF PEACE : 1746-56

I

Sans-Souci

[THE ten years following the Peace of Dresden, the happiest years of Frederick's life, were spent in unremitting toil upon internal affairs, on the encouragement of trade, industry, and shipping, and the reform of the law.] ✓

Frederick's Secretaries

Friedrich's 'Three principal Secretaries of State', as we should designate them, are very remarkable. Three Clerks he found, or had known of, somewhere in the Public Offices ; and took, under some advanced title, to be specially his own Private Clerks : three vigorous long-headed young fellows, 'Eichel, Schuhmacher, Lautensack' the obscure names of them ; out of whom, now and all along henceforth, he got immensities of work in that kind. They lasted all his life ; and, of course, grew ever more expert at their function. Close, silent ; exact as machinery : ever ready, from the smallest clear hint, marginal pencilmark, almost from a glance of the eye, to clothe the Royal Will in official form, with the due rugged clearness and thrift of words. 'Came punctually' ✓ at four in the morning in summer, five in winter' ; did

daily the day's work ; and kept their mouths well shut. Friedrich paid them rather well ; they saw no society ; lived wholly to their work, and to their own families.

Frederick's Destiny and Choice

‘ Friedrich’s Life is a Life of War. The chief memory that will remain of him is that of a King and man who fought consummately well. Not Peace and the Muses ; no, that is denied him,—though he was so unwilling, always to think it denied ! But his Life-Task turned-out to be a Battle for Silesia. It consists of Three grand Struggles of War. And not for Silesia only ;—unconsciously, for what far greater things to his Nation and to him ! ’

‘ Is Teutschland a Nation ; is there in Teutschland still a Nation ? Austria, not dishonestly, but much sunk in superstitions and involuntary mendacities, and liable to sink much farther, answers always, in gloomy proud tone, “ Yes, I am the Nation of Teutschland ! ”—but is mistaken, as turns-out.’

‘ But there is in Teutschland withal, very irreconisable to Teutschland, yet authentically present, a Man of the properly unconquerable type ; there is also a select Population drilled for him : these two together will prove to you that there is a Nation. Conquest of Silesia, Three Silesian Wars ; labours and valours as of Alcides, in vindication of oneself and one’s Silesia :—secretly, how unconsciously, that other and higher Question of Teutschland, and of its having in it a Nation, was Friedrich’s sore task and his Prussia’s at that time.’

Sans-Souci

One of the most characteristic traits, extensively symbolical of Friedrich’s intentions and outlooks at this Epoch, is his installing of himself in the little Dwelling-

House, which has since become so celebrated under the name of Sans-Souci. The plan of Sans-Souci,—an elegant commodious little “Country Box”, quite of modest pretensions, one story high; on the pleasant Hill-top near Potsdam, with other little green Hills, and pleasant views of land and water, all round,—had been sketched in part by Friedrich himself; and the diggings and terracings of the Hill-side were just beginning, when he quitted for the Last War, and was in good forwardness at his return.

For the next Forty Years, especially as years advanced, he spent the most of his days and nights in this little Mansion. “*Sans-Souci*”; which we may translate “No-Bother”. A busy place this too, but of the quiet kind; and more a home to him than any of the Three fine Palaces (ultimately Four), which lay always waiting for him in the neighbourhood.

Certainly it is a significant feature of Friedrich; and discloses the inborn proclivity he had to retirement, to study and reflection, as the chosen element of human life.

[Berlin became a refuge,—‘a Noah’s Ark’—to a crowd of wits and soldiers who had been unfortunate in other countries. These were the men whom the king preferred to see in his leisure, and at his table, and they were mostly French.]

Frederick’s Conversation

Friedrich had a great appetite for conversation: he talked well, listened well; one of his chief enjoyments was, to give and receive from his fellow-creatures in that

way. I hope, and indeed have evidence, that he required good sense as the staple ; but in the form, he allowed great latitude. He by no means affected solemnity, rather the reverse ; goes much upon the bantering vein ; far too much, according to the complaining parties. Took pleasure (cruel mortal !) in stirring-up his company by the whip, and even by the whip applied to *raws* ; for we find he had ‘ established ’, like the Dublin Hackney-Coachman, ‘ raws for himself ’ ; and habitually plied his implement there, when desirous to get into the gallop. In an inhuman manner, said the suffering Cattle ; who used to rebel against it, and go off in the sulks from time to time. It is certain he could, especially in his younger years, put-up with a great deal of zanyism, ingenious foolery and rough tumbling, if it had any basis to tumble on ; though with years he became more saturnine.

✓ D’Argens, poor dissolute creature, is the best of the French lot. Really loves Friedrich, they say ; the only Frenchman of them that does. Has abundance of light sputtery wit, and Provençal fire and ingenuity ; no ill-nature against any man. Was the King’s friend for thirty years. An erect, guileless figure ; very tall ; with vivid countenance, chaotically vivid mind. He thrice made a visit to Provence,—in fact ran away from the King, feeling bantered and roasted to a merciless degree,—but thrice came back. ‘ At the end of the ‘ first stage, he had always privately forgiven the King, ‘ and determined that the pretended visit should really ‘ be a visit only.’

✓ By far his chief Artist in this kind was La Mettrie. Friedrich not only tolerates the poor madcap, but takes

some pleasure in him : madcap we say, though poor La Mettrie had remarkable gifts, exuberant laughter one of them, and was far from intending to be mad. To judge by Nicolai's authentic specimen, their Colloquies ran sometimes pretty deep into the cynical, under showers of wildfire playing about ; and the high-jinks must have been highish.

Of the military sort, about this time, Keith and Rothenburg appear most frequently as guests or companions. Rothenburg had a great deal of Friedrich's regard. A fiery soldier, this Rothenburg, withal ;—a man probably of many talents and qualities, though of distinctly decipherable there is next to no record of him or them. Highly respectable too, and well worth talking to, though left very dim to us in the Books, is Marshal Keith. A man of Scotch type ; with its sagacities, ✓ veracities, with its steadfastly fixed moderation, and its sly twinkles of defensive humour. Not given to talk, unless there is something to be said ; but well capable of it then. Friedrich, the more he knows him, likes him the better. On Russian matters he likes especially to hear him,—though they differ in regard to the worth of Russian troops. “ Very considerable military qualities in those Russians ”, thinks Keith : “ imperturbably obedient, patient ; of a rough fibre, and are beautifully strict to your order, on the parade-ground or off.” “ Pooh, mere rubbish, *mon cher* ”, thinks Friedrich always. To which Keith, unwilling to argue too long, will answer : “ Well, it is possible enough your Majesty may try them, some day ; if I am wrong, it will be all the better for us ! ”

[In June 1755 Frederick, travelling *incognito*, met a Swiss schoolmaster, De Catt, on a river boat in Holland. De Catt, whom the king afterwards employed at his Court, wrote down a summary of the conversation, from which the following is taken :]

‘He now began to speak of Religion; and with eloquent tongue to recount what mischief Scholastic Philosophy had brought upon the world; then tried to prove “That Creation was impossible”. At this last point I stood out in opposition. “But how can one create Something out of Nothing?” said he. “That is not the question”, answered I; “the question is, “Whether such a Being as God can or cannot give existence to what has yet none.” [He seemed embarrassed, and added, “But the Universe is eternal.” —“You are in a circle”, said I; “how will you get out of it?” —“I skip over it”, said he, laughing; and then began to speak of other things.

‘“What form of Government do you reckon the best?” inquired he, among other things. “The monarchic, if the King is just and enlightened.” —“Very well”, answered he; “but where will you find Kings of that sort?” And thereupon went into such a sally upon Kings, as could not in the least lead me to the supposition that he was one. In the end he expressed pity for them, that they could not know the sweets of friendship; and cited on the occasion these verses (his own, I suppose):

“*Amitié, plaisir des grandes âmes;*

“*Amitié, que les Rois, ces illustres ingrats,*

“*Sont assez malheureux de ne connaître pas !*”

“I have not the honour to be acquainted with Kings,” said I; “but to judge by what one has read in History of several of them, I should believe, Monsieur, that you, on the whole, are right.” —“*Ab, oui, oui*, I am right; I know the gentlemen !”

[Carlyle reproduces, with corrections and supplements, an account of Frederick's daily life in what he calls a 'kind of Manuscript Newspaper' among the Robinson Papers in the British Museum. The day's routine was as follows:—The king has five or six hours of sleep. Rises in summer between three and four; in winter an hour later. After dressing, reads his letters while his hair is being done; receives his Adjutants with reports from Potsdam and Berlin. Steps into his writing-room, clad all this while in his dressing-gown; glances again through his letters, plays on his flute, sauntering up and down, and then takes his breakfast. Between nine and ten calls in his three secretaries, who present their reports on the business of the day before, and receives the letters of to-day with directions for the answers. Perhaps a dozen cabinet orders to be made out.

At eleven, parade, which the king never misses. Is now in his uniform of the First Battalion of Guards, which he wears all the year round. At twelve, dinner of two courses; guests from seven to ten. After which, flute-playing for half an hour, when the secretaries come with their day's work. The orders are looked through and signed. From now onwards, the day is the king's own. Literary labours until seven; at seven, concert (musicians of the best; king sometimes takes part with his flute); at half-past eight, supper and company.]

2

Voltaire

[A DISTINCT chapter in Voltaire's life ends with the death of Madame du Châtelet in September 1749. Before this event his short career as a courtier, under the auspices of Madame de Pompadour, had flickered out in the royal disfavour, and his election to the Academy had plunged him into miserable squabbles and vexations.]

Voltaire at 55

‘Figure to yourself’, says some other Eyewitness, ‘a lean Lady, with big arms and long legs ; small head, and countenance losing itself in a cloudery of head-dress ; cocked nose, and pair of small greenish eyes ; complexion tawny, and mouth too big : this was the divine Emilie, whom Voltaire celebrates to the stars. Loaded to extravagance with ribbons, laces, face-patches, jewels and female ornaments ; determined to be sumptuous in spite of Economics, and pretty in spite of Nature : Pooh, it is an enemy’s hand that paints ! And then by her side’, continues he, ‘the thin long figure of Voltaire, that Anatomy of an Apollo, affecting worship of her’,—yes, that thin long Gentleman, with high red-heeled shoes, and the daintiest polite attitudes and paces ; in superfine coat, laced hat under arm ; nose and underlip ever more like coalescing (owing to decay of teeth), but two eyes shining on you like carbuncles ; and in the ringing voice, such touches of speech when you apply for it ! Poor Ishmael, getting gray ; and his tent in the desert suddenly carried-off by a blast of wind !

[He yielded, accordingly, to Frederick’s urgency, and came to Berlin in July 1750, with the office of Chamberlain, a pension of £850 a year, and residence in the king’s palaces.]

Motives

Friedrich, with the knowledge he already had of his yokefellow,—one of the most skittish, explosive, unruly creatures in harness,—cannot be counted wise to have

plunged so heartily into such an adventure with him. "An undoubted Courser of the Sun!" thought Friedrich;—and forgot too much the signs of bad going he had sometimes noticed in him on the common highways. There is no doubt he was perfectly sincere and simple in all this high treatment of Voltaire. "The foremost literary spirit of the world, a man to be honoured by me, and by all men; the Trismegistus of Human Intellects, what a conquest to have made; how cheap is a little money, a little patience and guidance, for such solacement and ornament to one's barren Life!" He had rashly hoped that the dreams of his youth could hereby still be a little realised; and something of the old Reinsberg Program become a fruitful and blessed fact. Friedrich is loyally glad over his Voltaire; eager in all ways to content him, make him happy; and keep him here, as the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree and the Golden Water, of intelligent mankind; the glory of one's own Court, and the envy of the world. "Will teach us the secret of the Muses, too; French Muses, and help us in our bits of Literature!" This latter, too, is a consideration with Friedrich, as why should it not,—though by no means the sole or chief one, as the French give it out to be.

On his side, Voltaire is not disloyal either; but is nothing like so completely loyal. He has, and continued always to have, not unmixed with fear, a real admiration for Friedrich, that terrible practical Doer, with the cutting brilliancies of mind and character, and the irrefragable common sense; nay he has even a kind of love to him, or something like it,—love made-up of

gratitude for past favours, and lively anticipation of future. Voltaire is, by nature, an attached or attachable creature ; flinging out fond boughs to every kind of excellence, and especially holding firm by old ties he had made. One fancies in him a mixed set of emotions, direct and reflex, —the consciousness of safe shelter, were there nothing more ; of glory to oneself, derived and still derivable from this high man :—in fine, a sum-total of actual desire to live with King Friedrich. Besides the King, he had society enough, French in type, and brilliant enough : plenty of society ; or, at his wish, what was still better, none at all. He was bedded, boarded, lodged, as if beneficent fairies had done it for him ; and for all these things no price asked, you might say, but that he would not throw himself out of window ! Had the man been wise—But he was not wise. He had, if no big gloomy devil in him among the bright angels that were there, a multitude of ravening tumultuary imps, or little devils very *ill-chained* ; and was lodged, he and his restless little devils, in a skin far too thin for him and them !

A Tragic Farce in Three Acts

[The thirty-two months of his career in Berlin fall into three divisions.]

I

At first Voltaire walks his minuet among the Morning Stars. Not to mention the Suppers of the King : chosen circle, with the King for centre ; a radiant Friedrich flashing-out to right and left, till all kindles into coruscation round him ; and it is such a blaze of

spiritual sheet-lightnings,—wonderful to think of ; Voltaire especially electric.

‘ And so your Supreme of Literature has got into his due place at last,—at the top of the world, namely.

Formey says : ‘ In the Carnival time, which Voltaire usually passed at Berlin, in the Palace, people paid their court to him as to a declared Favourite. Princes, Marshals, Ministers of State, Foreign Ambassadors, Lords of the highest rank, attended his audience ; and were received ’, says Formey, nowhere free from spite on this subject, ‘ in a sufficiently lofty style (*hauteur assez dédaigneuse*). A great Prince had the complaisance to play chess with him ; and to let him win the pistoles that were staked. Sometimes even the pistoles disappeared *before* the end of the game ’, continues Formey, green with spite ;—and reports that sad story of the candle-ends ; bits of wax-candle, which should have remained as perquisite to the valets, but which were confiscated by Voltaire, and sent across to the wax-chandler’s. So, doubtless, the spiteful rumour ran. Stupid Thiébault repeats that of the candle-ends, and adds that Voltaire ‘ put them in his pocket ’. Alas, the brighter your shine, the blacker is the shadow you cast.

II

[Then he begins to worry the king with mendicant insinuations and his private spites ; and is discovered to have conspired with one Hirsch, a Hebrew jeweller and money-lender, of no savoury reputation, to carry out an illegal transaction with Saxon Government bonds. Voltaire quarrelled with his agent, and the quarrel led to an action in the courts, in which, among other wind-

falls for the gossips, it appeared that the great man had tried to commit a swindle, had lied desperately in open court to prove that he had not, had tampered with one of the documents of the case, had promised Hirsch to get him made the Court jeweller, and on one occasion had 'sprung at his throat like a cat-o'-mountain, clutched him by the windpipe; and tumbled him about the room.' Voltaire won the case by a derisive margin, retired sick into the country, and assuaged the king with lamentation.]

We said once, M. de Voltaire was not given to lying ; far the reverse. But yet, see, if you drive him into a corner with a sword at his throat,—alas, yes, he will lie a little ! Forgery lay still less in his habits ; but he can do a stroke that way, too (one stroke, unique in his life, I do believe), if a wild-boar, with frothy tusks, is upon him. Tell it not in Gath,—except for scientific purposes ! And be judicial, arithmetical, in passing sentence on it ; not shrieky, mobbish, and flying-off into the Infinite !

King Friedrich to Voltaire at Berlin

‘ Potsdam, 24th February 1751.

‘ I was glad to receive you in my house ; I esteemed
‘ your genius, your talents and acquirements ; and I had
‘ reason to think that a man of your age, wearied with
‘ fencing against Authors, and exposing himself to the
‘ storm, came hither to take refuge as in a safe harbour.
‘ You have had the most villanous affair in the world
‘ with a Jew. It has made a frightful scandal all over
‘ Town. And that Steuer-Schein business is so well
‘ known in Saxony, that they have made grievous com-
‘ plaints of it to me.

‘I like peaceable composed people ; who do not put into their conduct the violent passions of Tragedy. In case you can resolve to live like a Philosopher, I shall be glad to see you ; but if you abandon yourself to all the violences of your passions, and get into quarrels with all the world, you will do me no good by coming hither, and you may as well stay in Berlin.—F.’

Friedrich to Voltaire again

‘Potsdam, 28th February, 1751.

‘If you wish to come hither, you can do so. I hear nothing of Lawsuits, not even of yours. Since you have gained it, I congratulate you ; and I am glad that this scurvy affair is done. I hope you will have no more quarrels, neither with the *Old* nor with the *New Testament*. A Bookseller Jore, an Opera Fiddler, and a Jeweller Jew, these are, of a surety, names which in no sort of business ought to appear by the side of yours. I write this Letter with the rough common-sense of a German, who speaks what he thinks, without employing equivocal terms, and loose assuagements which disfigure the truth : it is for you to profit by it.—F.’

So that Voltaire will have to languish : “Wrong, yes ;—and sick, nigh dead, your Majesty ! Ah, could not one get to some Country Lodge near you, ‘the *Marquisat*’, for instance? Live silent there, and see your face sometimes ? ” Languishing very much ;—gives cosy little dinners, however.

III

[He is once more resplendent at Court, where no one mentions the past. But with two tongues like his and Frederick’s it must needs be that offences come. For

two hours a day it is Voltaire's duty to look over the king's verses and better them (in grammar and spelling). 'Will he never tire, then', he exclaimed one day, 'of sending me his dirty linen?' The saying is carried to the king, and this of the king's (uncertain whether actual or fictitious) is carried to Voltaire :—'I shall want him still about a year :—you squeeze the orange, you throw away the skin.' At the same time there is trouble brewing between Voltaire and Maupertuis, the Perpetual President of the Academy of Science in Berlin.]

We know the sublime Perpetual President in his red wig, and sublime supremacy of Pure Science. A gloomy set figure ; affecting the sententious, the emphatic and a composed impregnability,—like the Jove of Science. With immensities of gloomy vanity, not compressible at all times. Friedrich always strove to honour his Perpetual President, and duly adore the Pure Sciences in him ; but inwardly could not quite manage it, though outwardly he failed in nothing. Impartial witnesses confess, the King had a great deal of trouble with his gloomings and him. "Who is this Voltaire?" gloomily thinks the Perpetual President to himself. "A fellow with a nimble tongue, that is all. Knows nothing whatever of Pure Sciences, except what fraction or tincture he has begged or stolen from myself. And here is the King of the world in raptures with him !"

Voltaire from of old had faithfully done his kowtoos to this King of the Sciences ; and, with a sort of terror, had suffered with incredible patience a great deal from him. But there comes an end to all things ; Voltaire's patience not excepted. It lay in the fates that Maupertuis should steadily accumulate, day after day, and now more

than ever heretofore, upon the sensitive Voltaire. Till, as will be seen, the sensitive Voltaire could endure it no longer ; but had to explode upon this big Bully (accident lending a spark) ; to go-off like a Vesuvius of crackers, fire-serpents and sky-rockets ; envelop the red wig, and much else, in delirious conflagration ;—and produce the catastrophe of this Berlin Drama.

On the whole, be not too severe on poor Voltaire ! He is very fidgety, noisy ; something of a pickthank, of a wheedler ; but, above all, he is scorbutic, dyspeptic ; hagridden, as soul seldom was ; and (in his oblique way) *appeals* to Friedrich and us,—not in vain.

[A long-forgotten controversy was the tinder to the charge. In 1750 Maupertuis, in two papers read before the Academy, and then in a book entitled *Cosmologie*, enunciated a 'Law of Thrift, or of the Minimum of Action in Nature', which another scientist, König by name, publicly refuted in March 1751, showing by the way that the 'Law' had been already stated and rejected by Leibnitz. A bitter dispute ensued, conducted by Maupertuis with extreme vanity, vindictiveness, and lack of candour. In September 1752 Voltaire entered the fray with an anonymous onslaught on Frederick's Perpetual President in the *Bibliothèque raisonnée*, 'the Quarterly Review of those days'. Frederick seems to have thought that his own dignity was somehow in peril ; and he answered Voltaire, also anonymously, in a vituperative letter. On each side the anonymity was a thin disguise, and all the world saw through it.]

But imagine now a King and his Voltaire doing witty discourse over their Supper of the gods (as, on the set days, is duly the case) ; with such a consciousness,

burning like Bude light, though close veiled, on the part of Host and Guest ! The Friedrich-Voltaire relation is evidently under sore stress of weather, in those winter-autumn months of 1752. And, alas, the irrepressibly electric Voltaire has privately got his *Doctor Akakia* ready. Compared to which, the former missile is as a popgun to a park of artillery, shotted with old nails and broken glass !—Such a constraint, at the Royal dinner-table, amid wine and wit, could not continue. It soon cracked asunder ; and then issued in tacit mutual understanding ; and in reading of *Akakia* together,—with peals of laughter from the King, as the common French Biographers assert.

‘ Readers know *Akakia*,’ says Smelfungus : ‘ it is one ‘ of the famous feats of Satirical Pyrotechny ; only too ‘ pleasant to the corrupt Race of Adam ! The almost- ‘ sublime of Maupertuis, which exists in large quantities, ‘ here is a new artist who knows how to treat it. The ‘ engineer of the Sublime (always painfully engineering ‘ thitherward without effect), an engineer of the Comic ‘ steps in on him, blows him up with his own petards in ‘ a most unexampled manner. Not an owler has that ‘ poor Maupertuis, in the struggle to be sublime (often ‘ nearly successful, but never once quite), happened to ‘ drop from him, but Voltaire picks it up ; manipulates ‘ it, reduces it to the sublimely ridiculous ; lodges it, in ‘ the form of burning dust, about the head of *mon Pré-* ‘ *sident*. Needless to say of the Comic engineer that he ‘ is unfair, perversely exaggerative, reiterative, on the ‘ owleries of poor Maupertuis ;—it is his function to *be* ‘ all that. Clever, but wrong, do you say ? Well, yes :— ‘ and yet the ridiculous does require ridicule ; wise ‘ Nature has silently so ordered.

“ The hole bored through the Earth ”, for instance :

‘ How you would see daylight, and the antipodal gentleman (if he bent a little over) foot to foot.

‘ Then as to “ Dissecting the Brains of Patagonians ” ; and as to that of “ exalting your mind to predict the future ” :—these things,—which are mostly to be found in the “ *Lettres de Maupertuis* ” (Dresden, 1752, then a brand-new Book),—we can fancy to be almost sublimities. Almost, unfortunately not altogether. And then there is such a Sisyphus-effort visible in dragging them aloft so far : and the nimble wicked Voltaire so seizes his moment, trips poor Sisyphus ; and sends him down, heels-over-head, in a torrent of roaring débris ! “ From gradual transpiration of our vital force comes Death ; which perhaps, by precautions, might be indefinitely retarded,” says Maupertuis. “ Yes, truly,” answers the other : “ if we got ourselves japanned, coated with resinous varnish (*induits de poix résineux*) ; who knows ! ” ’

Peals of laughter from the King. But there was, besides, strict promise that the Piece should be suppressed : Voltaire promised. But, alas, how could Voltaire perform ! Voltaire, as King’s Chamberlain, was bound, without any promise, to forbear, and rigidly suppress such an *Akakia* against the King’s Perpetual President. But withal let candid readers consider how difficult it was to do. The absurd blustering Turkey-cock, here you have him filled with gunpowder, so to speak, and the train laid. There wants but one spark—(edition printed in Holland, edition done in Berlin, plenty of editions made or makable by a little surreptitious legerdemain) :—one flint-spark will shoot him aloft, scatter him as flaming ruin on all the winds : and you are, once and always, to withhold said spark :—and

there are unguarded moments, and the Tempter must prevail !

On what day *Akakia* blazed-out at Berlin, surreptitiously forwarded from Holland or otherwise, I could never yet learn. But 'on November 2d' the King makes a Visit to sick Maupertuis,—and one might guess the *Akakia* conflagration, and cruel haha-ings of mankind, to have been tacitly the cause. All Berlin, and all the world, is in conversation over Maupertuis and it,—30,000 copies sold in Paris :—and Friedrich naturally was in a towering passion at his Chamberlain. Nothing for the Chamberlain but to fly his presence ; to shriek, piteously, " Accident, your Majesty ! Fatal treachery and accident ; after such precautions too ! "—and fall sick to death (which is always a resource one has) ; and get into private lodgings in the *Tauben-Strasse*, till one either die, or grow fit to be seen again : " Ah, Sire "—let us give the Voltaire shriek of *Not-guilty*, with the Friedrich Answer.

Voltaire. " *Ah, mon Dieu*, Sire, in the state I am in ! " I swear to you again, on my life, which I could renounce " without pain, that it is a frightful calumny. I conjure you to summon all my people, and confront them. " What ? You will judge me without hearing me ! " I demand justice or death."

Friedrich. " Your effrontery astonishes me. After " what you have done, and what is clear as day, you " persist, instead of owning yourself culpable. Do not " imagine you will make people believe that black is " white. If you drive the affair to extremity, it will be " seen whether, if your Works deserve statues, your " conduct does not deserve chains.

Most dark element with terrific thunder-and-lightning.
Nothing for it but to keep one's room, mostly one's bed,
—" Ah, Sire, sick to death ! "

[By royal order *Akakia* was burnt in Berlin by the public hangman. After a time the King relented, and Voltaire was again his guest at Potsdam for a week in March 1753. On the 25th of that month the two men saw each other for the last time. Voltaire drove off to Dresden with leave of absence, taking with him his Chamberlain's Gold Key, his Cross of the Order of Merit, and a privately printed gift-copy of Frederick's *Œuvre de Poésies*. The most impish of men was no sooner out of Prussia than he began sallying at Maupertuis in the newspapers. Then followed ' a unique article in the history of duelling, at which the whole world haha'd again '.]

Maupertuis to Voltaire (at Leipzig).

' Berlin, 3d April 1753. If it is true that you design
' to attack me again, I declare to you that I have still
' health enough to find you wherever you are, and to
' take the most signal vengeance on you (*vengeance la*
' *plus éclatante*). Thank the respect and the obedience
' which have hitherto restrained my arm, and saved you
' from the worst adventure you have ever yet had.—
' MAUPERTUIS.'

Voltaire's Answer (from Leipzig, a few days after).

' *M. le Président*,—I have had the honour to receive
' your Letter. You inform me that you are well ; that
' your strength is entirely returned ; and that, if I pub-
' lish La Beaumelle's Letter ' (private Letter of his, lent
me by a Friend, which proves that *you* set him against me),
' you will come and assassinate me. What ingratitude to

‘ your poor medical man Akakia ! * * If you exalt your
 ‘ soul so as to discern futurity, you will see that if you
 ‘ come on that errand to Leipzig, where you are no
 ‘ better liked than in other places, and where your Letter
 ‘ is in safe Legal hands, you run some risk of being hanged.
 ‘ Poor me, indeed, you will find in bed ; and I shall have
 ‘ nothing for you but my syringe . . . : but so soon as
 ‘ I have gained a little strength, I will have my pistols
 ‘ charged *cum pulvere pyrio* ; and multiplying the mass
 ‘ by the square of the velocity, so as to reduce the action
 ‘ and you to zero, I will put some lead in your head ;—
 ‘ it appears to have need of it. *Adieu, mon Président.*—
 ‘ AKAKIA.’ -

✓ [Frederick’s patience was broken. He resolved to have done with Voltaire, and to get back the Key, the Cross, and above all the *Œuvre de Poésies*. On no account must that book be left in Voltaire’s hands. The King feared, says Carlyle, that the satires on certain foreign princes would make trouble, if they were published. Or his fears were more personal. There follows, anyhow, the miserable affair at Frankfurt (June—July 1753) where Voltaire is arrested by the Prussian Resident (with the compliance of the authorities), is searched, and kept for five weeks in confinement ; in the course of which he breaks his parole, dashes for liberty, is again caught, and, together with his niece, is marched through the streets by soldiers with fixed bayonets. The King is responsible only for the original order to arrest until the book be found, and not for the insensible clumsiness of the subsequent proceedings, since he was away from Berlin and out of touch. But the *Œuvre* was recovered at the cost of that deep exasperation which vents itself in the *Vie privée du Roi de Prusse*. For four years the correspondence between Voltaire and Frederick ceased altogether ; then it was resumed, and continued as long as they both lived.]

Understand at last, your Majesty, that there is no Muses'-Heaven possible on Telluric terms; and cast that notion out of your head! Friedrich does cast it out, more and more, henceforth. Casts it out, we perceive,—and in a handsome silently stoical way. Cherishing no wrath in his heart against any poor devil; still, in some sort, loving this and the other of them; Chasot, Algarotti, Voltaire even, who have gone from him, too weak for the place: With a fine humanity; really with a loyalty, a modesty, a cheery brother manhood unexpected by readers.

3

The Inception of the War

[FROM April 1753 onwards Frederick knew, from a number of documents which were regularly stolen for him from the Foreign Offices at Dresden and Warsaw and the Austrian Embassy in Berlin, that a new war was coming on.]

The Instigators—Brühl

To Friedrich's intense and long-continued scrutiny, they [the documents] indicate, what is next to incredible, but is at length fatally undeniable, That the old *Treaty*, which we called of *Warsaw*, "Treaty for Partitioning Prussia", is still (in spite of all subsequent and superincumbent Treaties to the contrary) vigorously alive underground; that Saxon Brühl and her Hungarian Majesty, to whom is now added Czarish Majesty, are fixed as ever on cutting-down this afflictive, too aspiring

King of Prussia to the size of a Brandenburg Elector ; busy (in these Documents) considering how it may be done, especially how the bear-skin may be *shared* ;—and that, in short, there lies ahead, inevitable seemingly, and not far off, a Third Silesian War.

The Peace of Dresden, Christmas 1745, seemed to be an act of considerable magnanimity on Friedrich's part. It was, at the first blush of it, "incredible" to Harrach, the Austrian Plenipotentiary. But what is very remarkable withal is a thing since discovered : That Harrach, magnanimous signature hardly yet dry, did then straightway, by order of his Court, very privately inquire of Brühl, "There is Peace, you see ; what they call Peace :—but our *Treaty of Warsaw*, for Partition of this magnanimous man, stands all the same ; doesn't it ?" To which, according to the Documents, Brühl, hardly escaped from the pangs of death, and still in a very pale-yellow condition, had answered in effect, "Hah, say you so? One's hatred is eternal ;—but that man's iron heel! Wait a little ; get Russia to join in the scheme!"—and hung back ; the willing mind, but the too terrified! And in this way, like a famishing dog in sight of a too dangerous leg of mutton, Brühl has ever since rather held back ; would not reëngage at all, for almost two years, even on the Czarina's engaging ; and then only in a cautious, conditional and hypothetic manner,—though with famine increasing day by day in sight of the desired viands.

Russia was got to join ;—there are methods of operating on Russia, and kindling a poor fat Czarina into strange suspicions and indignations. In May 1746, within six

months of the Peace of Dresden, a Treaty of Petersburg, new version of the Warsaw one, was brought to parchment; Czarina and Empress-Queen signing,—Brühl dying to sign, but not daring. How Russia has been got to join, and more and more vigorously bear a hand; how Brühl's rabidities of appetite, and terrors of heart, have continued ever since; how Austria and Russia,—Brühl aiding with hysterical alacrity, haunted by terror (and at last mercifully *excused* from signing),—have, year after year, especially in this last year 1755, brought the matter nearer and nearer perfection; and the Two Imperial Majesties, with Brühl to rear, wait only till they are fully ready, and the world gives opportunity, to pick a quarrel with Friedrich, and overwhelm and partition him, according to covenant: This is in sum what the Menzel Documents disclose to Friedrich and us.

The then world was one loud uproar of logic on the right reading and the wrong of those Sibylline Documents: "Did your King of Prussia interpret them aright, or even try it? Did not he use them as a cloak for highway robbery, and swallowing of a peaceable Saxony, bad man that he surely is?" For Friedrich's demeanour, this time again, when it came to the acting point, was of eminent rapidity; almost a swifter lion-spring than ever; and it brought on him, in the aerial or vocal way, its usual result: huge clamour of rage and logic from uninformed mankind. Clamorous rage and logic, which has now sunk irresuscitably dead; and it is, at last, a thing not doubtful to anybody that Friedrich, in that matter, did read aright.

Maria Theresa

(The secret sources of the Third Silesian War go back to 1745 ; nay, to the First Invasion of Silesia in 1740. For it was in Maria Theresa's incurable sorrow at loss of Silesia, and her inextinguishable hope to reconquer it, that this and all Friedrich's other Wars had their origin. Not that she meant to break her Treaties ; far from her such a thought,—in the conscious form. Though, alas, in the unconscious, again, it was always rather near ! Practically, she reckoned to herself, these Treaties would come to be broken, as Treaties do not endure forever ; and then, at the good moment, she did purpose to be ready. " Silesia back to us ; Pragmatic Sanction complete in every point ! Was not that our dear Father's will, monition of all our Fathers and their Patriotisms and Traditionary Heroisms ; and in fact, the behest of gods and men ? " Ten years ago, this notion had been cut-down to apparent death. But it lives in the Imperial Heart with a tenacity that is strange to observe. Still stranger, in the envious Valet-Heart,—in that of Brühl, who had far less cause !

Kaunitz

' The glory of Count, ultimately Prince, von Kaunitz-Rietberg, is great in Diplomatic Circles of the past Century. " The greatest of Diplomats," they all say. Farther than this, to the readers of these times, Kaunitz-Rietberg's glory does not go. A great character, great wisdom, lasting great results to his Country, readers do not trace in Kaunitz's diplomacies,—only temporary great results, or what he and the bystanders

'thought such, to Kaunitz himself. He was the Supreme Jove, we perceive, in that extinct Olympus; and regards with sublime pity, not unallied to contempt, all other diplomatic beings. A man sparing of words, sparing even of looks; will hardly lift his eyelids for your sake,—will lift perhaps his chin, in slight monosyllabic fashion, and stalk superlatively through the other door. King of the vanished Shadows. A determined hater of Fresh Air; rode under glass cover, on the finest day; made the very Empress shut her windows when he came to audience; fed, cautiously daring, on boiled capons: more I remember not,—except also that he would suffer no mention of the word *Death* by any mortal. A most high sniffing, fantastic, slightly insolent shadow-king;—ruled, in his time, the now-vanished Olympus; and had the difficult glory of uniting France and Austria *against* the poor old Sea-Power milk-cows, for the purpose of recovering Silesia from Friedrich.'

[In the 'topsy-turvy' of the political scheme of Europe' which took place in 1756, the strangest event was the alliance between France and Austria in May of that year. France, now on the eve of war with England, had made some niggardly advances to Frederick, whose term of alliance with her (by the pact of 1744) had not quite run out. Frederick preferred a league with England, which was concluded by the Treaty of Westminster in January. This turn of policy contributed not a little to bring the Bourbon and the Hapsburg together. A still more powerful influence was that of Louis XV's mistress.]

Madame de Pompadour

The Pompadour, for instance: who was it that answered, "*Je ne la connais pas*; I don't know her, I"? How gladly would the Imperial Maria Theresa, soul of

Propriety, have made that answer ! But she did not ; she had to answer differently. For Kaunitz was imperative. And there exist in writing, at this hour, various flattering little Notes from Imperial Majesty to that Address ; which begin, "*Ma Cousine*", "*Princesse et Cousine*", say many witnesses ; nay "*Madame ma très chère Sœur*", says one good witness. Oh, high Imperial Soul, with what strange bedfellows does Misery of various kinds bring us acquainted !

Friedrich was blamably imprudent in regard to Pompadour, thinks Valori : ' A little complaisance might have '—What might it not have done !—' But his ' Prussian Majesty would not. And while the Ministers ' of all the other Powers ' allied with France ' went ' assiduously to pay their court to Madame, the Baron ' von Knyphausen alone, by his Master's order, never ' once went—while the Empress-Queen was writing her ' the most flattering letters.'

The Tsarina

Fancy a poor fat Czarina, of many appetites, of little judgment, continually beaten-upon in this manner by these Saxon-Austrian artists. Bombarded with cunningly-devised fabrications, no ray of direct daylight visiting the poor Sovereign Woman ; who is lazy, not malignant if she could avoid it. Is it so wonderful that she does, by degrees, rise into eminent suspicion, anger, fear, violence and vehemence against her bad neighbour ?

Friedrich is always specially eager to avoid ill-will from Russia ; but it has come, in spite of all he could

do and try. I can nowhere learn what the Friedrich Sayings or Satirical Verses properly were. The sharpness of Friedrich's tongue we know; and the diligence of birds of the air. To all her other griefs against the bad man, this has given the finish in the tender Czarish bosom.

[In July 1756 Frederick inquired of Austria the meaning of her military preparations, and asked for a promise that no attack should be made on him within the next eighteen months. The reply being evasive, he crossed the Saxon frontier on August 28, and entered Dresden unopposed on September 9.]

BOOK IV

THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR

I

The Seven Years' War from August 1756 to April 1757

[FREDERICK turns Saxony into a base for the invasion of Bohemia. The Saxon army retires to an impregnable position in the rocky highlands about Pirna and the fortress of Königstein, thus barring the road of the Elbe. The Elector offers his neutrality; Frederick replies, demanding at first that the Elector shall disband his army; then that he shall act with Prussia against her enemies; both demands are refused. The Austrian General Browne marches up through Bohemia to the foot of the Metal Mountains to relieve Pirna; but is met by Frederick, who has divided his army into two halves, one to invest the Saxons, the other to strike southward through the hills. On October 1 the fierce battle of Lobositz proves indecisive; the Prussians oust the enemy from the field, but suffer the major loss. On October 17 the Saxon troops, now in a starving condition, lay down their arms, but are compelled to take them up again as soldiers of the King of Prussia. The Elector August retires to Warsaw (dies there 1762). The Saxon resistance, however, has thwarted Frederick's plan of striking swiftly and decisively in Bohemia. During the winter Saxony is made virtually a Prussian province; with the result that the princes of the Empire band together to protect the Elector (January 1757), and France, now ardent for the war, prevails upon Sweden

to enter the coalition (following March). The shares of Prussian territory to be awarded to each ally are determined in advance.]

The Capitulation of Struppen

‘1°. Kettledrums, standards and the like insignia and matters of honour,—carry these to the Königstein, with my regretful respects to his Polish Majesty. Königstein to be a neutral Fortress during this War. Polish Majesty at perfect liberty to go to Warsaw.’

‘2°. Officers to depart on giving their parole, Not to serve against us during this War.’

‘3°. Rest of the Army is to surrender utterly, and be ours, as all Saxony shall for the present be.’

That is, in sum, the Capitulation of Struppen. Nothing articulate in it about the one now interesting point,—and in regard to that, I can only fancy Rutowski might interject: “Our soldiers to be Prisoners of War, then?” “Prisoners; yes, clearly,—unless they choose to volunteer, and have a better fate! Prisoners can volunteer.” Thus I suppose Winterfeld would rejoin, if necessary;—and that, in the Conferences, the thing had probably been kept in a kind of *chiaroscuro* by both parties.

Very certain it is, Sunday 17th October 1756, Friedrich goes across at Nieder-Raden; rides to the Heights of Waltersdorf, and pauses there, while the captive Saxon Army defiles past him, laying down its arms at his feet. Unarmed, and now under Prussian word of command, these ex-Saxon soldiers are changed wholly into Prussian soldiers: ‘obliged to volunteer’, every one of them!

That is the fact; fact loudly censured; fact surely questionable,—to what intrinsic degree I at this moment

do not know. 'The horse regiments, three of heavy horse, he broke; and distributed about, a good few 'in his own Garde-du-Corps.' 'Ten foot regiments' (what was reckoned a fault) 'he left together; in Prussian uniform, with Prussian Officers. They were scattered up and down; put in garrisons; not easy handling them: they deserted by whole companies at a time in 'the course of this War.' How Friedrich defended such hard conduct to the Saxons? Reader, I know only that Destiny and Necessity, urged on by Saxons and others, was hard as adamant upon Friedrich at this time; and that Friedrich did not the least dream of making any defence;—and will have to take your verdict, such as it may be.

The Hobbling of Saxony

The Saxon Army is incorporated, then; its King gone under the horizon; the Saxon Country has a Prussian Board set over it, to administer all things of Government, especially to draw taxes and recruits from Saxony. Torgau, seat of this new Board, has got fortified; '1,500 inhabitants were requisitioned as spade-men for that end, at first with wages,'—latterly, I almost fear, without! The Saxon Ministers are getting drilled, cashiered if necessary; and on all hands, rigorous methods going forward;—till Saxony is completely under grasp; in which state it was held very tight indeed, for the six years coming. Friedrich has not on this occasion, as he did in 1744, omitted to disarm Saxony, to hobble it in every limb, and have it, at discretion, tied as with ropes to his interests and him. His management was never

accounted cruel ; and it was studiously the reverse of violent or irregular : but it had to be rigorous as the facts were ;—nor was it the worst, or reckoned the worst, of Saxony's miseries in this time.

Frederick's Disappointment

Whether Friedrich could have had much real hope to end the War this Year, or scare it off from beginning, may be a question. If he had, it is totally disappointed. Would Polish Majesty have consented to disband his soldiers, and receive Friedrich with a *bonâ-fide* "Neutrality", Friedrich could have passed the Mountains still in time for a heavy stroke on Bohemia, which was totally unprepared for such a visit. And he might,—from the Towers of Prag, for instance,—have, far more persuasively, held-out the olive-branch to an astonished Empress-Queen : "Leave me alone, Madam ; will you, then ! Security for that ; I wanted and want nothing more !" But Polish Majesty, taking on him the character of Austrian martyr, and flinging himself into the gulf, has prevented all that ; has turned all that the other way.

Austria, it appears, is quite ungrateful : "Wasn't he bound ?" thinks Austria,—as its wont rather is. Austria, grateful or not, stands unscathed ; has time to prepare its Armaments, its vocal Arguments : and its very Arguments, highly vocal to the Reich and the world, "Is not this man a robber, and enemy of mankind ?" do Friedrich a great deal of ill. Friedrich's sudden Campaign, instead of landing him in the heart of the Austrian States, there to propose Peace, has kindled nearly all Europe into flames of rage against him. Never

was misunderstanding of a man at a higher pitch. "Such treatment of a peaceable Neighbour and Crowned Head,—witness it, ye Heavens and thou Earth !"

The Odds

It is computed that there are arrayed against this one King, under their respective Kings, Empress-Queens, Swedish Senates, Catins and Pompadours, populations to the amount of above 100 millions. Of armed soldiers actually in the field against him (against Hanover and him), in 1757, there are, by strict count, 430,000. Friedrich's own Dominions at this time contain about Five Millions of Population ; of Revenue somewhat less than Two Millions sterling. New taxes he cannot legally, and will not, lay on his People. His *Schatz* (ready-money Treasure, or Hoard yearly accumulating for such end) is, I doubt not, well filled,—express amount not mentioned. Of drilled men he has, this Year, 150,000 for the field ; portioned out thriftily,—as well beseems, against Four Invasions coming on him from different points. In the field, 150,000 soldiers, probably the best that ever were ; and in garrison, up and down (his Country being, by nature, the least defensible of all Countries), near 40,000, which he reckons of inferior quality. So stands the account.

*From Frederick's Secret Instructions to Graf von Finck,
January, 1757*

[After directions as to disposing of the archives and treasures and of the royal family in case of need :]

"If it happened that I were killed, the Public Affairs must go on without the smallest alteration, or its being noticeable that they are in other hands : and, in this

“case, you must hasten forward the Oaths and Homagings,
“as well here as in Preussen ; and, above all, in Silesia.
“If I should have the fatality to be taken prisoner by the
“Enemy, I prohibit all of you from paying the least regard
“to my person, or taking the least heed of what I might
“write from my place of detention. Should such mis-
“fortune happen to me, I wish to sacrifice myself for the
“State ; and you must obey my Brother,—who, as well
“as all my Ministers and Generals, shall answer to me with
“their heads, Not to offer any Province or any Ransom
“for me, but to continue the War, pushing their advan-
“tages, as if I never had existed in the world.”

2

Prague and Kolin

[At the beginning of the campaign of 1757 Frederick was threatened from five directions : (1) a Swedish invasion of Pommerania ; (2) a Russian invasion of East Prussia ; (3) a French army operating against East Frisia and Hanover (mixed force of Hanoverians, Hessians, Prussians, under the Duke of Cumberland, opposing them) ; (4) the army of the Empire, with a strong French contingent, operating from the Rhine ; (5) the Austrian army in Bohemia. His plan is to crush the Austrians and dictate peace in Vienna before the odds have told in the other fields. Three columns (Schwerin from Silesia, Duke of Bevern through Lusatia, Frederick through the Metal Mountains) converge swiftly on Prague ; surprising the Austrians in northern Bohemia and capturing their magazines (April 20—May 25). Frederick defeats the Austrians under Prince Charles before Prague (May 6), invests the city, marches southward against a relieving army under Marshal Daun, and is himself defeated at Kolin (June 18). He raises the siege, and retires to Leitmeritz in the north of Bohemia to eat out the country.]

Battle of Prague, May 6, 1757

[The Austrians were impreguably posted on the northern brow and front of the Ziscaberg to the east of the city. The Ziscaberg descends gradually from west to east and falls precipitously on the west or city-side and on the north; the northern base being washed, moreover, by the river Moldau. The Austrian right and eastern flank, on low ground, was protected by streams and marshes. Frederick united his army with Schwerin's (which had been marching since midnight) to the north of the Austrians and unhindered by them. Then he swiftly moved round the enemy's right flank (which was manœuvred as fast as possible to meet the menace), and assaulted it on the more gradual eastern slope of the hill. In so doing his troops sank to the waist in a string of fish-ponds, from which the water had been sluiced off and the beds planted with oat-grass for fish provender—a green expanse which the Prussians, in a hasty reconnoitre, had taken for meadows. The fight was fierce, and was won by costly heroism; 40,000 Austrians retired to Prague; 15,000 to the south to join Daun. The retreat was not pressed, because (a) the Prussian infantry was tired out; (b) the cavalry, having scattered the Austrian Horse to the south of the Ziscaberg, had fallen to plundering and drunk themselves incapable; (c) Prince Maurice, who was to cross the Moldau from the western side to complete the Austrian rout, had lost a part of his pontoons on the march. The deaths of Schwerin on the one side and Browne on the other were a heavy blow to each army. Frederick had some time before marked the 6th of May as the date for the battle, and insisted on attacking with way-worn troops, against the advice of Schwerin, either to be true to his date, or to be more sure of anticipating Daun, who was only three marches to the south.]

The King's Mistake

'Friedrich's dispositions for the Battle, this day, are allowed to have been masterly; but there was one signal fault, thinks Retzow: That he did not, as Schwerin counselled, wait till the morrow. Fault which brought many in the train of it; that of his "tired soldiers", says Retzow, being only a first item, and small in comparison. "Had he waited till the morrow, those fish-ponds of Sterbohol, examined in the interim, need not have been mistaken for green meadows; Prince Moritz, with his 15,000, would have been a fact, instead of a false hope; the King might have done his marching down upon Sterbohol in the night-time, and been ready for the Austrians, flank, or even rear, at daybreak: the King might"—In reality, this fault seems to have been considerable; to have made the victory far more costly to him, and far less complete. Retzow, who is secretly of the Opposition-party, and well worth hearing, knows personally a curious thing. That the King had so prophesied and preordained: "May 4th, Four Columns arrive at Prag; May 6th, attack the Austrians, beat them",—and now wished to keep his word! This is an aerial reason, which I can suspect to have had its weight among others. There were twirls of that kind in Friedrich; intricate weak places; *knots* in the sound straight-fibred mind he had (as in whose mind are they not?),—which now and then cost him dear.'

Junction of Frederick and Schwerin in front of Prague

"What a set of Austrians," exclaim military critics, "to permit such junction, without effort to devour the one half or the other, in good time!" Friedrich himself,

it is probable, might partly be of the same opinion ; but he knew his Austrians, and had made bold to venture. Friedrich, we can observe, always got to know his man, after fighting him a month or two ; and took liberties with him, or did not take, accordingly. And, for most part,—not quite always,—he does it with perfect accuracy; and often with vital profit to his measures. “ If the “ Austrian cooking-tents are a-smoke before eight in the “ morning,” notes he, “ you may calculate, in such case, “ the Austrians will march that day.” With a surprising vividness of eye and mind he watches the signs of the times, of the hours and the days and the places ; and prophesies from them ;—reads men and their procedures, as if they were mere handwriting, not too cramp for him.

The Prussians moving into Line of Battle

The deployment of the Prussians was wonderful ; in their squadrons, in their battalions, horse, foot, artillery, wheeling, closing, opening ; strangely chequering a country-side—in movements intricate, chaotic to all but the scientific eye. Conceive them, flowing along, and ever onwards in broad many-chequered tide-stream : intricate, many-glancing tide of coming battle ; which descends, steady, swift, tornado-storm so beautifully hidden in it, towards Sterbohol, there to grip-to. Gradually, in stirring-up those old dead pedantic record-books, the fact rises on us : silent whirlwinds of old Platt-Deutsch fire, beautifully held-down, dwell in those mute masses ; better human stuff there is not than that old Teutsch (Dutch, English, Platt-Deutsch and other varieties) ; and so disciplined as here it never was before

or since. 'In an hour and half', what military men may count almost incredible, they are fairly on their ground, motionless the most of them by 9 A.M.

The Issue of the Battle

Battle of Prag, one of the furious Battles of the World ; loud as Doomsday ;—the very Emblem of which, done on the Piano by females of energy, scatters mankind to flight who love their ears ! Results of it were : On the Prussian side, killed, wounded and missing, 12,500 men ; on the Austrian, 13,000 (prisoners included), with many flags, cannon, tents, much war-gear gone the wrong road ;—and a very great humiliation and dispiritment ; though they had fought well : "No longer the old Austrians, by any means," as Friedrich sees ; but have iron ramrods, all manner of Prussian improvements, and are "learning to march".

'This day saw the pillars of the Prussian Infantry 'cut down,' says Frederick mournfully. His account of the Battle, as if it had been a painful object, rather avoided in his after-thoughts, is unusually indistinct.

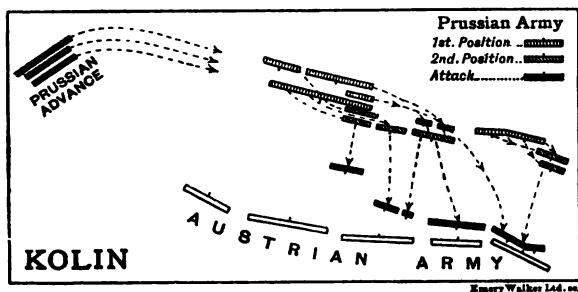
The Battle of Kolin, June 18, 1757

[As at Prague and elsewhere, Frederick's method is to use the superior mobility and handiness of his troops in order to bear upon a weak point or flank of the enemy's line before the enemy can execute the counter-move—a method which usually wins the battle, but enfeebles the pursuit, the men being tired out. With 34,000 men, he finds the Austrians, 60,000 strong, posted along the north slope of the Kamhayek ridge, parallel to the Prague Vienna high road, which here runs east and west, and passes, a little to the north-east of the Austrian line,

through the town of Kolin. The Austrian left on high ground was impregnable ; so almost were the four or five-miles of front, secured by a string of fortified villages ; the assailable point was the left flank, bastioned by the village of Kreczor. On June 18, the day of the battle, Frederick marched his army along the high road from west to east, with orders not to reply to the fire of the Austrian front, but to follow the van (under Ziethen and Hülßen), until it attack Kreczor ; each regiment thereupon to face to the right and engage the enemy in succession on Hülßen's right flank. The Prussian rear, or right wing, to refuse battle, and stand by as a reserve. Battle begins at 2 p.m. Ziethen's cavalry scatter the Austrian Horse : Hülßen with infantry takes Kreczor ; but is held up before a wood to the south of the village, and no reinforcements join him. For in the meanwhile, (a) owing to the impatience of its general under the galling Austrian fire, the Prussian right has attacked the enemy's left, in defiance of orders, and the Prussian reserve is thus engaged ; (b) a mistake has been made in the centre through the King's own fault.]

Moritz is marching with the centre, intending to wheel and turn hillwards, Kreczor-wise, as per order, certain furlongs ahead ; when Friedrich (having, so I can conceive it, seen from his Hill-top, how Hülßen had done Kreczor, altogether prosperous there ; and what endless capability there was of prospering to all lengths and speeding the general winning, were Hülßen but supported soon enough, were there any safe short-cut to Hülßen) dashed from his Hill-top in hot haste towards Prince Moritz, intending to direct him upon such short-cut ; and hastily said, with Olympian brevity and fire, " Face to right *here* ! " With Jove-like brevity, and in such blaze of Olympian fire as we may imagine. Moritz him-

self is of brief, crabbed, fiery mind, brief in temper; and answers to the effect, "Impossible to attack the enemy here, your Majesty; postured as they are; and we with such orders gone abroad!"—"Face to right, I tell you!" said the King, still more Olympian, and too emphatic for explaining. Moritz, I hope, paused, but rather think he did not, before remonstrating the second time; neither perhaps was his voice so low as it should have been: it is certain Friedrich dashed quite up to



Moritz at this second remonstrance, flashed out his sword (the only time he ever drew his sword in battle); and now, gone all to mere Olympian lightning and thunder-tone, asks in *this* attitude, "*Will Er* (Will He) obey orders, then?"—Moritz, fallen silent of remonstrance, with gloomy rapidity obeys.

Friedrich, withdrawing to his Height again, and looking back on Moritz, finds that he is making right-in upon the Austrian line; which was by no means Friedrich's meaning, had not he been so brief. Friedrich, doubtless with pain, remembers now that he had said only, "Face to right!" and had then got into Olympian

tempest, which left things dark to Moritz. "*Halb-links, Half to left withal!*" he dispatches that new order to Moritz, with the utmost speed: "Face to right; *then*, forward half to left." Had Moritz, at the first, got that commentary to his order, there had probably been no remonstrance on Moritz's part, no Olympian scene; and Moritz, taking that diagonal direction from the first, had hit-in at or below Kreczor, at the very point where he was needed. Moritz, on the new order reaching him, does instantly steer half-left: but he arrives now above Kreczor, strikes the Austrian line on this side of Kreczor; disjoined from Hülßen, where he can do no good to Hülßen: in brief, Moritz, and now the whole line with him, have to do as Mannstein and sequel are doing, attack in face, not in flank; and try what, in the proportion of one to two, uphill, and against batteries, they can make of it in that fashion!

And so, from right wing to left, miles long, there is now universal storm of volleying, bayonet-charging, thunder of artillery, case-shot, cartridge-shot, and sulphurous devouring whirlwind; the wrestle very tough and furious, especially on the assaulting side. Here, as at Prag, the Prussian troops were one and all in the fire; each doing strenuously his utmost, no complaint to be made of their performance. More perfect soldiers, I believe, were rarely or never seen on any field of war. But there is no reserve left. In vain, or nearly so, is Friedrich's tactic or manœuvring talent; what now is there to manœuvre? To fan the fire, to be here, there: this is now Friedrich's function; 'everywhere in the hottest of the fight.' This death-wrestle lasted perhaps four hours;

till seven or towards eight o'clock in the June evening ; the sun verging downwards ; issue still uncertain.

And, in fact, at last the issue turned upon a hair ;—such the empire of Chance in War matters. Cautious Daun, it is well known, did not like the aspect of the thing. Daun writes in pencil : “ The retreat is to Suchdol ” (Kuttenberg way, southward where we have heights again and magazines) ; Daun's Aide-de-camp is galloping everywhither with that important Document ; and Generals are preparing for retreat accordingly,—one General on the right wing has, visibly to Hülsen and us, his cannon out of battery, and under way rearwards ; a welcome sight to Hülsen, who, with imperfect reinforcement, is toughly maintaining himself there all day.

And now the Daun Aide-de-camp, so Chance would have it, cannot find Nostitz the Saxon Commandant of Horse in that quarter ; finds a ‘ Saxon Lieutenant-Colonel Benkendorf ’, who, by another little chance, had been still left there : “ Can the Herr Lieutenant-Colonel tell me where General Nostitz is ? ” Benkendorf can tell ;—will himself take the message : but Benkendorf looks into the important Pencil Document ; thinks it premature, wasteful, and that the contrary is feasible ; persuades Nostitz so to think ; persuades this regiment and that (Saxon, Austrian, horse and foot) ; though the cannon in retreat go trundling past them : “ Merely shifting their battery, don't you see :—Steady ! ” And, in fine, organises, of Saxon and Austrian horse and foot in promising quantity (Saxons in great fury on the Pirna score and other old grudges), a new unanimous assault on Hülsen.

The assault was furious, and became ever more so ;

at length irresistible to Hülsen. Hülsen's horse, pressing-on as to victory, are at last hurled back ; could not be rallied ; fairly fled (some of them) ; confusing Hülsen's foot,—foot is broken, instantly ranks itself, as the manner of Prussians is ; ranks itself in impromptu squares, and stands fiercely defensive again, amid the slashing and careering : wrestle of extreme fury, say the witnesses. But the end is, Hülsen is driven away ; retreats, Parthian-like, down-hill, some space ; whose sad example has to spread rightwards like a powder-train, till all are in retreat,—northward, towards Nimburg, is the road ;—and the Battle of Kolin is finished.

Friedrich made vehement effort to rally the Horse, to rally this and that ; but to no purpose : one account says he did collect some small body, and marched forth at the head of it against a certain battery ; but, in his rear, man after man fell away, till Lieutenant-Colonel Grant had to remark, " Your Majesty and I cannot take the battery ourselves ! " Upon which Friedrich turned round ; and, finding nobody, looked at the Enemy through his glass, and slowly rode away.

' It seemed ', says Tempelhof, in splenetic tone, ' as if ' Feldmarschall Daun, like a good Christian, would not ' suffer the sun to go down on his wrath. This day, ' nearly the longest in the year, he allowed the Prussian ' cavalry to stand quiet on the field till ten at night ; ' he did not send a single hussar in chase of the infantry. ' He stood all night under arms ; and next day returned ' to his old Camp, as if he had been afraid the King ' would come back.' The Austrian force in the Field this day is counted to have been 60,000 ; their losses in

killed, wounded and missing, 8,114. The Prussians, who began 34,000 in strength, lost 13,773; of whom prisoners (including all the wounded), 5,380. Their baggage, we have seen, was not meddled with: they lost 45 cannon, 22 flags,—a loss not worth adding, in comparison to this sore havoc, for the second time, in the flower of the Prussian Infantry.

After the Battle

To the young Graf von Anhalt, on the road to Nimburg, he is recorded to have said, "Don't you know, then, that every man must have his reverses (*Mais ne savez-vous donc pas que chaque homme doit avoir ses revers*)? It appears I am to have mine."

Next morning, several Books, and many Drawings and Sculptures of a dim unsuccessful nature, give us view of him, at Nimburg; sitting silent 'on a *Brunnen-Rohr*' (Fountain Apparatus, waste-pipe or feeding-pipe, too high for convenient sitting); he is stooping forward there, his eyes fixed on the ground, and is scratching figures in the sand with his stick, as the broken troops reassemble round him. Archenholtz says: 'He surveyed with speechless feeling the small remnant of his Life-guard of Foot, favourite First Battalion; 1,000 strong yesterday morning, hardly 400 now. All soldiers of this chosen Battalion were personally known to him; their names, their age, native place, their history' (the pick of his Ruppın regiment was the basis of it): 'in one day, Death had mowed them down; they had fought like heroes, and it was for him that they had died. His eyes were visibly wet, down his face rolled silent tears.'

In public I never saw other tears from this King,—though in private I do not warrant him ; his sensibilities, little as you would think it, being very lively and intense. “To work, however !” This King can shake away such things ; and is not given overmuch to retrospection on the unalterable Past. ‘Like dewdrops from the lion’s mane’ (as is figuratively said) ; the lion swiftly rampant again !

3

*Frederick in Distress**The Queen Mother’s Death, June 28, 1757*

MITCHELL says : ‘Yesterday, July 3d, King sent for me in the afternoon,—the first time he has seen anybody since the news came :—I had the honour to remain with him some hours in his closet. I must own to your Lordship I was most sensibly afflicted to see him indulging his grief, and giving way to the warmest filial affections ; recalling to mind the many obligations he had to her late Majesty ; all she had suffered, and how nobly she bore it ; the good she did to everybody ; the one comfort he now had, to think of having tried to make her last years more agreeable.’ In the thick of public business, this kind of mood to Mitchell seems to have lasted all the time of Leitmeritz, which is about three weeks yet : Mitchell’s Notebooks and Despatches, in that part, have a fine Biographic interest ; the wholly human Friedrich wholly visible to us there as he seldom is. Going over his past Life to Mitchell ; brief, candid, pious to both his Parents—inexpressibly sad ; like

moonlight on the grave of one's Mother, silent that, while so much else is too noisy!

At Leitmeritz, it appears, he kept withdrawn to his closet a good deal; gave himself up to his sorrows and his thoughts; would sit many hours drowned in tears, weeping bitterly like a child or a woman. This is strange to some readers; but it is true,—and ought to alter certain current notions. Friedrich, flashing like clear steel upon evil-doers and mendacious unjust persons and their works, is not by nature a cruel man, then, or an unfeeling, as Rumour reports? Reader, no, far the reverse. Extreme sensibility is not sure to be a merit; but the degree of it that dwelt (privately, for most part) in Friedrich was great; and to himself it seemed a sad rather than joyful fact.

[July 3, French take Emden. July 5, Russians take Memel. In the same month the Swedes prepare to send 17,000 men into Pomerania. End of July, the army holding Lusatia under Prince August Wilhelm is driven into Saxony by the Austrians; the Lusatian gates into Saxony and Silesia are in the enemy's hands. July 26, Duke of Cumberland with the army of Hanover defeated at Hastenbeck; retires westward towards the sea; by the convention of Kloster Zeven, September 9, ships his army to England. Frederick retires from Leitmeritz into Saxony to oppose the Austrian advance through the Lusatian passes, but cannot bring the Austrians to battle. August 25, he marches westward through Saxony to oppose the French and the army of the Empire under the Prince de Soubise, now arrived at Erfurt. August 30, the Prussian force in East Prussia is defeated by the Russians at Gross-Jägersdorf. Frederick arrives in the middle of September in front of the Imperialists

and the French in Thuringia, who refuse battle, and keep him inactive for a month. Frederick's treatment of his brother, August Wilhelm, after the failure in Lusatia, is supposed to have caused the death of the Prince by a broken heart (June 1758).]

*Meeting of the King with the Prince of Prussia at Bautzen,
July 29, after the loss of Lusatia*

His meeting with the Prince is royal, not fraternal, as all men have heard. Let us give, with brevity, the exact features of it; and leave the candid reader, who has formed to himself some notion of kingship and its sorrows and stern conditions, to interpret the matter, and make what he can of it:

' *Bautzen, 29th July 1757.* The King with reinforcement is coming hither, from the Dresden side; to take up the reins of this dishevelled Zittau Army; to speed with it against the Austrians, and, if humanly possible, lock the doors of Silesia and Saxony again, and chase the intruders away. Prince of Prussia and the other Generals have notice, the night before: "At 4 A.M. tomorrow (29th), wait his Majesty." Prince and Generals wait accordingly.

' There is the King coming; Prince Henri, Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick and others in his train. King noticing them, at about 300 paces distance, drew bridle; Prince of Prussia did the like, train and he saluting with their hats, as did the King's train in return. King did not salute;—on the contrary, he turned his horse round and dismounted, as did everybody else on such signal. King lay down on the ground, as if waiting the arrival of his Vanguard; and bade Winterfeld and Goltz sit

‘by him.’ Poor Prince of Prussia, and battered heavy-laden Generals! ‘After a minute or two, Goltz came over and whispered to the Prince. “Hither, *meine Herren*, all of you; a message from his Majesty!” cried the Prince. Whereupon, to Generals and Prince, Goltz delivered, in equable official tone, these affecting words: “His Majesty commands me to inform your Royal Highness, That he has cause to be greatly discontented with you; that you deserve to have a Court-martial held over you, which would sentence you and all your Generals to death; but that his Majesty will not carry the matter so far, being unable to forget that in the Chief General he has a Brother!”’

The Prince answered, He wanted only a Court-martial; and the like, in stiff tone.

Frederick's Desire for Peace

[On June 30 Frederick promised the English ambassador ‘to hearken to no terms of peace without his Majesty’s privity and approbation’. At the same time he made approaches to France.]

1. *To Wilhelmina, July 7*

‘You are too good; I am ashamed to abuse your indulgence. But do, since you will, try to sound the French, what conditions of Peace they would demand; one might judge as to their intentions. Send that Mirabeau (*ce M. de Mirabeau*) to France. Willingly will I pay the expense. He may offer as much as five million thalers’ (750,000*l.*) ‘to the Favourite’ (yes, even to the Pompadour) ‘for Peace alone. Of course,

'his utmost discretion will be needed';—should the English get the least wind of it! But if they are gone to St. Vitus, and fail in every point, what can one do?

2. *To Richelieu, September 7*

'I feel, M. le Duc, that you have not been put in the post where you are for the purpose of Negotiating. I am persuaded, however, that the Nephew of the great Cardinal Richelieu is made for signing treaties no less than for gaining battles. Though the events of this Year afford no hope that your Court still entertains a favourable disposition for my interests, I cannot persuade myself that a union which has lasted between us for sixteen years may not have left some trace in the mind. Perhaps I judge others by myself. But, however that may be, I, in short, prefer putting my interests into the King your Master's hands rather than into any other's. If you have not, Monsieur, any Instructions as to the Proposal hereby made, I beg of you to ask such, and to inform me what the tenor of them is.'

From the Letters to Wilhelmina

'Leitmeritz, 13th July 1757. My dearest Sister,—Your Letter has arrived: I see in it your regrets for the irreparable loss we have had of the best and worthiest Mother in this world. I am so struck-down with all these blows from within and without, that I feel myself in a sort of stupefaction.

'I am firmly resolved on the extremest efforts to save my Country. We shall see (*quitte à voir*) if Fortune will take a new thought, or if she will entirely turn her back upon me. Happy the moment when I took to training myself in philosophy! There is nothing else that can sustain the soul in a situation like mine. I spread-

‘out to you, dear Sister, the detail of my sorrows : if
‘these things regarded only myself, I could stand it with
‘composure ; but I am bound Guardian of the safety
‘and happiness of a People which has been put under
‘my charge. There lies the sting of it : and I shall have
‘to reproach myself with every fault, if, by delay or by
‘overhaste, I occasion the smallest accident ; all the more
‘as, at present, any fault may be capital.

‘What a business ! Here is the liberty of Germany,
‘and that Protestant Cause for which so much blood has
‘been shed ; here are those Two great Interests again
‘at stake ; and the pinch of this huge game is such, that
‘an unlucky quarter of an hour may establish over Ger-
‘many the tyrannous domination of the House of Austria
‘forever ! I am in the case of a traveller who sees himself
‘surrounded and ready to be assassinated by a troop of
‘cutthroats, who intend to share his spoils.’

‘*Kirschleben, near Erfurt, 17th September 1757.*—My
‘dearest Sister, I find no other consolation but in your
‘precious Letters. May Heaven reward so much virtue
‘and such heroic sentiments !

‘Since I wrote last to you, my misfortunes have but
‘gone on accumulating. It seems as though Destiny
‘would discharge all its wrath and fury upon the poor
‘Country which I had to rule over. I shall even bless
‘Heaven for its mercy, if it grant me the favour to die
‘sword in hand.

‘Should this hope fail me, you will allow that it would
‘be too hard to crawl at the feet of a company of traitors,
‘to whom successful crimes have given the advantage to
‘prescribe the law to me. How can a Prince survive his
‘State, the glory of his Country, his own reputation?
‘No, dear Sister, you think too nobly to give me such
‘mean (*lâche*) advice. Is Liberty, that precious prero-
‘gative, to be less dear to a Sovereign in the eighteenth
‘century than it was to Roman Patricians of old? And

‘where is it said, that Brutus and Cato should carry magnanimity farther than Princes and Kings? Firmness consists in resisting misfortune : but only cowards submit to the yoke, bear patiently their chains, and support oppression tranquilly. Never, my dear Sister, could I resolve upon such ignominy.’—

‘If I had followed only my own inclinations, I should have ended it (*je me serais dépêché*) at once, after that unfortunate Battle which I lost. But I felt that this would be weakness, and that it behoved me to repair the evil which had happened. My attachment to the State awoke ; I said to myself, It is not in seasons of prosperity that it is rare to find defenders, but in adversity. I made it a point of honour with myself to redress all that had got out of square ; in which I was not unsuccessful.

‘As for you, my incomparable Sister, I have not the heart to turn you from your resolves. We think alike, and I cannot condemn in you the sentiments which I daily entertain (*éprouve*). Life has been given to us as a benefit : when it ceases to be such ’—! ‘I have nobody left in this world, to attach me to it, but you. My friends, the relations I loved most, are in the grave ; in short, I have lost everything. If you take the resolution which I have taken, we end together our misfortunes and our unhappiness ; and it will be the turn of them who remain in this world, to provide for the concerns falling to their charge, and to bear the weight which has lain on us so long.’

Frederick's Writings during the Autumn of 1757

Meanwhile, is it not remarkable that Friedrich wrote more Verses, this Autumn, than almost in any other three months of his life? Singular, yes ; though perhaps not inexplicable. And if readers could fairly understand

that fact, instead of running away with the shell of it, and leaving the essence, it would throw a great light on Friedrich. He is not a brooding inarticulate man, then ; but a bright-glancing, articulate ; not to be struck dumb by the face of Death itself. Flashes clear-eyed into the physiognomy of Death, and Ruin, and the Abysmal Horrors opening ; and has a sharp word to say to them. The explanation of his large cargo of Verses this Autumn is, That always, alternating with such fiery velocity, he had intolerable periods of waiting till things were ready. And took to verses, by way of expectorating himself, and keeping-down his devils. Most veracious Documents, we can observe ; nothing could be truer ; Confessions they are, in the most emphatic sense ; no truer ever made to a Priest in the name of the Most High. Like a soliloquy of Night-Thoughts, accidentally becoming audible to us. Mahomet, I find, wrote the Koran in this manner. From these poor Poems, which are voices *De Profundis*, there might, by proper care and selection, be constructed a Friedrich's Koran ; and, with commentary and elucidation, it would be pleasant to read. ✓

Épître à ma Sœur, August 24

' And now, ye promoters of sacred lies, go on leading
' cowards by the nose, in the dark windings of your
' labyrinth :—to me the enchantment is ended, the charm
' disappears. I see that all men are but the sport of
' Destiny. And that, if there do exist some Gloomy
' and Inexorable Being, who allows a despised herd of
' creatures to go on multiplying here, he values them as
' nothing ; looks down on a Phalaris crowned, on a
' Socrates in chains ; on our virtues, our misdeeds, on

‘the horrors of war, and all the cruel plagues which
 ‘ravage Earth, as a thing indifferent to him. Wherefore,
 ‘my sole refuge and only haven, loved Sister, is in the
 \ ‘arms of death :

‘*Ainsi mon seul asile et mon unique port*
 ‘*Se trouve, chère sœur, dans les bras de la mort.*’

Frederick's correspondence with Voltaire was now resumed ; for Wilhelmina, with her brother's consent, appealed to him to work upon the French Court in the cause of peace. Voltaire did as much as he could, which was very little. In September he sent through Wilhelmina a letter to dissuade Frederick from the thought of suicide.
 \ To which Frederick replied (October 9), in a mixture of prose and verse.

Réponse au Sieur Voltaire

‘Is the lot of high people so very sweet, then? Pleasure,
 ‘gentle ease, true and hearty mirth, have always fled
 ‘from the great and their peculiar pomps and labours.

‘No, it is not fickle Fortune that has ever caused my
 ‘sorrows ; let her smile her blindest, let her frown her
 ‘fiercest on me, I should sleep every night, refusing her
 ‘the least worship. But our respective conditions are
 ‘our law ; we are bound and commanded to shape our
 ‘temper to the employment we have undertaken. Voltaire
 ‘in his hermitage, in a Country where is honesty and
 ‘safety, can devote himself in peace to the life of the
 ‘Philosopher, as Plato has described it. But as to me,
 ‘threatened with shipwreck, I must consider how, look-
 ‘ing the tempest in the face, I can think, can live and
 \ ‘can die as a King :

‘*Pour moi, menacé du naufrage,*
 ‘*Je dois, en affrontant l'orage,*
 ‘*Penser, vivre et mourir en roi.*’

4

Rossbach and Leuthen

[OCTOBER 16, 1757, Austrian cavalry raid Berlin, and make off again with a ransom. At the first news Frederick marches from Thuringia towards Brandenburg; but, on hearing that Berlin is safe, turns westward again, and on November 2 forces the line of the Saale, now held by the Imperialists and the French, between Halle and Weissenfels. The enemy retire four or five miles westward to the high ground about Rossbach.]

The Imperial Army

The most inferior Army in the world; no part of it well drilled, most of it not drilled at all; and for variety in colour, condition, method, and military and pecuniary and other outfit, beggaring description. The number should have far exceeded 50,000; but was not, on the field, of above half that number: 25,000; add at last 8,000 Austrian troops, two regiments of them cavalry; good these 8,000, the rest bad,—that was the Reichs Execution Army; and considerable part of it, all the Protestant part, privately wishing well to Friedrich, they say.

The French Army of this Period

‘It is certain the French Army reaped no profit from its experience of Maréchal de Saxe, and the high theatricalities, ornamental blackguardisms, and ridicule of death and life. In the long-run a graver face would have been of better augury. King Friedrich’s soldiers, one observes, on the eve of battle, settle their bits of

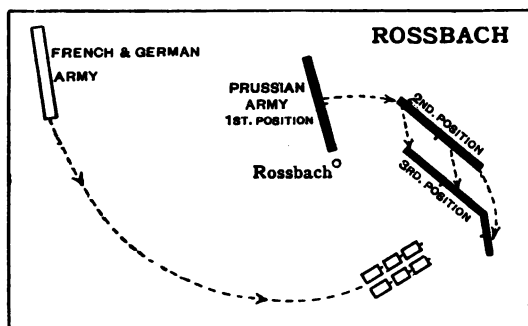
‘worldly business; and wind-up, many of them, with
 ‘a hoarse whisper of prayer. Oliver Cromwell’s soldiers
 ‘did so, Gustaf Adolf’s; in fact, I think all good soldiers.
 ‘You gain your Roucoux, your Lauffeld, Human Stupidity
 ‘permitting: but one day you fall-in with Human
 ‘Intelligence, in an extremely grave form;—and your
 ‘“*élan*”, elastic outburst, the quickest in Nature, what
 ‘becomes of it? Wait but another decade; we shall see
 ‘what an Army this has grown. Cupidity, dishonesty,
 ‘floundering stupidity, indiscipline, mistrust; and an
 ‘elastic outspurt (*élan*) turned often enough into the
 ‘form of *Sauve-qui-peut*!’

Battle of Rossbach, November 5, 1757

[The Prussian army numbers 22,000; the enemy 60,000. On the morning of November 5 Frederick is facing west, with his left wing on Rossbach. He is high up on the spherical lump of land, some six miles in diameter, which is bounded to the south and east by the Saale, as it bends near Weissenfels. Immediately in rear of Frederick’s line is a valley or hollow, running eastward and riverward, along the northern face of the highest of this high ground,—the two hills named Janus Hügel and Pölzen Hügel; so that troops marching along this valley or hollow cannot be seen by troops on the south of these hills. On the morning of the fight the enemy under Soubise are lying opposite Frederick. At 8 a.m. they begin moving southward, to Freiburg, as Frederick thinks, to provision themselves, being short of food. At 2 p.m. it is seen, however, that they have set out to march round Frederick’s left and rear, leaving a body of cavalry before his front.]

Friedrich earnestly surveys the phenomenon for some minutes; in some minutes, Friedrich sees his way

through it, at least into it, and how he will do it. Off, eastward ; march ! Swift are his orders ; almost still swifter the fulfilment of them. Prussian Army is a nimble article in comparison with Dauphiness ! In half an hour's time, all is packed and to the road ; and, except Mayer and certain Free-Corps or Light-Horse, to amuse St. Germain and his Almsdorf people, there is not a Prussian visible in these localities to French eyes.



Emery Walker Ltd. &c.

Seidlitz, with his cavalry (about 4,000 horse), is rapidly doing the order he has had. Seidlitz at a sharp military trot, and the infantry at double-quick to keep-up near him, which they cannot quite do, are making right across for the Pölzen-Hill and Janus-Hill quarter ; their route the string, French route the bow ; and are invisible to the French, owing to the heights between. Seidlitz, when he gets to the proper point eastward, will wheel about, front to southward, and be our left wing ; infantry, as centre and right, will appear in like manner ; and—we shall see !

The exultant Dauphiness, on that rapid disappearance of the Prussians, never doubted but the Prussians were off on flight for Merseburg, to get across by the Bridge there. Whereat Dauphiness, doubly exultant, mended her own pace,—for the purpose of capturing or intercepting the runaway Prussians. Thus they, infantry, long floods of it, coming double-quick but somewhat fallen behind ; cavalry 7,000 or so, as vanguard,—faster and faster ; sweeping forward on their southern side of the Janus-and-Pölzen slope, and now rather climbing the same.

Seidlitz has his hussar pickets on the top, to keep him informed as to their motions, and how far they are got. Seidlitz, invisible on the south slope of the Pölzen Hügel, finds about half-past three P.M. that he is now fairly ahead of Dauphiness ; Seidlitz halts, wheels, comes to the top, “ Got the flank of them, sure enough ! ”—and without waiting signal or farther orders, every instant being precious, rapidly forms himself ; and plunges down on these poor people. ‘ Compact as a wall, and ‘ with an incredible velocity (*d’une vitesse incroyable*),’ says one of them.. Only the two Austrian regiments got completely formed ; the rest very incompletely ; and Seidlitz, in the blaze of rapid steel, is in upon them. The two Austrian regiments, and two French that are named, made what debate was feasible ; courage nowise wanting, in such sad want of captaincy ; nay Soubise in person galloped into it, if that could have helped. But from the first, the matter was hopeless ; Seidlitz slashing it at such a rate, and plunging through it and again through it, thrice, some say four times : so that, in the

space of half an hour, this luckless cavalry was all tumbling off the ground; plunging down-hill, in full flight, across its own infantry or whatever obstacle, Seidlitz on the hips of it; and galloping madly over the horizon, towards Freiburg as it proved; and was not again heard of that day.

In about half an hour that bit of work was over; and Seidlitz, with his ranks trimmed again, had drawn himself southward a little, into the Hollow of Tageswerben, there to wait impending phenomena. For Friedrich with the Infantry is now emerging over Janus Hill, in a highly thunderous manner,—eighteen pieces of artillery going, and ‘four big guns taken from the walls of Leipzig’.

Friedrich’s artillery goes at a murderous rate; had come in view, over the hill-top, before Seidlitz ended,—‘nothing but the muzzles of it visible’ (and the fire-torrents from it) to us poor French below. Friedrich’s lines; or rather his one line, mere tip of his left wing,—only seven battalions in it, whole centre and right wing standing ‘refused’ in oblique rank, invisible; *behind* the Hill,—Friedrich’s line, we say, the artillery to its right, shoots-out in mysterious Prussian rhythm, in echelons, in potences, obliquely down the Janus-Hill side; straight, rigid, regular as iron clockwork; and strides towards us, silent, with the lightning sleeping in it:—Friedrich has got the flank of Dauphiness, and means to keep it. Once and again and a third time, poor Soubise, with his poor regiments much in an imbroglio, here heaped on one another, there with wide gaps, halt being so sudden,—attempts to recover the flank, and pushes-out this regiment and the other, rightward, to be even with

Friedrich. But sees with despair that it cannot be ; that Friedrich with his echelons, potences and mysterious Prussian resources, pulls himself out like the pieces of a prospect-glass, piece after piece, hopelessly fast and seemingly no end to them ; and that the flank is lost.

Steady, rigid as iron clockwork, the Prussian line strides forward ; at forty-paces distance delivers its first shock of lightning, bursts into platoon fire ; and so continues, steady at the rate of five shots a minute,—hard to endure by poor masses all in a coil. ‘The artillery tore-down whole ranks of us’, says the Würtemberg Dragoon ; ‘the Prussian musketry did terrible execution.’

Things began to waver very soon, French reeling back from the Prussian fire, Reichs troops rocking very uneasy, torn by such artillery ; when, to crown the matter, Seidlitz, seeing all things rock to the due extent, bursts out of Tageswerben Hollow, terribly compact and furious, upon the rear of them. Which sets all things into inextricable tumble ; and the Battle is become a rout and a riding into ruin, no Battle ever more. They left, of killed and wounded, near 3,000 ; of prisoners, 5,000 : in sum, about 8,000 ; not to mention cannon, 67 or 72 ; with standards, flags, kettledrums and meaner baggages *ad libitum* in a manner. The Prussian loss was, 165 killed, 376 wounded ;—between a sixteenth and a fifteenth part of theirs : in number the Prussians had been little more than one to three ; not above half ever came into the fire.

Seldom, almost never, not even at Crecy or Poitiers, was any Army better beaten.

[Both the beaten armies made for home and melted. There was no imperial force in the field for another twelve months. When Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick took over the English-Hanoverian army (end of November) Frederick was rid of the French for the rest of the war. From Rossbach onwards the struggle with France is confined to North-West Germany and to Ferdinand's army.

On his march from Saxony westward in September, Frederick had left the Duke of Bevern with over 30,000 men to watch the Austrians in Lusatia. Unable to hold them, Bevern retired into Silesia with Prince Charles and Daun at his heels, and on October 1 entrenched himself strongly by Breslau and waited on events. November 14, Schweidnitz, the chief Prussian stronghold, capitulated after a short siege in despair of relief. November 22, Bevern was defeated in his trenches and taken prisoner; the Prussian army retired to Glogau; and Breslau, with many cannon and stores, fell to the victors. The news reached Frederick at Görlitz on the 23rd, where he arrived at full marching speed from Rossbach. November 28, he reached Parchwitz, and on December 3 united with the remains of Bevern's army under Ziethen. This brought his numbers to 32,000, not much more than a third of the enemy's strength. The King was determined, however, to risk everything upon a battle.]

At Parchwitz, December 3

A life or death crisis now nigh. Well, it is but death; and death has been fronted before now! We who are after the event, on the safe sunny side of it, can form small image of the horrors and the inward dubieties to him who is passing through it;—and how Hope is needed to shine heroically eternal in some hearts. Fire of Hope, that does not issue in mere blazings, mad audacities and

chaotic despair, but advances with its eyes open, measuredly, counting its steps, to the wrestling-place,—this is a godlike thing ; much available to mankind in all the battles they have ; battles with steel, or of whatever sort.

Friedrich, at Parchwitz, assembled his Captains, and spoke to them ; it is an authentic meeting, this at Parchwitz, and the words were taken down.

“It is not unknown to you, *meine Herren*, what
“disasters have befallen here, while we were busy with
“the French and Reichs Army. Schweidnitz is gone ;
“Duke of Bevern beaten ; Breslau gone, and all our
“war-stores there ; good part of Silesia gone : and, in
“fact, my embarrassments would be at the insuperable
“pitch, had not I boundless trust in you, and your
“qualities, which have been so often manifested, as
“soldiers and sons of your Country. Hardly one among
“you but has distinguished himself by some nobly
“memorable action : all these services to the State and
“me I know well, and will never forget.

“I flatter myself, therefore, that in this case too
“nothing will be wanting which the State has a right
“to expect of your valour. The hour is at hand. I should
“think I had done nothing, if I left the Austrians in
“possession of Silesia. Let me apprise you, then :
“I intend, in spite of the Rules of Art, to attack Prince
“Karl’s Army, which is nearly thrice our strength,
“wherever I find it. The question is not of his numbers,
“or the strength of his position : all this, by courage,
“by the skill of our methods, we will try to make good.
“This step I must risk, or everything is lost. We must

“beat the enemy, or perish all of us before his batteries.

“So I read the case ; so I will act in it.

“Make this my determination known to all Officers of the Army ; prepare the men for what work is now to ensue, and say that I hold myself entitled to demand exact fulfilment of orders. For you, when I reflect that you are Prussians, can I think that you will act unworthily? But if there should be one or another who dreads to share all dangers with me, he”,—continued his Majesty, with an interrogative look, and then pausing for answer,—“can have his Discharge this evening, and shall not suffer the least reproach from me.”—Modest strong bass murmur ; meaning “No, by the Eternal !” if you looked into the eyes and faces of the group. Never will Retzow Junior forget that scene, and how effulgently eloquent the veteran physiognomies were.

“Hah, I knew it,” said the King, with his most radiant smile, “none of you would desert me ! I depend on your help, then ; and on victory as sure.”—The speech winds-up with a specific passage : “The Cavalry regiment that does not on the instant, on order given, dash full plunge into the enemy, I will, directly after the Battle, unhorse, and make it a Garrison regiment. The Infantry battalion which, meet with what it may, shows the least sign of hesitating, loses its colours and its sabres, and I cut the trimmings from its uniform ! Now good-night, Gentlemen : shortly we have either beaten the Enemy, or we never see one another again.”

An excellent temper in this Army ; a rough vein of heroism in it, steady to the death ;—and plenty of hope

in it too, hope in Vater Fritz. "Never mind", the soldiers used to say, in John Duke of Marlborough's time, "Corporal John will get us through it!"—That same evening Friedrich rode into the Camp, where the regiments he had were now all gathered, out of their cantonments, to march on the morrow. First regiment he came upon was the Life-Guard Cuirassiers: the men, in their accustomed way, gave him good-evening, which he cheerily returned. Some of the more veteran sort asked, ruggedly confidential, as well as loyal: "What 'is thy news, then, so late?" "Good news, children" (*Kinder*): tomorrow you will beat the Austrians "tightly!" "That we will, by—!" answered they.—"But think only where they stand yonder, and how they have entrenched themselves?" said Friedrich. "And if they had the Devil in front and all round them, we will knock them out; only thou lead us on!"—"Well, I will see what you can do: now lay you down, and sleep sound; and good sleep to you!" "Good-night, Fritz!" answer all; as Fritz ambles on to the next regiment, to which, as to every one, he will have some word.

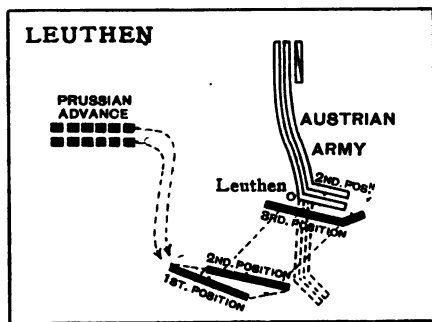
Was it the famous Pommern regiment, this that he next spoke to,—who answered Loudon's summons to them once (as shall be noticed by and by) in a way ineffable, though unforgettable? Manteufel of Foot; yes, no other! They have their own opinion of their capacities against an enemy, and do not want for a good conceit of themselves. "Well, children, how think you it will be tomorrow? They are twice as strong as we." "Never thou mind that; there are no Pommerners among them; thou knowest what the Pommerners can

do!"—*Friedrich*: "Yea, truly, that do I; otherwise I durst not risk the battle. Now good sleep to you! tomorrow, then, we shall either have beaten the Enemy or else be all dead." "Yea," answered the whole regiment; "dead, or else the Enemy beaten:" and so went to deep sleep, preface to a deeper for many of them,—as beseems brave men. In this world it much beseems the brave man, uncertain about so many things to be certain of himself for one thing.

[December 4, the Austrians decide to quit their strong position by Breslau and march to meet the Prussians. On the same day Frederick surprises Neumarkt and captures the Austrian bakery with supplies for the whole Austrian army.]

Battle of Leuthen, December 5, 1757

The Austrians were posted on a line running five miles north and south, from the village of Nippern



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(or Nypern) in the north to that of Sagschütz in the south, centre by Leuthen, the river Weistritz, otherwise Schweidnitz Water, running parallel, immediately

to rear. The line is astride the highway to Breslau. Opposite the Austrian front, some two miles to west of it is a range of low heights, also trending north and south. Frederick occupies this range with cavalry and manœuvres behind it. His main army came marching along the high road in four columns. Seeing that the Austrian right at Nypern is flanked and faced by boggy ground, the king determines to form his four columns into two, march these to the right, i.e. southward, parallel to each other, behind the range of knolls, and so invisible to the enemy: then, when opposite Sagschütz, to turn left and attack the Austrian left in 'oblique order', the two parallel columns being now the first and second lines of battle.

The Oblique Order

'The Oblique Order, *Schräge Stellung*, is an old plan practised by Epaminondas, and revived by Friedrich,—who has tried it in almost all his Battles more or less, from Hohenfriedberg forward to Prag, Kolin, Rossbach; but never could, in all points, get it rightly done till now, at Leuthen, in the highest time of need. "It is "a particular manœuvre", says Archenholtz, rather sergeant-wise, "which indeed other troops are now" (1793) "in the habit of imitating; but which, up to "this present time, none but Prussian troops can execute "with the precision and velocity indispensable to it. "You divide your line into many pieces; you can push "these forward stairwise, so that they shall halt close "to one another", obliquely, to either hand; "and so, "on a minimum of ground, bring your mass of men to "the required point at the required angle. Friedrich "invented this mode of getting into position; by its "close ranking, by its depth, and the manner of movement used, it had some resemblance to the Macedonian "Phalanx,"—chiefly in the latter point, I should guess;

for when arrived at its place, it is no deeper than common. "Forming itself in this way, a mass of troops takes-up in proportion very little ground; and it shows in the distance, by reason of the mixed uniforms and standards, a totally chaotic mass of men heaped on one another", going in rapid mazes this way and that. "But it needs only that the Commander lift his finger; instantly this living coil of knotted intricacies develops itself in perfect order, and with a speed like that of mountain rivers when the ice breaks,"—is upon its Enemy.'

'Your Enemy is ranked as here, in long line, three or two to one. You march towards him, but keep him uncertain as to how you will attack; then do on a sudden march up, not parallel to him, but oblique, at an angle of 45° ,—swift, vehement, in overpowering numbers, on the wing you have chosen. Roll that wing together, ruined, in upon its own line, you may roll the whole five miles of line into disorder and ruin, and always be in overpowering number at the point of dispute. Provided, only, you are swift enough about it, sharp enough! But extraordinary swiftmess, sharpness, precision is the indispensable condition;—by no means try it otherwise; none but Prussians, drilled by an Old Dessauer, capable of doing it. This is the *Schräge Ordnung*, about which there has been such commentating and controversying among military people: whether Friedrich invented it, whether Cæsar did it, how Epaminondas, how Alexander at Arbela.'

[Mystified by the movement of the Prussian cavalry on the ridge of knolls, the Austrians expected the attack on their right, and dispatched thither their reserve of horse. Meanwhile the Prussians are wending southward, taking with them a battery of heavy guns (*Brummer* or 'Bellowers'), brought over at great labour from the walls of Glogau.]

Frederick and the Prussian Hymn

The four columns rustled themselves into two, and turned southward on the two sides of Borne ;—southward henceforth, for about two hours ; as if straight towards the Magic Mountain, the Zobtenberg, far off, which is conspicuous over all that region. Their steadiness, their swiftness and exactitude were unsurpassable. I know not at what point of their course, or for how long, but it was from the column nearest him, which is to be first line, that the King heard, borne on the winds amid their field-music, as they marched there, the sound of Psalms,—many-voiced melody of a Church Hymn, well known to him ; which had broken-out, band accompanying, among those otherwise silent men. The fact is very certain, very strange to me : details not very precise, except that here, as specimen, is a verse of their Hymn :

‘ Grant that with zeal and skill, this day, I do
 ‘ What me to do behoves, what thou command’st me to ;
 ‘ Grant that I do it sharp, at point of moment fit,
 ‘ And when I do it, grant me good success in it.’

‘ *Gieb dass ich thu’ mit Fleiss was mir zu thun gebühret,
 ‘ Wozu mich dein Befehl in meinem Stande führet,
 ‘ Gieb dass ich’s thue bald, zu der Zeit da ich’s soll ;
 ‘ Und wenn ich’s thu’, so gieb dass es gerathe wohl.*

“ Shall we order that to cease, your Majesty ? ” “ By no means,” said the King ; whose hard heart seems to have been touched by it, as might well be. Indeed there is in him, in those grim days, a tone as of trust in the
 ✓ Eternal, as of real religious piety and faith, scarcely

noticeable elsewhere in his History. His religion, and he had in withered forms a good deal of it, if we will look well, being almost always in a strictly voiceless state,—nay, ultra-voiceless, or voiced the wrong way, as is too well known.

[The Prussians, having arrived opposite Sagschütz at one o'clock, turn and attack. The battle develops in two phases :]

First Phase : the Fight for Sagschütz

Wending always south, on their western or invisible side of those Knolls, Friedrich's people have got to about the level, or *latitude* as we might call it, of Nadasti's left. To Radaxdorf, namely, to Lobetintz, or still farther south, and perhaps a mile to west of Nadasti. Friedrich has mounted to Lobetintz Windmill; and judges that the time is come. Daun and Cavalry once got to support their right wing, and our south latitude being now sufficient, Friedrich, swift as Prussian manœuvring can do it, falls with all his strength upon their left wing. Forms in oblique order,—horse, foot, artillery, all perfect in their paces; and comes streaming over the Knolls at Sagschütz, suddenly like a fire-deluge on Nadasti, who had charge there, and was expecting no such adventure! How Friedrich did the forming in oblique order was at that time a mystery known only to Friedrich and his Prussians.

Nadasti, though astonished at the Prussian fire-deluge, stands to his arms; makes, in front, vigorous defence; and even takes, in some sort, the initiative,—that is, dashes-out his Cavalry on Ziethen, before Ziethen has charged. Ziethen's Horse, who are rightmost of the

Prussians, and are bare to the right,—ground offering no bush, no brook there (though Ziethen, foreseeing such defect, has a clump of infantry near by to mend it),—reel back under this first shock, coming downhill upon them ; and would have fared badly, had not the clump of infantry instantly opened fire on the Nadasti visitors, and poured it in such floods upon them, that they, in their turn, had to reel back. Back they, well out of range ;—and leave Ziethen free for a counter-attack shortly, on easier terms, which was successful to him. For, during that first tussle of his, the Prussian Infantry, to left of Ziethen, has attacked the Sagschütz Firwood ; clears that of Croats ; attacks Nadasti's line, breaks it, their Brummer battery potently assisting. So that, in spite of the fine ground, Nadasti is in a bad way, on the extreme left or outmost point of his *potence*, or tactical *knee*. Round the kneepan or angle of his *potence*, where is the abatis, he fares still worse. Abatis, beswept by those ten Brummers and other Batteries, till bullet and bayonet can act on it, speedily gives way. "They were mere Würtembergers, these ; and could not stand !" cried the Austrians apologetically, at a great rate, afterwards ; as if anybody could well have stood.

Indisputably the Würtembergers and the abatis are gone ; and the Brandenburgers, storming after them, storm Nadasti's interior battery of 14 pieces ; and Nadasti's affairs are rapidly getting desperate in this quarter. Figure Prince Karl's scouts, galloping madly to recall that Daun Cavalry ! Austrian Battalions, plenty of them, rush down to help Nadasti ; but they are met by the crowding fugitives, the chasing Prussians ; are

themselves thrown into disorder, and can do no good whatever. They arrive on the ground flurried, blown; have not the least time to take breath and order: the fewest of them ever got fairly ranked, none of them ever stood above one push: all goes rolling wildly back upon the centre about Leuthen. Chaos comes on us;—and all for mere lack of time: could Nadasti but once stretch out one minute into twenty! But he cannot. Nadasti does not himself lose head; skilfully covers the retreat, trying to rally once and again. Not for the first few furlongs, till the ditches, till the firwood, quagmires are all done, could Ziethen, now on the open ground, fairly hew in; ‘take whole battalions prisoners’; drive the crowd in an altogether stormy manner; and wholly confound the matter in this part.

Second Phase: the Fight for Leuthen

Prince Karl, his messengers flying madly, has struggled as man seldom did to put himself in some posture about Leuthen, to get-up some defences there. Leuthen itself, the churchyard of it especially, is on the defensive. Men are bringing cannon to the windmills, to the swelling ground on the north side of Leuthen; they dig ditches, build batteries,—could they but make Time halt, and Friedrich with him, for one quarter of an hour! But they cannot. By the extreme of diligence, the Austrians have in some measure swung themselves into a new position, or imperfect Line round Leuthen as a centre,—Lucchesi, voluntarily or by order, swinging southwards on the one hand; Nadasti swinging northwards by compulsion;—new Line at an angle say of 75° to the old one.

And here, for an hour more, there was stiff fighting, the stiffest of the day.

Stiff fighting at Leuthen; especially furious till Leuthen Churchyard, a place with high stone walls, was got. Leuthen Village, we observe, was crammed with Austrians spitting fire from every coign of vantage; Church and Churchyard especially are a citadel of death. Cannon playing from the Windmill Heights, too;—moments are inestimable. The Prussian Commander (name charitably hidden) at Leuthen Churchyard seems to hesitate in the murderous fire-deluge: Major Möllendorf, namable from that day forward, growling, “No time this for study,” dashes-out himself, “*Ein andrer Mann* (Follow me, whoever is a man)!”—smashes-in the Church-Gate of the place, nine muskets blazing on him through it; smashes, after a desperate struggle, the Austrians clean out of it, and conquers the citadel.

The Austrians, on confused terms, made stiff dispute in this second position for about an hour. The Prussian Reserve was ordered up by Friedrich; the Prussian left wing, which had stood ‘refused’, about Radaxdorf, till now: at one time nearly all the Prussians were in fire. Friedrich is here, is there, wherever the press was greatest.

Stiff dispute; and had the Austrians possessed the Prussian dexterity in manœuvring, and a Friedrich been among them,—perhaps? But on their own terms, there was from the first little hope in it. ‘Behind the Windmills they are a hundred men deep’; by and by, your Windmills, riddled to pieces, have to be abandoned; the Prussian left wing rushing on with bayonets, will not all of you have to go? Lucchesi, with his abundant Cavalry, seeing

this latter movement and the Prussian flank bare in that part, will do a stroke upon them ;—and this proved properly the finale of the matter, final to both Lucchesi and it.

The Prussian flank was to appearance bare in that leftward quarter ; but only to appearance : Driesen with the left wing of Horse is in a Hollow hard by ; strictly charged by Friedrich to protect said flank, and take nothing else in hand. Driesen lets Lucchesi gallop by, in this career of his ; then emerges, ranked, and comes storming-in upon Lucchesi's back, — entirely confounding his astonished Cavalry and their career. Astonished Cavalry, bullet-storm on this side of them, edge of sword on that, take wing in all directions (or all except to west and south) quite over the horizon ; Lucchesi himself gets killed,—crosses a still wider horizon, poor man. He began the ruin, and he ends it. For now Driesen takes the bared Austrians in flank, in rear ; and all goes tumbling here too, and in few minutes is a general deluge rearward towards Saara and Lissa side.

At Saara the Austrians, sun just sinking, made a third attempt to stand ; but it was hopelessly faint this time ; went all asunder at the first push ; and flowed then, torrent-wise, towards all its Bridges over the Schweidnitz Water, towards Breslau by every method.

Truly a memorable bit of work ; no finer done for a hundred years, or for hundreds of years ; and the results of it manifold, immediate and remote. About 10,000 Austrians are left on the field, 3,000 of them slain ; prisoners already 12,000, in a short time 21,000 ; flags 51, cannon 116 ;—"Conquest of Silesia" gone to water ; Prince Karl and Austria fallen from their high

hopes in one day. The Prussians lost in killed 1,141, in wounded 5,118. At Sagschütz and at Leuthen Village had been the two tough passages ; about an hour each ; in three hours the Battle was done.

Riding up the line, all now grown dusky, Friedrich asks, "Any battalion a mind to follow me to Lissa ?" Three battalions volunteering, follow him ; three are plenty. At Saara, on the Great Road, things are fallen utterly dark. "Landlord, bring a lantern, and escort." Landlord of the poor Tavern at Saara escorts obediently ; lantern in his right hand, left hand holding by the King's stirrup-leather,—King (Excellency or General, as the Landlord thinks him) wishing to speak with the man.

Crack-crack ! At this point the Dialogue is cut short by sudden musket-shots from the woody fields to right ; crackle of about twelve shots in all ; which hurt nothing but some horse's feet,—had been aimed at the light, and too low. Instantly the light is blown out, and there is a hunting-out of Croats ; Lissa or environs not evacuated yet, it seems ; and the King's Entrance takes place under volleyings and cannonadings.

King rides directly to the Schloss, which is still a fine handsome house, off the one street of that poor Village,—north side of street ; well railed off, and its old ditches and defences now trimmed into flower-pots. The Schloss is full of Austrian Officers, bustling about, intending to quarter, when the King enters. They, and the force they still had in Lissa, could easily have taken him : but how could they know ? Friedrich was surprised ; but had to put the best face on it. "*Bon soir, Messieurs !*"

said he, with a gay tone, stepping in: "Is there still room left, think you?" The Austrians, bowing to the dust, make way reverently to the divinity that hedges a King of this sort; mutely escort him to the best room (such the popular account); and for certain make off, they and theirs, towards the Bridge, which lies a little farther east, at the end of the Village.

Weistritz or Schweidnitz Water is a biggish muddy stream in that part; gushing and eddying; not voiceless, vexed by mills and their weirs. Some firing there was from Croats in the lower houses of the Village, and they had a cannon at the farther Bridge-end; but they were glad to get away, and vanish in the night; muddy Weistritz singing hoarse adieu to their cannon and them. Prussian grenadiers plunged indignant into the houses; made short work of the musketries there. In a few minutes every Croat and Austrian was across, or silenced otherwise too well; Prussian cannon now going in the rear of them, and continuing to go,—such had been the order, "till the powder you have is done".

The Prussian Host at Saara, hearing these noises, took to its arms again; and marched after the King. Thick darkness; silence; tramp, tramp:—a Prussian grenadier broke-out, with solemn tenor voice again, into Church-Music; a known Church-Hymn, of the homely *Te-Deum* kind; in which five-and-twenty thousand other voices, and all the regimental bands, soon join:

'Nun danket alle Gott,	'Now thank God, one and all,
'Mit Herzen, Mund und	'With heart, with voice, with
Händen,	hands-a,
'Der grosse Dinge thut	'Who wonders great hath done
'An uns und allen Enden.'	'To us and to all lands-a.'

And thus they advance ; melodious, far-sounding, through the hollow Night, once more in a highly remarkable manner. A pious people, of right Teutsch stuff, tender though stout ; and, except perhaps Oliver Cromwell's handful of Ironsides, probably the most perfect soldiers ever seen hitherto. Arriving at the end of Lissa, and finding all safe as it should be there, they make their bivouac, and,—having, I should think, at least tobacco to depend on, with abundant stick-fires, and healthy joyful hearts,—pass the night in a thankful, comfortable manner.

Leuthen was the most complete of all Friedrich's victories ; two hours more of daylight, as Friedrich himself says, and it would have been the most decisive of this century. As it was, the ruin of this big Army, 80,000 against 30,000, was as good as total.

The astonishment of all men, wise and simple, at this sudden oversetting of the scene of things was naturally extreme ; and the admiration, willing or unwilling, of Friedrich, rose to a high pitch. Better soldier, it is clear, has not been heard of in the modern ages. Heroic constancy, courage superior to fate : several clear features of a hero ;—pity he were such a liar withal, and ignorant of common honesty ; thought the simple sort, in a bewildered manner, endeavouring to forget the latter features, or think them *not* irreconcilable. Military judges pronounce Leuthen to be essentially the finest Battle of the century ; and indeed one of the prettiest feats ever done by man in his Fighting Capacity. Napóleon, for instance, who had run over these Battles of Friedrich (apparently somewhat in haste, but always with a word

upon them which is worth gathering from such a source), speaks thus of Leuthen : ' This Battle is a masterpiece of movements, of manœuvres, and of resolution ; ✓
' enough to immortalise Friedrich, and rank him among
' the greatest Generals. Manifests, in the highest degree,
' both his moral qualities and his military.'

[Prince Charles and his army retire under a hot pursuit into Bohemia. All Silesia at once reverts to Frederick, except Schweidnitz, which fell to him in the spring.]

5

The Campaign of 1758: Olmütz and Zorndorf

[In the spring of the year Daun lay in Bohemia, fortifying the natural positions against an expected invasion by Frederick from Silesia. Frederick, however, struck into Moravia, and on May 12 encamped against Olmütz, Daun moving to westward of the place and waiting on events. A Prussian army under Dohna held the Swedes in Pomerania ; another under Graf Platen watched the advance of the Russians through East Prussia ; the King's brother, Prince Henry, with 30,000 men, guarded Saxony.]

Frederick's Plan

Friedrich's Olmütz Enterprise, the rather as it was unsuccessful, has not wanted critics. And certainly, according to the ordinary rules of cautious prudence, could these have been Friedrich's in his present situation, it was not to be called a prudent Enterprise. But

had Friedrich's arrangements been punctually fulfilled, and Olmütz been got in fair time, as was possible or probable, the thing might have been done very well. Supposing Olmütz ours, and Vienna itself open to our insults, does not, by rapid suction, every armed Austrian flow thitherward ; Germany all drained of them : in which case, what is to hinder Prince Henri from stepping into Böhmen, by the Metal Mountains ; capturing Prag ; getting into junction with us here, and tumbling Austria at a rate that will astonish her ! Her, and her miscellaneous tagraggery of Confederates, one and all. Russians, Swedes, Reichsfolk—here, in Mähren, will be the crown of the game for all these. Prosper in Mähren, all these are lamed ; one right stroke at the heart, the limbs become manageable quantities !

Frederick and Daun

✓ Friedrich is not thought to shine in the sieging line as he does in the fighting ; which has some truth in it, though not very much. When Friedrich laid himself to engineering, I observe, he did it well : see Neisse, Graudenz, Magdeburg. His Balbi went wrong with the parallels, on this occasion ; many things went wrong : but the truly grievous thing was his distance from Silesia and the supplies. A hundred and twenty miles of hill-carriage, eighty of them disputable, for every shot of ammunition and for every loaf of bread ; this was hard to stand :—and perhaps no War-apparatus but a Prussian, with a Friedrich for sole chief-manager, could have stood it so long. Friedrich did stand it, in a wonderfully tolerable manner ; and was continuing to stand it, and

make fair progress ; and it is not doubted he would have got Olmütz, had not there another fact come on him, which proved to be of unmanageable nature. The actual loss, namely, of one Convoy, after so many had come safe, and when, as appears, there was now only one wanted and no more !

Daun, though superior in strength, sits on his Magazine, clear not to fight. As Fabius Cunctator he is here in his right place ; taking impregnable positions, no man with better skill in that branch of business ; pushing out parties on the Troppau road ; and patiently waiting till this dangerous Enemy, with such endless shifts in him, come in sight perhaps of his last cartridge, or perhaps make some stumble on the way towards that consummation. Daun is aware of Friedrich's surprising qualities. Bos against Leo, Daun feels these procedures to be altogether feline (*felis-leonine*) ; such stealthy glidings about, deceptive motions, appearances ; then such a rapidity of spring upon you, and with such a set of claws,—destructive to bovine or rhinoceros nature. It was remarked of Daun, that he was scrupulously careful ; never, in the most impregnable situations, neglecting the least precaution, but punctiliously fortifying himself to the last item, even to a ridiculous extent. It was the one resource of Daun : truly a solid stubborn patience is in the man ; stubborn courage too, of bovine-rhinoceros type ;—stupid, if you will, but doing at all times honestly his best and his wisest without flurry ; which, character is often of surprising value in War.

[By June 22 the siege had so far prospered that the fall of Olmütz might be expected in a fortnight. But

on June 30 a convoy from Troppau, on which all depended was captured by the Austrians on the road.]

News of the disaster reached Friedrich next day (Saturday July 1st),—who ‘immediately assembled his Generals, and spoke a few inspiring words to them,’ such as we may fancy. Friedrich perceives that Olmütz is over; that his Third Campaign, third lunge upon the Enemy’s heart, has prospered worse, thus far, than either of the others; that he must straightway end this of Olmütz, without any success whatever, and try the remaining methods and resources. No word of complaint, they say, is heard from Friedrich in such cases; face always hopeful, tone cheery. A man in Friedrich’s position needs a good deal of Stoicism, Greek or other.

[Thereupon Frederick retired skilfully and without loss into Bohemia, and sat down in Königgrätz (July 14).

Progress of the Russian army under Fermor: He crosses the East Prussian border January 16; enters Königsberg January 22, and obliges the magistrates to take oath of fealty to the Tsarina. For four years from now the province was under Russian control. In June the Russians come over the Vistula, plundering and ravaging with great cruelty; then southward to Posen (end of June), where Fermor remains a month, on the edge both of Brandenburg and of Silesia, his Cossacks burning and wasting to great distances in both countries. The futility of the Swedish army in Pomerania, now penned in the neighbourhood of Stralsund, enables Dohna, the Prussian commander on that front, to come eastward with the greater part of his army against the Russians, but his forces are one to four. He occupies Frankfurt on the Oder. August 2, Fermor leaves Posen for Brandenburg; cannot cross the Oder at Frankfurt, and so moves north

to Cüstrin, which he burns to the ground (August 15) ; the garrison, however, holds out. August 20, Frederick arrives at Frankfurt, after a perilous and skilful march from Bohemia through Silesia with 15,000 men. Adding to these another 15,000 from Frankfurt, he crosses the river some twelve miles below Cüstrin on the night of August 22 at Güstebiese, north of the junction of the Mützel (from the east) with the Oder.]

The Peasants at Güstebiese

Friedrich, across with the vanguard, at an early hour of Wednesday, gets upon the knoll at Güstebiese for a view : and all Güstebiese, hearing of him, hurries out, with low-voiced tremulous blessings, irrepressible tears : “ God reward your Majesty, that have come to us ! ”—and there is a hustling and a struggling, among the women especially, to kiss the skirts of his coat. Poor souls : one could have stood tremendous cheers ; but this is a thing I forgive Friedrich for being visibly affected with.

The Ground at Zorndorf

‘ The Country is by nature a peat wilderness, far and wide ; but it has been tamed extensively ; grows crops, green pastures ; is elsewhere covered with wood (Scotch fir, scraggy in size) ; perhaps half the country is in Fir tracts, what they call *Heiden* (Heaths) ; the cultivated spaces lying like light-green islands with black-green channels and expanses of circumambient Fir. The Drewitz Heath, the Massin or Zicher Heath, and others about Zorndorf, will become notable to us. Zorndorf (or even the open ground half a mile to north of it, which will be more important to us) is probably not 50 feet above the level of the Mützel, nor 100 above Wara and Oder, six miles off ; but it is the crown of

' the Country ;—the ground dropping therefrom every
 ' way, in lazy dull waves or swells ; towards Tamsel and
 ' Gross-Kamin on south-east ; towards Birken-Busch,
 ' Quartschen, Darmützel on north-west ; as well as
 ' towards Damm and its Bridge north-east, where Fried-
 ' rich will soon be, and towards Cüstrin south-west,
 ' where he lately was, each a five or six miles from Zorn-
 ' dorf.

' Such is the poor moorland tract of Country ; Zorndorf
 ' the centre of it,—where the Battle is likely to be :—
 ' Zorndorf and environs a bare quasi-island among these
 ' woods ; extensive bald crown of the landscape, girt
 ' with a frizzle of firwoods all round. Boggy pools there
 ' are, especially on the western side. Mützel, or north
 ' side, is of course the lowest in level : and accordingly,
 ' from the south, or Zorndorf side, at wide intervals,
 ' there saunter along, in a slow obscure manner, Three
 ' miserable continuous Leakages, or oozy Threads of
 ' Water, all making for Quartschen, to north or north-
 ' west, there to disembody into the Mützel. Each of
 ' these has its little Hollow ; of which the westernmost,
 ' called Zubern Hollow (*Zuberngrund*), is the most con-
 ' siderable, and the most important to us here : *Galgen-*
 ' *grund* (Gallows-Hollow) is also worth naming in this
 ' Battle ; the third Leakage, though without importance,
 ' invites us to name it, *Hosebruch*, quasi *Stocking-quag-*
 ' *mire*,—because you can use no stockings there, except
 ' with manifest disadvantage.

' Inexpressible fringe of marsh, two or three miles
 ' broad, mostly bottomless, woven with sluggish creeks
 ' and stagnant pools, borders the Warta for many miles
 ' towards Landsberg ; Cüstrin-Landsberg Causeway the
 ' alone sure footing in it ; after which, the country
 ' rises insensibly, but most beneficially, and is mainly
 ' drier till you get to the Mützel again, and find the
 ' same fringe of mud lacework again. Zorndorf we
 ' called the crown of it. Tamsel, Wilkersdorf, Klein

‘Kamin, Gross-Kamin, and other places known to us, lie on the dry turf-fuel country, but looking over close upon the hem of marsh-fringe, and no doubt getting peats, wild-ducks, pike-fishes, eels, and snatches of summer pasture and cow-hay out of it.’

[August 24, Fermor raises the siege of Cüstrin, and moves north into the angle of the Mützel and the Oder. Posts himself in a large irregular square, with baggage in the centre, on the open and rising ground north of Zorndorf; on his west flank a line of marsh (the Zabern Hollow), in his rear the Mützel and its fringe of mud. Right through the centre of his square, dividing the round into halves, is a marshy dell or hollow named the Gallows Ground (*Galgengrund*), running from south to north. Early on the morning of August 25, Frederick, marching from Klossow, secretly crosses the Mützel at Neu-Damm, having broken all the bridges along its course; then sweeps round to the southern face of the Russian square, Zorndorf between him and it. The Russians, if defeated, must choose between death in the river and its marshes or total surrender. Frederick, if defeated, has a short and open retreat to Cüstrin.]

Battle of Zorndorf, August 25, 1758

[After bombardment, Prussian infantry of the left wing attacks south-west corner of square in oblique order. Zorndorf being in flames, second or supporting column must march round it, and so loses touch with the first; Russians charge through the gap; situation retrieved by Seidlitz with the cavalry from the western flank: Russians driven back to their original position, which is now stormed by the whole Prussian left wing.]

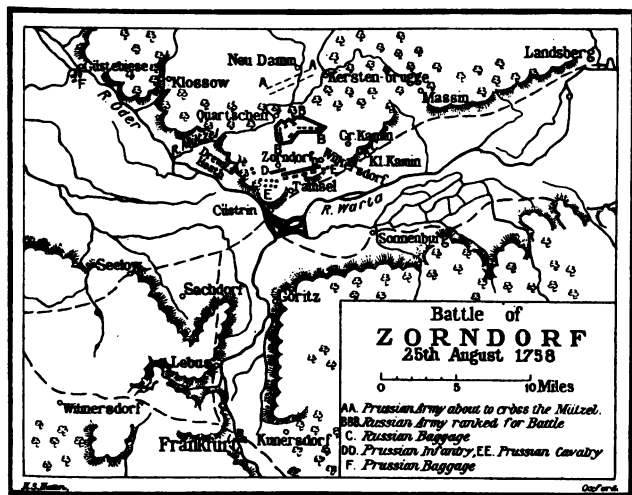
Fermor notices the gap, the wavering of Manteuffel unsupported; plunges-out in immense torrent, horse and foot, into the gap, into Manteuffel's flank and front;

hurls Manteuffel back, who has no support at hand : " *Arab, Arab* (Hurrah, Hurrah) ! Victory, Victory ! " shout the Russians, plunging wildly forward, sweeping all before them, capturing twenty-six pieces of cannon, for one item. What a moment for Friedrich ; looking on it from some knoll somewhere near Zorndorf, I suppose ; hastily bidding Seidlitz strike-in : " Seidlitz, now ! " The hurraing Russians cannot keep rank at that rate of going, like a buffalo stampede ; but fall into heaps and gaps : Seidlitz, with a swiftness, with a dexterity beyond praise, has picked his way across that quaggy Zabern Hollow ; falls, with say 5,000 horse, on the flank of this big buffalo stampede ; tumbles it into instant ruin ;—which proves irretrievable, as the Prussian Infantry come on again, and back Seidlitz.

In fifteen minutes more (I guess it now to be ten o'clock), the Russian Minotaur, this end of it, on to the Gallows Ground, is one wild mass. Seldom was there seen such a charge ; issuing in such deluges of wreck, of chaotic flight, or chaotic refusal to fly. The Seidlitz cavalry went sabring till, for very fatigue, they gave it up, and could no more. The Russian horse fled to Kutzdorf,—Fermor with them, who saw no more of this Fight, and did not get back till dark ;—had not the Bridges been burnt, and no crossing of the Mützel possible, Fermor never would have come back, and here had been the end of Zorndorf. Luckier if it had ! But there is no crossing of the Mützel, there is only drowning in the quagmires there :—death any way ; what can be done but die ?

The Russian infantry stand to be sabred as if they

had been dead oxen. More remote from Seidlitz, they break-open the sutlers' brandy-casks, and in few minutes get roaring drunk. Their officers, desperate, split the brandy-casks; soldiers flap-down to drink it from the puddles; furiously remonstrate with their officers, and 'kill a good many of them' (*viele*, says



Tielcke), especially the foreign sort. 'A frightful blood-bath', by all the Accounts: blood-bath, brandy-bath, and chief Nucleus of Chaos then extant aboveground. This chaos, the very Prussians drawing-back from it, wearied with massacring, lasts till about one o'clock. Up to the Gallows-ground [i. e. on the western half of the square] the Minotaur is mere wreck and delirium: but beyond the Gallows-ground, the other half forms a new front to itself; becomes a new Minotaur, though

in reduced shape. This is Part First of the Battle of Zorndorf.

Half of the Minotaur is gone to shreds in this manner ; but the attack upon it, too, is spent : what is to be done with the other half of the monster, which is again alive ; which still stands, and polypus-like has arranged a new life for itself, a new front against the Galgengrund yonder? Friedrich brings his right wing into action. Rapidly arranges right wing, centre, all of the left that is disposable, with batteries, with cavalry ; for an attack on the opposite or south-eastern end of his monster. If your monster, polypus-like, come alive again in the tail-part, you must fell that other head of him. Batteries, well in advance, begin work upon the new head of the monster, which was once his tail ; fresh troops, long lines of them, pushing forward to begin platoon-volleying :—time now, I should guess, about half-past two. Our infantry has not yet got within musket-range,—when torrents of Russian Horse, Foot too following, plunge-out ; wide-flowing, stormfully swift ; and dash against the coming attack. Dash against it ; stagger it ; actually tumble it back, in the centre part ; take one of the batteries, and a whole battalion prisoners. Here again is a moment ! Friedrich, they say, rushed personally into this vortex ; rallied these broken battalions, again rallied and led them up ; but it was to no purpose : they could not be made to stand, these centre battalions ; —‘ some sudden panic in them, a thing unaccountable,’ says Tempelhof ; ‘ they are Dohna’s people, who fought perfectly at Jägersdorf, and often elsewhere : enough, they fairly scour away, certain disgraceful battalions,

and are not got ranked again till below Wilkersdorf, above a mile off ; though the grass-devils, on both hands of them, stand grimly steady, left in this ominous manner.

What would have become of the affair one knows not, if it had not been that Seidlitz once more made his appearance. On Friedrich's order, or on his own, I do not know ; but sure it is, Seidlitz, with sixty-one squadrons, arriving from some distance, breaks-in like a *Deus ex machinâ*, swift as the storm-wind, upon this Russian Horse-torrent ; drives it again before him like a mere torrent of chaff, back, ever back, to the shore of Acheron and the Stygian quagmires (of the Mützel, namely) ; so that it did not return again ; and the Prussian Infantry had free field for their platoon exercise. Their rage against the Russians was extreme ; and that of the Russians corresponded. Three of these grass-devil battalions, who stood nearest to Dohna's runaways, were natives of this same burnt-out Zorndorf Country ; we may fancy the Platt-Teutsch hearts of them, and the sacred lightning, with a moisture to it, that was in their eyes. Platt-Teutsch platooning, bayonet-charging,—on such terms no Russian or mortal Quadrilateral can stand it. The Russian Minotaur goes all to shreds a second time ; but will not run. “ No quarter ! ”—“ Well, then, none ! ”

‘ Shortly after four o'clock,’ say my Accounts, ‘ the ‘ firing ’, regular firing, ‘ altogether ceased ; ammunition ‘ nearly spent, on both sides ; Prussians snatching cart-‘ ridge-boxes of Russian dead ’ ; and then began a tug of deadly massacring and wrestling man to man, ‘ with ‘ bayonets, with butts of muskets, with hands, even with

'teeth' (in some Russian instances), 'such as was never seen before.' The Russians, beaten to fragments, would not run: whither run? Behind is Mützel and the bog of Acheron;—on Mützel is no bridge left; 'the shore of Mützel is thick with men and horses, who have tried to cross, and lie there swallowed in the ooze'—'like a pavement', says Tielcke. The Russians,—never was such *vis inertiae* as theirs now. They stood like sacks of clay, like oxen already dead; not even if you shot a bullet through them, would they fall at once, says Archenholtz, but seemed to be deliberate about it.

Complete disorder reigned on both sides; except that the Prussians could always form again when bidden, the Russians not. This lasted till nightfall,—Russians getting themselves shoved away on these horrid terms, and obstinate to take no other. Towards dark, there appeared, on a distant knoll, something like a ranked body of them again,—some 2,000 foot and half as many horse; whom Thémicoud (superlative Swiss Cossack, usually written Demikof or Demikow) had picked-up, and persuaded from the shore of Acheron, back to this knoll of vantage, and some cannon with them. Friedrich orders these to be dispersed again: General Forcade, with two battalions, taking the front of them, shall attack there; you, General Rauter, bring-up those Dohna fellows again, and take them in flank. Forcade pushes on, Rauter too,—but at the first taste of cannon-shot, these poor Dohna-people (such their now flurried, disgraced state of mind) take to flight again, worse than before; rush quite through Wilkersdorf this time, into the woods, and can hardly be got together at all. Scan-

dalous to think of. No wonder Friedrich 'looked always 'askance on those regiments that had been beaten at 'Gross Jägersdorf, and to the end of his life gave them 'proofs of it': very natural, if the rest were like these!

Forcade, left to himself, kept cannonading Thémicoud; Thémicoud responding, would not go; stood on his knoll of vantage, but gathered no strength: "Let him stand", said Friedrich, after some time; and Thémicoud melted in the shades of night. Feldmarschall Fermor is now got to his people again, or his people to him; reunited in place and luck: such a chaos as Fermor never saw before or after. No regiment or battalion now is; mere simmering monads, this fine Army; officers doing their utmost to cobble it into something of rank, without regard to regiments or qualities. Darkness seldom sank on such a scene.

[By the next day Fermor had withdrawn to the Drewitz Heath on the other side of Zabern Hollow, i. e. still further into the angle of the two rivers, the Hollow protecting his front. He was not seriously attacked; and on the day following, i. e. the third day of the encounter, the Russians marched round Frederick's west flank by Wilkersdorf, and retreated across his rear to the east. Their fortified magazine at Klein-Kamin, which Frederick had unaccountably left untouched, enabled them to check the pursuit, which was never vigorous. Frederick had based the whole operation on a contemptuous notion of the Russians as soldiers, and was now undeceived. Casualties: Russians, 21,500 out of more than 40,000; Prussians, 11,400, above a third of the force.]

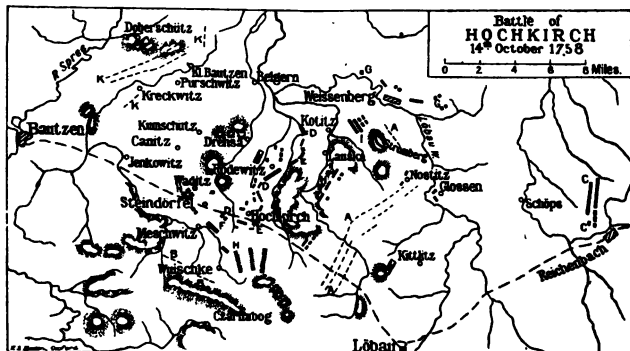
And this was, at last, the end of Zorndorf Battle; on the third day this. Was there ever seen such a fight of

Theseus and the Minotaur ! Theseus, rapid, dextrous, with Heaven's lightning in his eyes, seizing the Minotaur ; lassoing him by the hinder foot, then by the right horn ; pouring steel and destruction into him, the very dust darkening all the air. Minotaur refusing to die when killed ; tumbling to and fro upon its Theseus ; the two lugging and tugging, flinging one another about, and describing figures of 8 round each other for three days before it ended. Minotaur walking off on his own feet, after all. It was the bloodiest battle of the Seven-Years War ; one of the most furious ever fought ; such rage possessing the individual elements ; rage unusual in modern wars. Must have altered Friedrich's notion of the Russians, when he next comes to speak with Keith. It was not till the fourth day hence (August 31st), so unattackably strong was this position at Klein Kamin, that the Russian Minotaur would fairly get to its feet a second time, and slowly stagger off, in real earnest, Landsberg way and Königsberg way ;—Friedrich right glad to leave Dohna in attendance on it ; and hasten off (September 2d) towards Saxony and Prince Henri, where his presence is now become very needful.

6

The Campaign of 1758: Hochkirch

[DURING Frederick's absence in the New Mark in August, the Austrians, 90,000 strong, in conjunction with an imperial army of 50,000 men, invaded Saxony, where the King's brother, Prince Henry, was left in



charge with an army numbering not one-third of the enemy. At the same time an Austrian force of 20,000 men marched into Silesia, and laid siege to Neisse (garrison 10,000 strong). Prince Henry was in a critical situation to the south of Dresden, when Frederick, after dealing with the Russians at Zorndorf, marched to his relief. Frederick having arrived (September 9), a deadlock ensued between the four armies in the field. Daun took up an impregnable position at Stolpen, to the east of Dresden, with his magazines at Zittau, and his cavalry barring the road from Dresden to Bautzen, which was

the road at once to Zittau and to Silesia. The imperial army lay at Struppen in the Pirna country and in touch with Daun's left. Prince Henry between the imperialists and Dresden; Frederick between Dresden and Daun.

At length on October 1 Frederick brushed past the Austrian right flank, and occupied Bautzen and Weissenberg. Then Daun, to cover his magazine at Zittau, moved eastward, and entrenched on the ridge of the hills north and south of Kittlitz. On Tuesday, October 10, Frederick encamped on the high ground running parallel to Daun on the west and separated from him by the dell of a small brook, which empties further north into Löbau Water; the two battle-fronts very close to each other. Frederick's extreme southern or right flank lay at Hochkirch, where four battalions of infantry were placed at right angles to the front, facing south. Hochkirch, on a tableland at the top of its hill, is bounded to the south by woody heights, which shut the view, and on the first or lowest of these heights a battery of twenty guns was stationed 'to play into the woods, should they give birth to anything'. Northward the Prussian line stretched four miles to Kotitz; then a gap divided it from 12,000 men under Retzow at Weissenberg. The Austrian right wing lay obliquely looking into Kotitz and imperilling the junction of Retzow with the main Prussian army. Nine miles to the east, by Reichenbach, a force of 25,000 Austrians under the Prince of Baden-Durlach were watching Retzow, and barring the Silesian road. Frederick's position was precarious in two respects: (a) he was outnumbered by more than two to one, Prussians 40,000, Austrians 90,000; (b) he could not know what was going on in the hills on the south. In fact, Loudon with an Austrian force lay at Wuischke, due south of Hochkirch, threatening his flank and rear. Had Retzow, according to orders, occupied the Stromberg (behind Daun's right wing) all would have been safe, but he had

failed to do so, and the Austrians had it. The King's adjutant refused to mark out a camp in such a place, and was arrested for disobedience. Keith expostulated bluntly, but in vain.]

Friedrich's obstinate rashness, this Tuesday Evening, has not wanted its abundant meed of blame,—rendered so emphatic by what befell on Saturday morning next. His somewhat too authoritative fixity ; a certain radiancy of self-confidence, dangerous to a man ; his sovereign contempt of Daun, as an inert dark mass, who durst undertake nothing : all this is undeniable, and worth our recognition in estimating Friedrich. One considerably extenuating circumstance does at last turn up,—in the shape of a new piece of blame to the erring Friedrich ; his sudden anger, namely, against the meritorious General Retzow ; his putting Retzow under arrest that Tuesday Evening : “ How, General Retzow ? You have *not* taken hold of the Stromberg for me ! ” And on studying the ground you will find that the Stromberg, a blunt tabular Hill, of good height, detached, and towering well up over all that region, might have rendered Friedrich's position perfectly safe. Retzow's arrest, Retzow being a steady favourite of Friedrich's, was only of a few hours : “ pardonable that oversight ”, thinks Friedrich, though it came to cost him dear. For the rest, I find, Friedrich's keeping of this Camp, without the Stromberg, was intended to end, the third day hence : “ Saturday 14th, then, since Friday proves impossible ! ” Friedrich had settled. And it did end Saturday 14th, though at an earlier *hour*, and with other results than had been expected. Keith said, “ The

Austrians deserve to be hanged if they don't attack us here." "We must hope they are more afraid of us than even of the gallows," answered Friedrich.

Daun's Plan of Battle

Friedrich, for some time,—probably ever since Wednesday morning, when he found the Stromberg was not to be his,—had decided to be out of this bad post. In which, clearly enough, nothing was to be done, unless Daun would attempt something else than more and more intrenching and palisading himself. Friedrich on the second day (Thursday 12th) rode across to Weissenberg, to give Retzow his directions, and take view of the ground: "Saturday night, Herr Retzow, sooner it cannot be" (Friedrich had aimed at Friday night, but finds the Provision-convoy cannot possibly be up); "Saturday night, in all silence, we sweep round out of this,—we and you;—hurl Baden-Durlach about his business; and are at Schöps and Reichenbach, and the Silesian Highway open, next morning, to us!" Quietly everything is speeding on towards this consummation, on Friedrich's part. But on Daun's part there is,—started, I should guess, on the very same Thursday,—another consummation getting ready, which is to fall-out on Saturday *morning*, fifteen hours before that other, and entirely supersede that other!—

Keith's opinion, that the Austrians deserve to be hanged if they don't attack us here, is also Loudon's opinion, and indeed everybody's,—and at length Daun's own; who determines to try something here, if never before or after. His plan, all judges admit, was elaborate

and good ; and was well-executed too,—Daun himself presiding over the most critical part of the execution. A plan to have ruined almost any Army, except this Prussian one and the Captain it chanced to have. A universal camisado, or surprisal of Friedrich in his Camp, before daylight : everybody knows that it took effect (Hochkirch, Saturday 14th October 1758, 5 A.M. of a misty morning).

Daun's plan is very elaborate, and includes a great many combinations ; all his 90,000 to come into it, simultaneously or in succession. But the first and grandly vital part, mainspring and father to all the rest, is this : That Daun, in person, after nightfall of Friday, shall, with the pick of his force, say 30,000 horse and foot, with all their artilleries and tools, silently quit his now position in front of Hochkirch, Friedrich's right wing. Shall sweep off, silently to southward and leftward, by Wuischke ; thence westward and northward, through the shaggy hollows and thick woods there, hitherto inhabited by Croats only, and unknown to the Prussians : forward, ever forward, through the night-watches that way ; till he has fairly got to the flank of Hochkirch and Friedrich : Daun to be standing there, all round from the southern environs of Hochkirch, westward through the woods, by Meschwitz, Steindörfel, and even north to Waditz (if readers will consult their Map), silently enclosing Friedrich, as in the bag of a net, in this manner ; —ready every man and gun by about four on Saturday morning. Are to wait for the stroke of five in Hochkirch steeple ; and there and then to begin business,—there first ; but, on success *there*, the whole 90,000 everywhere,

—and to draw the strings on Friedrich, and bag and strangle his astonished people and him.

The difficulty has been to keep it perfectly secret from so vigilant a man as Friedrich : but Daun has completely succeeded. Perhaps Friedrich's eyes have been a little dimmed by contempt of Daun : Daun, for the last two days especially, has been more diligent than ever to palisade himself on every point ; nothing, seemingly, on hand but felling woods, building abatis, against some dangerous Lion's-spring. They say also, he detected a traitor in his Camp ; traitor carrying Letters to Friedrich under pretence of fresh eggs,—one of the eggs blown, and a Note of Daun's Procedures substituted as yolk. " You are dead, sirrah," said Daun ; " hoisted " to the highest gallows : Are not you ? But put-in " a Note of my dictating, and your beggarly life is " saved." Retzow Junior, though there is no evidence except of the circumstantial kind, thinks this current story may be true. Certain it is, neither Friedrich nor any of his people had the least suspicion of Daun's project, till the moment it exploded on them, when the clock at Hochkirch struck five. Daun, in the last two days, had been felling even more trees than they are aware of,—thousands of trees in those Devil's wildernesses to Friedrich's right ; and has secretly hewn himself roads, passable by night for men and ammunition-wagons there :—and in front of Friedrich, especially Hochkirch way, Daun seems busier than ever felling wood, this Friday night ; numbers of people running about with axes, with lanterns over there, as if in the push of hurry, and making a great deal of noise. " Intending retreat

for Zittau tomorrow!" thinks Friedrich, as the false egg-yolk had taught him; or merely, "That poor precautionary fellow!" supposing the false yolk a myth. In short, Daun has got through his nocturnal wildernesses with perfect success. And stands, dreamt-of by no enemy, in the places appointed for his 30,000 and him; and that poor old clock of Hochkirch, unweariedly grunting forward to the stroke of five, will strike-up something it is little expecting!

The Battle : Saturday, October 14, 1758

[At five in the morning, according to plan, the Austrians rushed in on Hochkirch in the dark, completely surprising it. After fighting furiously for two hours the Prussians lost the southward battery and the village; and Keith, in command here, was killed; but the menace on the Prussian rear was fended off by Ziethen and the cavalry. Hearing of the loss of Hochkirch and of Keith's death the King himself hurried to the fight.]

Friedrich himself, by this time, is forward in the thick of the tumult, with another body of battalions; storming furiously along, has his horse shot under him; storms through, 'successfully, by the other side of Hochkirch' (Hochkirch to his left):—but finds, as the mist gradually sinks, a ring of Austrians massed ahead, on the Heights; as far as Steindörfel and farther, a general continent of Austrians enclosing all the south and south-west; and, in fact, that here is now nothing to be done. That the question of his flank is settled; that the question now is of his front, which the appointed Austrian parties are now upon attacking. Question especially of the Heights of Drehsa, and of the Pass and Brook of

Drehlsa (rearward of his centre part), where his one retreat will lie, Steindörfel being now lost. Part first of the Affair is ended ; Part second of it begins.

Rapidly enough Friedrich takes his new measures. Seizes Drehsa Height, which will now be key of the field ; dispatches Möllendorf thither (Möllendorf our courageous Leuthen friend) ; who vigorously bestirs himself ; gets hold of Drehsa Height before the enemy can ; Ziethen coöperating on the Heights of Kumschütz, Canitz and other points of vantage. And thus, in effect, Friedrich pulls-up his torn right skirt (as he is doing all his other skirts) into new compact front against the Austrians : so that, in that south-western part especially, the Austrians do not try it farther ; but ' retire at full gallop ', on sight of this swift seizure of the Keys by Möllendorf and Ziethen. Friedrich also dispatches instant order to Retzow, to join him at his speediest. Friedrich everywhere rearranges himself, hither, thither, with skilful rapidity, in new Line of Battle ; still hopeful to dispute what is left of the field ;—longing much that Retzow could come on wings.

By this time (towards eight, if I might guess) Day has got the upper hand ; the Daun Austrians stand visible on their Ring of Heights all round, behind Hochkirch and our late Battery, on to westward and northward, as far as Steindörfel and Waditz ;—extremely busy rearranging themselves into something of line ; there being much confusion, much simmering about in clumps and gaps, after such a tussle. In front of us, to eastward, the appointed Austrian parties are proceeding to attack :

but in daylight, and with our eyes open, it is a thing of difficulty, and does not prosper as Hochkirch did. Duke D'Ahremberg, on their extreme right, had in charge to burst-in upon our left, so soon as he saw Hochkirch done: D'Ahremberg does try; as do others in their places, near Daun; but with comparatively little success. D'Ahremberg, meeting something of check or hindrance where he tried, pauses, for a good while, till he see how others prosper. Their grand chance is their superiority of number; and the fact that Friedrich can try nothing upon *them*, but must stand painfully on the defensive till Retzow come. To Friedrich, Retzow seems hugely slow about it. But the truth is, Baden-Durlach, with his 20,000 of Reserve, has, as per order, made attack on Retzow, 20,000 against 12: one of the feeblest attacks conceivable; but sufficient to detain Retzow till he get it repulsed. Retzow is diligent as Time, and will be here.

Meanwhile, the Austrians in front do, in a sporadic way, attack and again attack our batteries and posts; especially that big Battery of Thirty Guns, which we have to north of Rodewitz. The Austrians do take that Battery at last; and are beginning again to be dangerous,—the rather as D'Ahremberg seems again to be thinking of business. It is high time Retzow were here! Few sights could be gladder to Friedrich, than the first glitter of Retzow's vanguard,—horse, under Prince Eugen of Würtemberg,—beautifully wending down from Weissenberg yonder; skilfully posting themselves, at Belgern and elsewhere, as thorns in the sides of D'Ahremberg (sharp enough, on trial by D'Ahremberg). Followed,

before long, by Retzow himself ; serenely crossing Löbau Water ; and, with great celerity, and the best of skill, likewise posting himself,—hopelessly to D'Ahremberg, who tries nothing farther. The sun is now shining ; it is now ten of the day. Had Retzow come an hour sooner ;—before we lost that big Battery and other things ! But he could come no sooner ; be thankful he is here at last, in such an overawing manner.

Friedrich, judging that nothing now can be made of the affair, orders retreat. Retreat, which had been getting schemed, I suppose, and planned in the gloom of the royal mind, ever since loss of that big Battery at Rodewitz. Little to occupy him, in this interim ; except indignant waiting, rigorously steady, and some languid interchange of cannon-shot between the parties. Retreat is to Klein-Bautzen neighbourhood (new head-quarter Doberschütz, outposts Kreckwitz and Purschwitz) ; four miles or so to north-west. Rather a shifting of your ground, which astonishes the military reader ever since, than a retreating such as the common run of us expected. Done in the usual masterly manner ; part after part wending off, Retzow standing minatory here, Möllendorf minatory there, in the softest quasi-rhythmic sequence ; Cavalry all drawn-out between Belgern and Kreckwitz, baggage-wagons filing through the Pass of Drehsa ;—not an Austrian meddling with it, less or more ; Daun and his Austrians standing in their ring of five miles, gazing into it like stone statues ; their regiments being still in a confused state,—and their Daun an extremely slow gentleman.

And in this manner Friedrich, like a careless swimmer

caught in the Mahlstrom, has not got swallowed in it ; but has made such a buffeting of it, he is here out of it again, without bone broken,—not, we hope, without instruction from the adventure. He has lost 101 pieces of cannon, most of his tents and camp-furniture ; and, what is more irreparable, above 8,000 of his brave people, 5,381 of them and 119 Officers (Keith and Moritz for two) either dead or captive. In men the Austrian loss, it seems, is not much lower, some say is rather a shade higher ; by their own account, 325 Officers, 5,614 rank and file, killed and wounded,—not reckoning 1,000 prisoners they lost to us, and ‘ at least 2,000 ’ who took that chance of deserting in the intricate dark woods.

Friedrich, all say, took his punishment in a wonderfully cheerful manner. De Catt the Reader, entering to him that evening as usual, the King advanced, in a tragic declamatory attitude ; and gave him, with proper voice and gesture, an appropriate passage of Racine :

*“ Enfin après un an, tu me revois, Arbate,
Non plus comme autrefois cet heureux Mithridate,
Qui, de Rome toujours balançant le destin,
Tenait entre elle et moi l’univers incertain.
Je suis vaincu ; Pompée a saisi l’avantage
D’une nuit qui laissait peu de place au courage ;
Mes soldats presque nus, dans ” — * **

During the retreat itself, Retzow Junior had come, as Papa’s Aide-de-Camp, with a message to the King ; found him on the heights of Klein-Bautzen, watching the movements. Message done with, the King said, in a smiling tone, “ Daun has played me a slippery trick

"to-day!" "I have seen it," answered Retzow; "but it is only a scratch, which your Majesty will soon manage to heal again."—"Glaubt Er dies, Do you think so?" "Not only I but the whole Army firmly believe it of your Majesty."—"You are quite right," added the King, in a confidentially candid way: "We will manage Daun. What I lament is, the number of brave men that have died this morning." On the morrow, he was heard to say publicly: "Daun has let us out of check-mate; the game is not lost yet. We will rest ourselves here, a few days; then go for Silesia, and deliver Neisse."

[October 22 Frederick began his march from Klein-Bautzen; and marched round Daun by Görlitz into Silesia, where the Austrian forces instantly vanished at the wind of his coming (siege of Neisse raised November 6). In his absence the Imperialists, in conjunction with Daun, undertook a futile attack on Dresden, in the course of which the Prussian garrison burnt down the fine suburb to the south of the city as a measure of defence. November 15, Frederick being again at hand by swift marches from Silesia, the two enemy armies retired before him, and evacuated Saxony altogether.]

x

The Issue of the Campaign

And Campaign Third has closed in this manner;—leaving things much as it found them. Essentially a drawn match; Contending Parties little altered in relative strength;—both of them, it may be presumed, considerably weaker. Friedrich is not triumphant, or shining in the light of bonfires, as last Year; but, in the mind of judges, stands higher than ever (if that could

help him much);—and is not “annihilated” in the least, which is the surprising circumstance.

Friedrich’s marches, especially, have been wonderful, this Year. In the spring time, old Maréchal de Belleisle, French Minister of War, consulting officially about future operations, heard it objected once: “But if the King of Prussia were to burst-in upon us there?” “The “King of Prussia is a great soldier,” answered M. de Belleisle; “but his Army is not a shuttle (*navette*)”,— to be shot about, in that way, from side to side of the world! No surely; not altogether. But the King of Prussia has, among other arts, an art of marching Armies, which by degrees astonishes the old Maréchal. To ‘come upon us *en navette*’, suddenly ‘like a shuttle’ from the other side of the web, became an established phrase among the French concerned in these unfortunate matters.

Death of Wilhelmina

Nothing immoderately depressive in Hochkirch, it appears;—though, alas, on the fourth day after, there came a message from Baireuth; which did strike one down: “My noble Wilhelmina dead; died in the very hours while we were fighting here!” Readers must conceive it: coming unexpected more or less, black as sudden universal hurricane, on the heart of the man; a sorrow sacred, yet immeasurable, irremediable to him; as if the sky too were falling on his head, in aid of the mean earth and its ravings:—of all this there can nothing be said at present. Friedrich’s one relief seems to have been the necessity laid on him of perpetual

battling with outward business ;—we may fancy, in the rapid weeks following, how much was lying at all times in the background of his mind suppressed into its caves.

Frederick to Lord Marischal Keith

Old Lord Marischal,—George, "*Maréchal d'Écosse*" as he always signs himself,—was by this time seventy-two ; King's Governor of Neuchâtel, for a good while past and to come (1754–1763). In "James", [the hero of Hochkirch] the junior, but much the stronger and more solid, he has lost, as it were, a *father* and younger brother at once ; father, under beautiful conditions ; and the tears of the old man are natural and affecting. Ten years older than his Brother ; and survived him still twenty years. An excellent cheery old soul, he too ; honest as the sunlight, with a fine small vein of gaiety, and 'pleasant wit', in him : what a treasure to Friedrich at Potsdam, in the coming years ; and how much loved by him (almost as one *boy* loves another), all readers would be surprised to discover.

From Dresden, November 23, 1758, Frederick writes :

' There is nothing left for us, *mon cher Mylord*, but to ' mingle and blend our weeping for the losses we have ' had. If my head were a fountain of tears, it would not ' suffice for the grief I feel.

' Our Campaign is over ; and there has nothing come ' of it, on one side or the other, but the loss of a great ' many worthy people, the misery of a great many poor ' soldiers crippled forever, the ruin of some Provinces, ' the ravage, pillage and conflagration of some flourishing ' Towns. Exploits these which make humanity shudder : ' sad fruits of the wickedness and ambition of certain

‘People in Power, who sacrifice everything to their unbridled passions ! I wish you, *mon cher Mylord*, nothing that has the least resemblance to my destiny ; and everything that is wanting to it.’ ‘Your old friend, till death.’—F.

7

*Preliminaries to the Fourth Campaign**The European Situation*

THE posting of the Five Armies this Winter,—Five of them in Germany, not counting the Russians, who have vanished to Cimmeria over the horizon, for their months of rest,—is something wonderful, and strikes the picturesque imagination. Such a Chain of Posts, for length, if for nothing else ! From the centre of Bohemia eastward, Daun’s Austrians are spread all round the western Silesian Border and the south-eastern Saxon ; waited-on by Prussians, in more or less proximity. Next are the Reichsfolk ; scattered over Thüringen and the Franconian Countries ; fronting partly into Hessen and Duke Ferdinand’s outskirts :—the main body of Duke Ferdinand is far to westward, in Münster Country, vigilant upon Contades, with the Rhine between. Contades and Soubise,—adjoining on the Reichsfolk are these Two French Armies : Soubise’s, some 25,000, in Frankfurt-Ems Country, between the Mayn and the Lahn, with its back to the Rhine ; then Contades, onward to Maes River and the Dutch Borders, with his face to the Rhine, —and Duke Ferdinand observant of him on the other side. That is the ‘*Cordon of Posts*’ or winter-quarters

this Year. 'From the Giant Mountains and the Metal Mountains, to the Ocean ;—to the mouth of Rhine', may we not say ; 'and back again to the Swiss Alps or 'springs of Rhine, that Upper-Rhine Country being all 'either French or Austrian, and a basis for Soubise ?' Not to speak of Ocean itself, and its winged War-Fleets, lonesomely hovering and patrolling ; or of the Americas and Indies beyond !

"Three Campaigns there have already been," sighs the peaceable observer : "Three Campaigns, surely furious enough ; Eleven Battles in them ;—must there still be others, then, to the misery of poor mankind ?" thus sigh many peaceful persons. Not considering what are, and have been, the rages, the iniquities, the loud and silent deliriums, the mad blindnesses and sins of mankind ; and what amount of *calcining* these may reasonably take. Not calcinable in three Campaigns at all, it would appear ! Four more Campaigns are needed : then there will be innocuous ashes in quantity ; and a result unexpected, and worth marking in World-History.

It is notably one of Friedrich's fond hopes,—of which ✓ he keeps up several, as bright cloud-hangings in the haggard inner world he now has,—that Peace is just at hand ; one right struggle more, and Peace must come ! And on the part of Britannic George and him, repeated attempts were made,—one in the end of this Year 1759 ; —but one and all of them proved futile. Many men, in all nations, long for Peace ; but there are Three Women at the top of the world who do not ; their wrath, various in quality, is great in quantity, and disasters do the reverse of appeasing it.

The French people, as is natural, are weary of a War which yields them mere losses and disgraces ; “ War carried on for Austrian whims, which likewise seem to be impracticable ! ” think they. And their Bernis himself, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who began this sad French-Austrian Adventure, has already been remonstrating with Kaunitz, and grumbling anxiously, “ Could not the Swedes, or somebody, be got to mediate ? Such a War is too ruinous ! ” Hearing which, the Pompadour is shocked at the favourite creature of her hands ; hastens to dismiss him (“ Be Cardinal, then, you ingrate of a Bernis ; disappear under that Red Hat ! ”)—and appoints, in his stead, one Choiseul, Duc de Choiseul ; who is a Lorrainer, or Semi-Austrian, by very birth ; and probably much fitter for the place. A swift, impetuous kind of man, this Choiseul, who is still rather young than otherwise ; plenty of proud spirit in him, of shifts, talent of the reckless sort ; who proved very notable in France for the next twenty years.

With Fortunatus Silhouette as purse-holder, with a fiery young Choiseul on this hand, and a fiery old Belleisle on that, Pompadour meditates great things this Year,—Invasions of England ; stronger German Armies ; better German Plans, and slashings home upon Hanover itself, or the vital point ;—and flatters herself, and her poor Louis, that there is on the anvil, for 1759, such a French Campaign as will perhaps astonish Pitt and another insolent King. Very fixed, fell and feminine is the Pompadour’s humour in this matter. Nor is the Czarina’s less so ; but more, if possible ; unappeasable except by death. Imperial Maria Theresa has masculine

reasons withal ; great hopes, too, of late. Of the War's ending till flat impossibility stop it, there is no likelihood.

A Change of Strategy

To Pitt this Campaign 1759, in spite of bad omens at the outset, proved altogether splendid : but greatly the reverse on Friedrich's side ; to whom it was the most disastrous and unfortunate he had yet made, or did ever make. Pitt at his zenith in public reputation ; Friedrich never so low before, nothing seemingly but extinction near ahead, when this Year ended. The truth is, apart from his specific pieces of ill-luck, there had now begun for Friedrich a new rule of procedure, which much altered his appearance in the world. Thrice over had he tried by the aggressive or invasive method ; thrice over made a plunge at the enemy's heart, hoping so to disarm or lame him ; but that, with resources spent to such a degree, is what he cannot do a fourth time ; he is too weak henceforth to think of that.

Prussia has always its King, and his unrivalled talent ; but that is pretty much the only fixed item. Prussia *versus* France, Austria, Russia, Sweden and the German Reich, what is it as a field of supplies for war ! Except its King, these are failing, year by year ; and at a rate fatally *swift* in comparison. Friedrich cannot now do Leuthens, Rossbachs ; far-shining feats of victory, which astonish all the world. His fine Prussian veterans have mostly perished ; and have been replaced by new levies and recruits ; who are inferior both in discipline and native quality ;—though they have still, people say,

a noteworthy taste of the old Prussian sort in them ; and do, in fact, fight well to the last. But ‘it is observable’, says Retzow somewhere, and indeed it follows from the nature of the case, ‘that while the Prussian Army presents always its best kind of soldiers at the beginning of a war, Austria, such are its resources in population, always improves in that particular, and its best troops appear in the last campaigns.’ In a word, Friedrich stands on the defensive henceforth ; disputing his ground inch by inch : and is reduced, more and more, to battle obscurely with a hydra-coil of enemies and impediments ; and to do heroisms which make no noise in the Gazettes. And, alas, which cannot figure in History either,—what is more a sorrow to me here !

Friedrich, say all judges of soldiership and human character who have studied Friedrich sufficiently, “is greater than ever”, in these four Years now coming. And this, I have found more and more to be a true thing ; verifiable and demonstrable in time and place,—though, unluckily for us, hardly in this time or this place at all ! A thing which cannot, by any method, be made manifest to the general reader ; who delights in shining summary feats, and is impatient of tedious preliminaries and investigations,—especially of *maps*, which are the indispensablest requisite of all. A thing, in short, that belongs peculiarly to soldier-students ; who can undergo the dull preliminaries, most dull but most inexorably needed ; and can follow out, with watchful intelligence, and with a patience not to be wearied, the multifarious topographies, details of movements and manœuvrings, year after year, on such a Theatre of War.

Frederick's Winter

Friedrich's Winter in Breslau was of secluded, silent, sombre character, this time ; nothing of stir in it but from work only : in marked contrast with the last, and its kindly visitors and gaieties. A Friedrich given-up to his manifold businesses, to his silent sorrows. 'I have passed my winter like a Carthusian monk,' he writes to D'Argens : 'I dine alone ; I spend my life in reading and writing ; and I do not sup. When one is sad, it becomes at last too burdensome to hide one's grief continually ; and it is better to give way to it by oneself, than to carry one's gloom into society.' Nothing solaces me but the vigorous application required in steady and continuous labour. This distraction does force one to put away painful ideas, while it lasts : but, alas, no sooner is the work done, than these fatal companions present themselves again, as if livelier than ever. Maupertuis was right : the sum of evil does certainly surpass that of good :—but to me it is all one ; I have almost nothing more to lose ; and my few remaining days, what matters it much of what complexion they be ?

The loss of his Wilhelmina, had there been no other grief, has darkened all his life to Friedrich. Readers are not prepared for the details of grief we could give, and the settled gloom of mind they indicate. A loss irreparable and immeasurable ; the light of life, the one loved heart that loved him, gone. His passionate appeals to Voltaire to celebrate for him in verse his lost treasure, and at least make her virtues immortal, are perhaps

known to readers: alas, this is a very feeble kind of immortality, and Friedrich too well feels it such. All Winter he dwells internally on the sad matter, though soon falling silent on it to others.

The War is ever more dark and dismal to him; a wear-²ing, harassing, nearly disgusting task; on which, however, depends life or death. This Year, he 'expects to have 300,000 enemies upon him'; and 'is, with his utmost effort, getting-up 150,000 to set against them'. Of business, in its many kinds, there can be no lack! In the intervals he also wrote considerably: one of his Pieces is a *Sermon on The last Judgment*; handed to Reader De Catt, one evening:—to De Catt's surprise, and to ours; the Voiceless in a dark Friedrich trying to give itself some voice in this way! Another Piece, altogether practical, and done with excellent insight, brevity, modesty, is *On Tactics*;—properly it might be called, 'Serious very Private Thoughts,' thrown on paper, and communicated only to two or three, 'On the 'new kind of Tactics necessary with those Austrians and 'their Allies', who are in such overwhelming strength. 'To whose continual sluggishness, and strange want of 'concert, to whose incoherency of movements, languor 'of execution, and other enormous faults, we have 'owed, with some excuse for our own faults, our escaping 'of destruction hitherto.'

Finance

Finance is naturally a heavy part of Friedrich's Problem. In Friedrich's Country, the War Budget does not differ from the Peace one. Neither is any borrowing possible; that sublime Art, of rolling-over on you know not whom

the expenditure, needful or needless, of your heavy-laden self, had not yet,—though England is busy at it,—been invented among Nations. Once, or perhaps twice, from the *Stände* of some willing Province, Friedrich negotiated some small Loan; which was punctually repaid when Peace came, and was always gratefully remembered. An ingenious Predecessor, whom I sometimes quote, has expressed himself in these words :

‘Such modicum of Subsidy’ (he is speaking of the English Subsidy in 1758), ‘how useful will it prove in
 ‘a Country bred everywhere to Spartan thrift, accustomed to regard waste as sin, and which will lay-out
 ‘no penny except to purpose! I guess the Prussian
 ‘Exchequer is, by this time, much on the ebb; idle
 ‘precious metals tending everywhere towards the melting-pot. At what precise date the Friedrich-Wilhelm
 ‘balustrades, and enormous silver furnitures, were first
 ‘gone into, Dryasdust has not informed me: but we
 ‘know they all went; as they well might. To me
 ‘nothing is so wonderful as Friedrich’s Budget during
 ‘this War. Expenditure on this side, work done on that:
 ‘human nature, especially British human nature, refuses
 ‘to conceive it. Never in this world, before or since,
 ‘was the like. The Friedrich miracles in War are great;
 ✓ ‘but those in Finance are almost greater.’

‘The Hoarded Prussian Moneys, or “*Treasures*”,’ which are rigidly saved in Peace years, for incidence of War, ‘being nearly run-out, there had come the English Subsidy: this, with Saxony, and the Home revenues
 ‘and remnants of *Schatz*, had sufficed for 1758; but
 ‘will no longer suffice. Next to Saxony, the English

'Subsidy (670,000*l.* due the second time this year) was always Friedrich's principal resource : and in the latter years of the War, I observe, it was nearly twice the amount of what all his Prussian Countries together, in their ravaged and worn-out state, could yield him. In and after 1759, besides Home Income, which is gradually diminishing, and English Subsidy, which is a steady quantity, Friedrich's sources of revenue are mainly Two :

'*First*, there is that of wringing money from your Enemies, from those that have deserved ill of you,—such of them as you can come at. Enemies, open or secret, even Ill-wishers, we are not particular, provided only they lie within arm's-length. Under this head fall principally three Countries : Saxony, Mecklenburg (or the main part of it, Mecklenburg-*Schwerin*), and Anhalt ; from these three there is a continual forced supply of money and furnishings. Their demerits to Friedrich differ much in intensity ; nor is his wringing of them,—which in the cases of Mecklenburg and Saxony increases year by year to the nearly intolerable pitch,—quite in the simple ratio of their demerits ; but in a compound ratio of that and of his indignation and of his wants.'

'Resource *Second* is strangest of all ;—and has given rise to criticism enough ! It is no other than that of issuing base money ; mixing your gold and silver coin with copper,—this, one grieves to say, is the Second and extreme resource. "A rude method,—would we had a better,—of suspending Cash-payments, and paying by bank-notes instead !" thinks Friedrich, I suppose. Friedrich poured-out over all Germany, in all manner of kinds, huge quantities of bad Coin. This, so long as it would last, is more and more a copious fountain of supply. This, for the first time, has had to appear as an item in War-Budget 1759 : and it fails in no following, but expands more and more. It was done through Ephraim, the not lovely Berlin Jew. "Go, and do it ;

'our Mint-Officers sharply watching you; Go, ye unlovely!" And Ephraim and Company are making a great deal of money by the unlovely job. Ephraim is the pair of tongs; the hand, and the unlovely job, are a royal man's. Alas, yes. And none of us knows better than King Friedrich, perhaps few of us as well, how little lovely a job it was; how shockingly *unkingly* it was. In fact, these are all unkingly practices; and the English Subsidy itself is distasteful to a proud Friedrich: but what, in those circumstances, can any Friedrich do?

'The first coinages of Ephraim had, it seems, in them about 3-7ths of copper; something less than the half, and more than the third',—your gold sovereign grown to be worth 28s. 6d. 'But yearly it grew worse; and in 1762' (English Subsidy having failed) 'matters had got inverted; and there was three times as much copper as silver. Commerce, as was natural, went rocking and tossing, as on a sea under earthquakes; but there was always ready-money among Friedrich's soldiers, as among no other: nor did the common people, or retail purchasers, suffer by it. "Hah, an Ephraimite!" they would say, grinning not ill-humouredly, at sight of one of these pieces.

'By this time, whatever of money, from any source, can be scraped together in Friedrich's world, flows wholly into the Army-Chest, as the real citadel of life. In these latter years of the War, beginning, I could guess, from 1759, all Civil expenditures, and wages of Officials, cease to be paid in money; nobody of that kind sees the colour even of bad coin; but is paid only in "Paper Assignments", in Promises to Pay "after the Peace". These Paper Documents made no pretence to the rank of Currency: such holders of them as had money, or friends, and could wait, got punctual payment when the term did arrive; but those that could not, suffered greatly; having to negotiate their debentures

‘on ruinous terms,—sometimes at an expense of three-fourths.—I will add Friedrich’s practical Schedule of Amounts from all these various Sources; and what Friedrich’s own view of the Sources was, when he could survey them from the safe distance.

‘*Schedule of Amounts*’ (say for 1761). ‘To make-up the Twenty-five Million thalers, necessary for the Army, there are :

‘From our Prussian Countries, ruined,	<i>Thalers.</i>
‘harried as they have been, . . .	4 millions only.
‘From Saxony and the other Wringings,	7 millions.
‘English Subsidy (4 of good gold; be-	
‘coppered into double), . . .	8 „
‘From Ephraim and his Farm of the	
‘Mint (<i>Münz-Patent</i>), . . .	7 „

‘In sum Twenty-six Millions; leaving you one Million of margin,—and always a plenty of cash in hand for incidental sundries.

‘Friedrich’s own view of these sad matters, as he closes his *History of the Seven-Years War*’ (at ‘Berlin, 17th December 1763’), ‘is in these words: “May Heaven grant,—if Heaven deign to look down on the paltry concerns of men,—that the unalterable and flourishing destiny of this Country preserve the Sovereigns who shall govern it from the scourges and calamities which Prussia has suffered in these times of trouble and subversion; that they may never again be forced to recur to the violent and fatal remedies which we (*l’on*) have been obliged to employ in maintenance of the State against the ambitious hatred of the Sovereigns of Europe, who wished to annihilate the House of Brandenburg, and exterminate from the world whatever bore the Prussian name!”’

The Prussian Crimps

[Frederick could draw for recruits on a population of five millions; the enemy states on ninety millions. The Prussian need was supplied to some extent by decoying men from abroad.]

‘The whole German Reich was deluged with secret Prussian Enlisters. The greater part of these were not actual Officers at all, but hungry Adventurers, who allowed themselves every imaginable art to pick-up men. Head and centre of them was the Prussian Colonel Colignon, a man formed by nature for this business. In winter-time he travelled about in all manner of costumes and characters, persuading hundreds of people into the Prussian service. He not only promised Commissions, but gave such,—nominating loose young fellows (*Laffen*), students, merchants’ clerks and the like, to Lieutenancies and Captaincies in the Prussian Army (about as likely as in the Seraphim and Cherubim, had they known it): ‘in the Infantry, in the Cuirassiers, in the Hussars,—it is all one, you have only to choose. They hastened to Magdeburg with their Commissions; where they were received as common recruits, and put by force into the regiments suitable. By this and other methods Colignon and his helpers are reckoned to have raised for the King, in the course of this War, about 60,000 recruits.’

8

Kunersdorf

[FROM 1759 onwards Frederick has no longer the means of an offensive strategy. He has lost the pick of his army, and with them the most trusted of his captains—Schwerin, Winterfeld, Keith, Maurice of Dessau. Prussia has become a beleaguered fortress. It was almost midsummer,

however, before Daun in Bohemia awoke to the fact that the initiative was left to him, and even then he refused it. For three months (April, May, June) Frederick lay in the pass of Landshut manœuvring against his adversary up and down the Silesian border.]

Horse Artillery

Perhaps the only point now noticeable in this tedious Landshut interim is: That in the King's little inroad down to Trautenau, just mentioned, four cannon drawn by horses were part of the King's fighting gear,—the first appearance of Horse Artillery in the world. 'A very 'great invention,' says the military mind: 'guns and 'carriages are light, and made of the best material for 'strength; the gunners all mounted as postillions to 'them. Can scour along, over hill and dale, wherever 'horse can; and burst out, on the sudden, where nobody 'was expecting artillery. Devised in 1758; ready this 'Year, four light six-pounders; tried first in the King's 'raid down to Trautenau' (June 29th-30th). Only four 'pieces as yet. But these did so well, there were yearly 'more. Imitated by the Austrians, and gradually by all 'the world.'

[In the beginning of July both armies sat down in Lusatia, Daun in a strong position at Mark Lissa, near Görlitz, Frederick at Schmöttseifen to the east of him. At the same time Prince Henry moved from Saxony to Bautzen to watch the detached Austrian forces, and for six weeks Saxony was left with no army in the field to face the invasion of the imperialists from the west and south-west. The issue of the campaign seemed to hang on the Russians, now slowly advancing towards Brandenburg from Poland under a new commander, Marshal Soltikof.

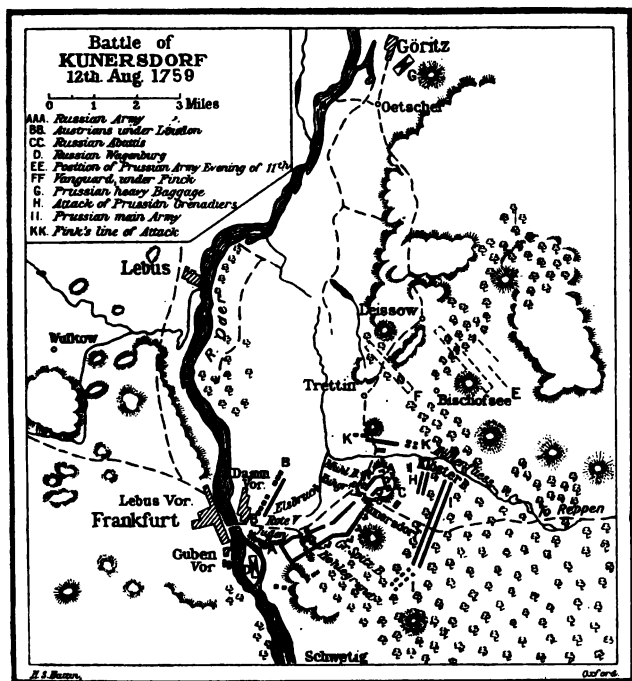
In the beginning of June Frederick had sent some 30,000 troops under Dohna into Poland in order to scotch the Russians at the start ; but Dohna handled his army stupidly, and was forced back westwards from Posen to Kay (by Züllichau), some thirty miles from Crossen on the Oder. Here the command was assumed by Wedell, who came from the King with dictatorial power over the army, and an order to attack the Russians at once. He attacked on July 23, and was decisively beaten with a loss of 8,000 men in killed and wounded. The Russians were already in Brandenburg, and nothing formidable now lay between them and Berlin. Leaving Henry in Lusatia to deal with Daun, Frederick marched by 'cruel and terrible marches' to unite with Wedell in the north, and to intercept an Austrian detachment under Loudon, who was on his way to reinforce Soltikof. Loudon evaded his pursuer, however, and joined the Russians at Frankfurt with nearly 20,000 men.

Frederick arrived in the neighbourhood of Frankfurt on August 7, and collected an army 50,000 strong. He found the Austrians and Russians 90,000 in number, posted east of the Oder, i. e. on the other side of it from the town. After quiet preparations he crossed from the western to the eastern bank of the river at Reitwein, some fifteen miles down stream from Frankfurt, on the night of the 10th, and marched until noon of the 11th to Leissow and Bischofsee, hamlets about two miles north of Kunersdorf. Here he rested and bivouacked. His vanguard of 12,000 men under Finck was a short way ahead.]

The Kunersdorf Position

'Frankfurt, a very ancient Town, not a very beautiful, 'stands on an alluvium which has been ground-down 'from certain clay Hills on the left bank of Oder. Oder 'is of swift current, of turbid colour, as it rolls under 'Frankfurt Bridge, River treeless, desolate, as you look

'up and down; is given to be erratic, and destructive
 'on the eastern low grounds,—had not the Frank-
 'furters built an "Oder-Dam" on that side; a broad
 'strong Earth-mound, running for many miles, and con-



'fining its floods. Oder, in primeval and in recent time,
 'has gone along, many-streamed; indenting, quarrying,
 'leaving lakelets, quagmires, miscellaneous sandy tumult,
 'at a great rate, on that eastern shore. Making of it one
 'of the unloveliest scenes of chaotic desolation anywhere
 'to be met with.

‘What we call the Heights of Kunersdorf is a broad Chain of Knolls; coming out, at right-angles, or as a kind of spur, from the eastern high grounds; direct towards Oder and Frankfurt. Mill-Hill (*Mühlberg*) is the root or easternmost part of this spur. From the *Mühlberg*, over Kunersdorf, to Oder-Dam, which is the whole length of the spur, or Chain of Knolls, will be little short of four miles; the breadth of the Chain is nowhere one mile,—which is its grand defect as a Camp: “too narrow for manœuvring in.” Here, atop and on the three sides of this Block of Knolls, was fought the furious Battle of Kunersdorf, one of the most furious ever known.

‘To all appearance, it was once some big Island or chain of Islands in the Oder deluges: it is still cut with sudden hollows,—*Kuhgrund* (Cow-Hollow), *Tiefer Weg* (Deep Way), and westernmost of all, and most important for us here, *Hohler Grund* (Big Hollow, let us call it; “*Loudon’s Hollow*” people subsequently called it);—and is everywhere strangely tumbled-up into knolls blunt or sharp, the work of primeval Oder in his rages. In its highest knolls,—of which let readers note specially the Spitzberg, the *Mühlberg*, the Judenberg,—it rises nowhere to 150 feet; perhaps the general height of it may be about 100. On each side of it, especially on the north, the Country is of most intricate character: bushy, scraggy, with brooklets or muddy ooziings wandering about, especially with a thing called the *Hünerfliess* (Hen-Floss), which springs in the eastern woods, and has inconceivable difficulty to get into Oder,—if it get at all! Hen-Floss struggles, painfully meandering and oozing, along the northern side (sometimes close, sometimes not) of our Chain of Knolls: along the south side of it goes the Highway to Reppen. A most intricate unlovely Country. Withered bent-grasses, heath, perhaps gorse, and on both sides a great deal of straggling Forest-wood, reaching eastward, and especially southward, for many miles.’

The Russian-Austrian Army quits Frankfurt, leaving only some hundreds of garrison : Loudon moves across, Soltikof across ; to the Oder-Dam and farther ; and lie, powerfully intrenched, on those Kunersdorf Heights, and sandy Moorlands, which go eastward at right-angles to Oder-Dam. One of the strongest Camps imaginable. All round there, to beyond Kunersdorf and back again, near three miles each way, they have a ring of redoubts, and artillery without end. And lie there, in order of battle, or nearly so ; ready for Friedrich, when he shall attack, through Frankfurt or otherwise. They face to the North ; to their rear, and indeed to their front, only not so close, are woods and intricate wilds. Loudon has the left flank ; that is to say, Loudon's left-hand is towards the Oder-Dam and Frankfurt ; he lies at the *Rote Vorwerk* (" Red Grange ", a Farmstead much mentioned just now) ; rather to north-westward of the Jew Hill and Jew Churchyard (*Judenberg* and *Judenkirchof*, likewise much mentioned) ; and in advance of the general Mass. Soltikof's headquarter, I rather understand, is on the right wing ; probably in Kunersdorf itself, or beyond that Village ; there, at least, our highly important Russian right wing is ; there, elaborately fortified ; and, half a mile farther, ends,—on the edge of steep dells ; the Russian brink of which is strongly fringed with cannon, while beyond, on the farther brink, they have built an abatis ; so making assurance doubly sure.

[The ground on which the enemy were posted was not known to Frederick himself, and he relied on information given him by a peasant and a certain Major Linden, an officer in his army. These men misled him, especially

in two points: (a) they told him that an impassable morass separated Loudon at the Red Grange (*Rote Vorwerk*) on the extreme left, close to the Oder, from the Russians, and that in order to join his allies the Austrian commander would need to make a *détour* to the rear (but the Austrians had bridged the morass); (b) they did not tell him that water and marsh made the enemy's position in rear on the south-east difficult to approach.]

Battle of Kunersdorf, August 12, 1759

Sunday about 3 in the morning, Friedrich is on march again. Friedrich, in Two Columns, marches off, eastward through the woods, as if for Reppen quite away from the Russians and their Mühlberg; but intending to circle round at the due point, and come down upon their right flank there out of the woods, and clasp it in his arms in an impressive, unexpected way. In Two Columns; which are meant, as usual, to be the Two Lines of Battle: Seidlitz, with chosen Cavalry, is at the head of Column First, and will be Left Wing, were we on the ground; Eugen of Würtemberg, closing the rear of Column First, will, he, or Finck and he together, be Right Wing.

Finck with his 12,000 is to keep his present ground; to have two good batteries got ready, each on its knoll ahead, which shall wait silent in the interim: Finck to make motions and ostentations; in a word, to persuade the Russians that here is the Main Army coming on from the north. All which Finck does; avoiding, as his orders were, any firing, or serious commencement of business, till the King reappear out of the woods. The

Russians give Finck and his General Officers a cannon salvo, here and there, without effect, and get no answer. "The King does not see his way, then, after all?" think the Russians.

The King's march, through the Forest of Reppen, was nothing like so expeditious as had been expected. There are thickets, intricacies, runlets, boggy oozes; indifferent to one man well mounted, but vitally important to 30,000 with heavy cannon to bring-on. Boggy oozings especially,—there is *Hünerfliess*, Hen-Floss, which wanders dismally through those recesses, with dirty daughters dismally wandering into it, and others that cannot get into it: these, in their weary, circling, recircling course towards Oder, occasion endless difficulty. Plumping suddenly, at last, upon Hen-Floss itself, Friedrich has to turn angularly; angularly, which occasions great delay: the heavy cannon (wall-guns brought from Cüstrin) have twelve horses each, and cannot turn among the trees, but have to be unyoked, reyoked, turned round by hand:—in short, it was eight in the morning before Friedrich arrived at the edge of the wood, on the Klosterberg, Walckberg, and other woody *Bergs* or knolls, within reach of Mühlberg, and behind the preliminary abatis there;—and began privately building his batteries.

At eight o'clock he, with Column First, which is now becoming Line First (*centre* of Line First, if we reckon Finck as *right-wing*), is there; busy in that manner: Column Second, which was to have been Rear Line, is still a pretty way behind; and has many difficulties before it gets into Kunersdorf neighbourhood, or can (having

wriggled itself into a kind of *left-wing*) coöperate on the Russian Position from the south side. On the north side, Finck has been ready these five hours.—Friedrich speeds the building of his batteries : “ Silent, too ; the Russians have not yet noticed us ! ”

Half-past eleven, everything being ready on the Walck Hill, Friedrich’s batteries opened there, in a sudden and volcanic way. Volcanically answered by the Russians, as soon as possible ; who have 72 guns on this Mühlberg, and are nothing loath. Upon whom Finck’s battery is opening from the north, withal : Friedrich has 60 cannon hereabouts ; on the Walckberg, on the *Little Spitzberg* (called *Seidlitz Hill* ever since) ; all playing diligently on the head and south shoulder of this Mühlberg : while Finck’s battery opens on the north shoulder (could he but get near enough). Loud exceedingly ; and more or less appalling to the Russian imagination : but not destructive in proportion ; the distance being too considerable. Friedrich’s two batteries, however, as they took the Russians in the flank or by enfilade, did good execution. ‘ The Russian guns were ill-pointed ; the ‘ Russian batteries wrong-built.’

After above half an hour of this, Friedrich orders storm of the Mühlberg : Forward on it, with what of enfilading it has had ! Eight grenadier Battalions, a chosen vanguard appointed for the work (names of Battalions all given, and deathless in the Prussian War-Annals), tramp forth on this service : cross the abatis, which the Russian grenadoes have mostly burnt ; down into the Hollow. Steady as planets ; ‘ with a precision ‘ and coherency ’, says Tempelhof, ‘ which even on the

‘parade-ground would have deserved praises. Once well ‘in the Hollow, they suffer nothing ; though the blind ‘Russian fire, going all over their heads, rages threefold : ’ suffered nothing in the Hollow ; nor till they reached almost the brow of the Mühlberg, and were within a hundred steps of the Russian guns. These were the critical steps, these final ones ; such torrents of grape-shot and musket-shot and sheer death bursting out, here at last, upon the Eight Battalions, as they come above ground. Who advanced, unwavering, all the faster,—speed one’s only safety. They poured into the Russian gunners and musketry battalions one volley of choicest quality, which had a shaking effect ; then, with level bayonets, plunge on the batteries : which are all empty before we can leap into them ; artillery-men, musketeer battalions, all on wing ; general whirlpool spreading. And so, in ten minutes, the Mühlberg and its guns are ours. Ever since Zorndorf, an idea had got abroad, says Tempelhof, that the Russians would die instead of yielding ; but it proved far otherwise here. Down as far as Kunersdorf, which may be about a mile westward, the Russians are all in a whirl ; at best hanging in tatters and clumps, their Officers struggling against the flight ; ‘mixed groups you would see huddled together a hundred men deep.’ The Russian Left Wing is beaten : had we our cannon up here, our cavalry up here, the Russian Army were in a bad way !

This is a glorious beginning ; completed, I think, as far almost as Kunersdorf by one o’clock : and could the iron continue to be struck while it is at white-heat as now, the result were as good as certain. That was

Friedrich's calculation : but circumstances which he had not counted on, some which he could not count on, sadly retarded the matter. His Left Wing (Rear Line, which should now have been Left Wing) from southward, his Right Wing from northward, and Finck farther west, were now on the instant to have simultaneously closed upon the beaten Russians, and crushed them altogether. The Right Wing, conquerors of the Mühlberg, are here : but neither Finck nor the Left can be simultaneous with them. Finck and his artillery are much retarded with the Flosses and poor single Bridges ; and of the Left Wing there are only some Vanguard Regiments capable of helping (' who drove-out the Russians from Kunersdorf Churchyard ' , as their first feat),—no Main Body yet for a long while. Such impediments, such intricacies of bog and bush ! The entire Wing does at last get to the south-east of Kunersdorf, free of the wood ; but finds an intricate meshwork of meres and straggling lakes, two of them in the burnt Village itself ; no passing of these except on narrow isthmuses, which necessitate change of rank and re-change ; and our Left Wing cannot, with all its industry, " march up ", that is, arrive at the enemy in fighting line, without the painfulest delays.

And then the getting forward of our cannon ! On the Mühlberg itself the seventy-two Russian guns, " owing to difference of calibre ", or artillery-men know what, cannot be used by us : a few light guns, Tempelhof to one of them, a poor four in all, with perhaps 100 shot to each, did, by the King's order, hasten to the top of the Mühlberg ; and never did Tempelhof see a finer chance for artillery than there. ' Soft sloping ground,

with Russians simmering ahead of you, all the way down to Kunersdorf, a mile long : by horizontal pointing, you had such reboundings (*ricochets*) ; and carried beautiful execution ! Tempelhof soon spent his hundred shots : but it was not at once that any of our sixty heavy guns could be got up thither. Twelve horses to each : fancy it, and what baffling delays here and elsewhere ;—and how the Russian whirlpool was settling more and more, in the interim ! And had, in part, settled ; in part, got through to the rear, and been replaced by fresh troops !

Friedrich's activities, and suppressed and insuppressible impatiences in this interval, are also conceivable, though not on record for us. The swiftest of men ; tied down, in this manner, with the blaze of perfect victory ahead, were the moments *not* running out ! Slower or faster, he thinks (I suppose), the victory is his ; and that he must possess his soul till things do arrive. It was in one and more of those embargoed intervals that he wrote to Berlin (which is waiting, as if for life or death, the issue of this scene, sixty miles distant) : " Russians beaten ; rejoice with me ! " Four successive couriers, I believe, with messages to that effect ; and at last a Fifth with dolefully contrary news !

In proportion as the cannon and other necessities gradually got in, the Fight flamed-up from its embers more and more : and there ensued,—the Russians being now ranked again (fronting eastward now) ' in many lines ', and very fierce,—a second still deadlier bout ; Friedrich furiously diligent on their front and right flank ; Finck, from the Alder Waste, battering and charging (uphill, and under difficulties from those Flosses and

single Bridges) on their left flank. This too, after long deadly efforts on the Prussian part, ended again clearly in their favour; their enemies broken a second time, and driven not only out of Kunersdorf and the Kuhgrund, but some say almost to the foot of the Judenberg,—what can only be very partially true.

And indeed the Battle, from this point onwards, becomes blurred and confused to us, only its grosser features visible henceforth. Loudon's motions too are obscure, though important. I believe his grenadiers had not yet been in the fire; but am certain they are now come out of Big Hollow; fresh for the rescue; and have taken front rank in this Second Rally that is made. Loudon's Cavalry Loudon himself has in hand, and waits with them in a fit place. He has 18,000 fresh men; and an eye like few others on a field of war. Loudon's 18,000 are fresh: of the Prussians that can by no means be said. I should judge it must be 3 of the afternoon. The day is windless, blazing; one of the hottest August days; and 'nobody, for twelve hours past, could command a drink of water': very fresh the poor Prussians cannot be! They have done two bouts of excellent fighting; tumbled the Russians well back, stormed many batteries; and taken in all 180 cannon.

At this stage, it appears, Finck and many Generals, Seidlitz among the others, were of opinion that, in present circumstances, with troops so tired, and the enemy nearly certain to draw-off, if permitted, here had been enough for one day, and that there ought to be pause till tomorrow. Friedrich knew well the need of

rest ; but Friedrich, impatient of things half-done, especially of Russians half-beaten, would not listen to this proposal ; which was reckoned upon him as a grave and tragic fault, all the rest of his life ; though favourable judges, who were on the ground, Tempelhof for one, are willing to prove that pausing here,—at the point we had really got to, a little beyond the Kuhgrund, namely ; and not a couple of miles westward, at the foot of the Jew Hill, where vague rumour puts us,—was not feasible or reasonable. Friedrich considers with himself, “ Our left wing has hardly yet been in fire ! ”—calls out the entire left wing, foot and horse : these are to emerge from their meshwork of Lakes about Kunersdorf, and bear a hand along with us on the Russian front here,—especially to sweep-away that raging Battery they have on the Big Spitzberg, and make us clear of it. The Big Spitzberg lies to south and ahead of the Russian right as now ranked ; fatally covers their right flank, and half ruins the attack in front.

The left-wing Infantry thread their lake-labyrinth, the soonest possible ; have to rank again on the hither side, under a tearing fire from that Spitzberg ; can then at last, and do, storm onwards, upwards ; but cannot, with their best efforts, take the Spitzberg : and have to fall back under its floods of tearing case-shot, and retire out of range. To Friedrich’s blank disappointment : “ Try it you, then, Seidlitz ; you saved us at Zorndorf ! ” Seidlitz, though it is an impossible problem to storm batteries with horse, does charge-in for the Russian flank, in spite of its covering battery : but the torrents of grape-shot are insufferable ; the Seidlitz people, torn in

gaps, recoil, whirl round, and do not rank again till beyond the Lakes of Kunersdorf. Seidlitz himself has got wounded, and has had to be carried away.

And, in brief, from this point onwards all goes aback with the Prussians more and more. Repeated attempts on that Spitzberg battery prove vain ; to advance without it is impossible. Friedrich's exertions are passionate, almost desperate ; rallying, animating, new-ordering ; everywhere in the hottest of the fire. 'Thrice he personally led-on the main attack.' He has had two horses shot-down under him ; mounting a third, this too gets a bullet in an artery of the neck, and is about falling, when two Adjutants save the King. In his waistcoat-pocket some small gold case (*étui*) has got smitten flat by a bullet, which would otherwise have ended matters. The people about him remonstrate on such exposure of a life beyond value ; he answers curtly, "We must all "of us try every method here, to win the Battle : I, like "every other, must stand to my duty here !"

Friedrich's wearied battalions here on the Heights, while the Spitzberg to left goes so ill, fight desperately ; but cannot prevail farther ; and in spite of Friedrich's vehement rallyings and urgings, gradually lose ground,—back at last to Kunersdorf and the Kuhgrund again. The Loudon grenadiers, and masses of fresh Russians, are not to be broken, but advance and advance. Fancy the panting death-labours, and spasmodic toilings and bafflings, of those poor Prussians and their King ! Nothing now succeeding ; the death-agony now come ; all hearts growing hopeless ; only one heart still seeing hope. The Spitzberg is impossible ; tried how often I know not.

Finck, from the Alder Waste, with his Infantry, attacks, and again attacks ; without success : “ Let the Cavalry go round, then, and try there. Seidlitz we have not ; you Eugen of Würtemberg lead them ! ” Eugen leads them (cuirassiers, or we will forget what) ; round by the eastern end of the Mühlberg ; then westward, along the Alder Waste ; finally southward, against the Russian flank, himself foremost, and at the gallop for charging :—Eugen, ‘ looking round, finds his men all gone,’ and has to gallop the other way, gets wounded to boot. Puttkammer, with Hussars, then tried it ; Puttkammer was shot dead, and his Hussars too could do nothing.

Back, slowly back, go the Prussians generally, nothing now succeeds with them. Back to the Kuhgrund again ; fairly over the steep brow there ; the Russians serrying their ranks atop, rearranging their many guns. There, once more, rose frightful struggle ; desperate attempt by the foredone Prussians to retake that Height. ‘ Lasted fifteen minutes, line to line not fifty yards asunder ’ ; such musketry,—our last cartridges withal. Ardent Prussian parties trying to storm up ; few ever getting to the top, none ever standing there alive one minute. This was the death-agony of the Battle. Loudon, waiting behind the Spitzberg, dashes forward now, towards the Kuhgrund and our Left Flank. At sight of which a universal feeling shivers through the Prussian heart, “ Hope ended, then ! ”—and their solid ranks rustle everywhere ; and melt into one wild deluge, ebbing from the place as fast as it can.

It is towards six o’clock ; the sweltering Sun is now fallen low and veiled ; gray evening sinking over those

wastes. “*N’y a-t-il donc pas un bougre de boulet qui puisse m’atteindre* (Is there not one b— of a ball that can “reach me, then)?” exclaimed Friedrich, in his despair. Such a day he had never thought to see. The pillar of the State, the Prussian Army itself, gone to chaos in this manner. Friedrich still passionately struggles, exhorts, commands, entreats even with tears, “Children, don’t forsake me, in this pinch (*Kinder, verlasset heute mich, euren König, euren Vater, nicht!*)!”—but all ears are deaf. On the Mühlberg one regiment still stood by their guns, covering the retreat. But the retreat is more and more a flight; ‘no Prussian Army was ever seen in such ‘a state.’ At the Bridges of that Hen-Floss, there was such a crowding, all our guns got jammed; and had to be left, 165 of them of various calibre, and the whole of the Russian 180 that were once in our hands. Had the chase been vigorous, this Prussian Army had been heard of no more. But beyond the Mühlberg, there was little or no pursuit; through the wood the Army, all in chaos, but without molestation otherwise, made for its Oder Bridges by the way it had come.

✓ Friedrich was among the last to quit the ground. He seemed stupefied by the excess of his emotions; in no haste to go; uncertain whether he would go at all. His Adjutants were about him, and a small party of Ziethen Hussars under Captain Prittwitz. Wild swarms of Cossacks approached the place. “*Prittwitz, ich bin verloren* (Prittwitz, I am lost)!” remarked he. “*Nein, Ihr Majestät!*” answered Prittwitz with enthusiasm; charged fiercely, he and his few, into the swarms of Cossacks; cut them

about, held them at bay, or sent them elsewhither, while the Adjutants seized Friedrich's bridle, and galloped off with him. At Cetscher and the Bridges, Friedrich found of his late Army not quite 3,000 men.

The King to Graf von Finckenstein (at Berlin)

Cetscher, '12th August' 1759.

'I attacked the Enemy this morning about eleven; we beat him back to the *Judenkirchhof* (Jew Churchyard, —a mistake, but now of no moment), 'near Frankfurt. All my troops came into action, and have done wonders. I reassembled them three times; at length, I was myself nearly taken prisoner; and we had to quit the Field. My coat is riddled with bullets, two horses were killed under me;—my misfortune is, that I am still alive. Our loss is very considerable. Of an Army of 48,000 men, I have, at this moment while I write, not more than 3,000 together; and am no longer master of my forces. In Berlin you will do well to think of your safety. It is a great calamity; and I will not survive it: the consequences of this Battle will be worse than the Battle itself. I have no resources more; and, to confess the truth, I hold all for lost. I will not survive the destruction of my Country. Farewell forever (*Adieu pour jamais*).—F.'

Another thing, of the same tragic character, is that of handing-over this Army to Finck's charge. Order there is to Finck of that tenor: and along with it the following notable Autograph,—a Friedrich taking leave both of Kingship and of life. The Autograph exists; but has no date,—date of the Order would probably be still *Cetscher, 12th August*; date of the Autograph, *Reitwein* (across the River), next day.

Friedrich to Lieut.-General Finck (at Cetscher or Reitwein)

‘General Finck gets a difficult commission; the
 ‘unlucky Army which I give-up to him is no longer in
 ‘condition to make head against the Russians. Haddick
 ‘will now start for Berlin, perhaps Loudon too; if
 ‘General Finck go after these, the Russians will fall on
 ‘his rear; if he continue on the Oder, he gets Haddick
 ‘on his flank (*so krigt er den Hadek diss Seit*):—however,
 ‘I believe, should Loudon go for Berlin, he might
 ‘attack Loudon, and try to beat him: this, if it succeeded,
 ‘would be a stand against misfortune, and hold matters
 ‘up. Time gained is much, in these desperate circum-
 ‘stances. Cöper will send him. You (*Er*) must inform
 ‘my Brother’ (Prince Henri) ‘of everything; whom
 ‘I have declared Generalissimo of the Army. To repair
 ‘this bad luck altogether is not possible: but what my
 ‘Brother shall command, must be done:—the Army
 ‘swears to my Nephew’ (King henceforth).

‘This is all the advice, in these unhappy circumstances,
 ‘I am in a condition to give. Had I still had resources,
 ‘I would have stayed by them (*so wehre ich darbei
 ‘geblieben*).—FRIEDRICH.’

[Another letter to Schmettau, commandant of the garrison in Dresden, directed him, if the Austrians attacked the city, to expect no help, and, if he should see no hope of maintaining himself, to arrange a favourable capitulation.]

The Prussian loss, in this Battle, was, besides all the cannon and field-equipages: 6,000 killed, 13,000 wounded (of which latter, 2,000 badly, who fell to the Russians as prisoners); in all, about 19,000 men. Nor was the Russian loss much lighter; of Russians and Austrians together, near 18,000, as Tempelhof counts: ‘which will not surprise your Majesty,’ reports Soltikof to his

Czarina ; ‘ who are aware that the King of Prussia sells his defeats at a dear rate.’ And privately Soltikof was heard to say, “ Let me fight but another such Victory, “ and I may go to Petersburg with the news of it myself, “ with the staff in my hand.” The joy at Petersburg, striving not to be braggart or immodest, was solemn, steady and superlative : a great feat indeed for Russia, this Victory over such a King,—though a kind of grudge, that it was due to Loudon, dwelt, in spite of Loudon’s politic silence on that point, unpleasantly in the background. The chase they had shamefully neglected. It is said, certain Russian Officers, who had charge of that business, stept into a peasant’s cottage to consult on it ; contrived somehow to find tolerable liquor there ; and sat drinking instead.

9

*From Kunersdorf to the Spring of 1760**Frederick after Kunersdorf*

FRIEDRICH’s despair did not last quite four days. On the fourth day,—day after leaving Reitwein,—there is this little Document, which still exists, of more comfortable tenor : “ My dear Major-General von Wunsch, “ —Your Letter of the 16th to Lieutenant-General von “ Finck punctually arrived here : and for the future, as “ I am now recovered from my illness, you have to “ address your Reports directly to Myself.—F.” Finding that the Russians were encamping on the Wine-Hills south of Frankfurt, not meaning anything immediate,—

he took heart again ; ranked his 23,000 ; considered that artilleries and furnishings could come to him from Berlin, which is but 60 miles ; that there still lay possibility ahead, and that, though only a miracle could save him, he would try it to the very last.

A great relief, this of coming to oneself again ! “ Till death, then ;—rage on, ye elements and black savageries ! ” Friedrich’s humour is not despondent, now or afterwards ; though at this time it is very sad, very angry, and, as it were, scorning even to hope : but he is at all times of beautifully practical turn ; and has, in his very despair, a sobriety of eyesight, and a fixed steadiness of holding to his purpose, which are of rare quality. For the present, he is in deep indignation with his poor Troops, among other miseries. “ Actual running away ! ” he will have it to be ; and takes no account of thirst, hunger, heat, utter weariness and physical impossibility ! This lasts for some weeks. But in general there is nothing of this injustice to those about him. In general, nothing even of gloom is manifested ; on the contrary, cheerfulness, brisk hope, a strangely continual succession of hopes (mostly illusory) ;—though, within, there is traceable very great sorrow, weariness and misery. A fixed darkness, as of Erebus, is grown habitual to him ; but is strictly shut up, little of it shown to others, or even, in a sense, to himself. He is as a traveller overtaken by the Night and its tempests and rain-deluges, but refusing to pause ; who is wetted to the bone, and does not care farther for rain. A traveller grown familiar with the howling solitudes ; aware that the Storm-winds do not pity, that Darkness is the dead Earth’s Shadow :—a most

lone soul of a man ; but continually toiling forward, as if the brightest goal and haven were near and in view.

[Prussia was saved by her enemies. Although, as the King said, ' they had only to give him the finishing stroke ', Daun, who still faced Prince Henry in Saxony, would not risk a battle, while Soltikof sulked and idled, considering that it was Daun's turn to do something. A few days before Kunersdorf all danger from the French had been swept away by Ferdinand's victory at Minden ; and the Swedes in the north, confined by a handful of Prussians, were as harmless as ever. The most sensible consequence of the disaster was the loss of a good part of Saxony to the imperial army and the surrender of Dresden by Schmettau (September 4), who could get no orders after the desperate letter from Cetscher, and obeyed it all too well. It was a heavy loss, and was never recovered. But for the rest Frederick and Henry were able to exploit the weakness of their adversaries, and by splendid strategy, Frederick in Silesia, and Henry in Saxony, to retain all of the one province and most of the other in the Prussian grasp. For some weeks Soltikof hitched about along the Oder in the hope of taking Glogau or Breslau, always to find the King in front of him, and either a battle to fight or another shift to be tried. His troops were short of meal, and Daun could only promise to supply them. In the last week of October the Russians finally gave up the campaign and made for home. Whereupon Daun began slowly to retreat southward from Meissen to Dresden and beyond, cautiously followed by Prince Henry, until on November 13 Frederick arrived from Silesia. He was now in high spirits, and was burning to close the campaign with another Leuthen or Rossbach. Finck, in spite of his own protests and those of Prince Henry, was at once dispatched with 12,000 men on a hazardous march to intercept the Austrian retreat ; and on November 21 at Maxen, some twelve miles south

of Dresden, was surrounded by the enemy and forced to surrender. The blow was severer even than Kunersdorf, for it spoilt the fame of the Prussian armies for invincible courage. But Daun, as usual, was unable to improve the occasion, and the main result was that the retirement to Bohemia was stayed, and both armies went into winter quarters close to each other in the neighbourhood of the Saxon capital.]

Before and after Maxen

Frederick to D'Argens

1. November 19 ; an Ode to Fortune :

" *Marquis, quel changement*, what a change ! I, a poor heretic creature, never blessed by the Holy Father ; indeed, little frequenting Church, nor serving either Baal or the God of Israel ; held-down these many months, and reported by more than one shaven scoundrel " (priest-pamphleteer at Vienna) " to be quite extinct, and gone vagabond over the world,—see how capricious Fortune, after all her hundred preferences of my rivals, lifts me with helpful hand from the deep, and packs this Hero of the Hat and Sword,—whom Popes have blessed what they could, and who has walked in Pilgrimage before now " (to Marienzell once, I believe, publicly at Vienna),—" out of Saxony ; panting, harassed goes he, like a stranger dog from some kitchen where the cook had flogged him out ! " (A very exultant Lilt, and with a good deal more of the chanticleer in it than we are used to in this King !)

2. November 22 :

" Do with that " (some small piece of business) " whatever you like, my dear Marquis. I am so stupefied (*étourdi*) with the misfortune which has befallen General Finck, that I cannot recover from my astonishment. It deranges all my measures ; it cuts me to the quick.

"Ill-luck, which persecutes my old age, has followed me
"from the Mark" (Kunersdorf, in the Mark of Brandenburg) "to Saxony. I will still strive what I can. The
"little *Ode* I sent you, addressed *To Fortune*, had been
"written too soon! One should not sing victory till the
"battle is over. I am so crushed-down by these incessant
"reverses and disasters, that I wish a thousand times
"I were dead; and from day to day I grow wearier of
"dwelling in a body worn-out and condemned to suffer.
"I am writing to you in the first moment of my grief.
"Astonishment, sorrow, indignation, scorn, all blended
"together, lacerate my soul. Let us get to the end, then,
"of this execrable Campaign; I will then write to you
"what is to become of me; and we will arrange the rest.
"Pity me;—and make no noise about me; bad news go
"fast enough of themselves."

[Both before and during the winter Frederick was continually deluded with the hopes of peace, and the correspondence with Voltaire was quickened by the occasion. Voltaire had taken a hand in the endeavours for peace as early as the autumn of 1757, when the thread of his relations with Frederick was resumed. But he could only exert the remotest influence on Louis or the Pompadour through the favourite of a favourite, as in the present instance through a mistress of Choiseul's; and Choiseul was resolute for war.]

Frederick and Voltaire : The New Correspondence

A pair of Lovers hopelessly estranged and divorced; and yet, in a sense, unique and priceless to one another. The Past, full of heavenly radiances, which issued, alas, in flames and sooty conflagrations as of Erebus,—let us forget it, and be taught by it! The Past is painful, and has been too didactic to some of us: but here still is the Present with its Future; better than blank nothing.

Pleasant to hear the sound of that divine voice of my loved one, were it only in commonplace remarks on the weather,—perhaps intermixed with secret jibings on myself :—let us hear it while we can, amid those world-wide crashing discords and piping whirlwinds of war.

Friedrich sends his new Verses or light Proses, which he is ever and anon throwing-off ; Voltaire sends his, mostly in print, and of more elaborate turn : they talk on matters that are passing round them, round this King, the centre of them,—Friedrich usually in a rather swaggering way (lest his Correspondent think of blabbing), and always with something of banter audible in him ;—as has Voltaire too, but in a finer *treble* tone, being always female in this pretty duet of parted lovers. It rarely comes to any scolding between them ; but there is or can be nothing of cordiality. Nothing, except in the mutual admiration, which one perceives to be sincere on both sides ; and also, in the mutual practical estrangement.

Frederick to Voltaire, July 2, 1759

“ Asking *me* for Peace : there is a bitter joke ! ”—[In verse, this ; flings-off a handful of crackers on the *Bien-Aimé*, whose Chamberlain you are, on the *Hongroise qu'il adore*, on the Russian *que j'abhorre* ;—then continues in prose] :

“ It is to him ” [the Well-beloved Louis], “ that you “ must address yourself, or to his Amboise in Petticoats ” [his Pompadour, acting the Cardinal-Premier on this occasion]. “ But these people have their heads filled with “ ambitious projects : these people are the difficulty ; “ they wish to be the sovereign arbiters of sovereigns ;— “ and that is what persons of my way of thinking will by “ no means put-up with. I love Peace quite as much as

“you could wish ; but I want it good, solid and honour-
“able. Socrates or Plato would have thought as I do
“on this subject, had they found themselves placed in
“the accursed position which is now mine in the world.

“Think you there is any pleasure in leading this dog ✓
“of a life” [*chienne*, she-dog]? “In seeing and causing
“the butchery of people you know nothing of ; in losing
“daily those you do know and love ; in seeing perpetually
“your reputation exposed to the caprices of chance ; in
“passing year after year in disquietudes and apprehen-
“sions ; in risking, without end, your life and your
“fortune ?

“I know right well the value of tranquillity, the sweets
“of society, the charms of life ; and I love to be happy,
“as much as anybody whatever. But much as I desire
“these blessings, I will not purchase them by basenesses
“and infamies. Philosophy enjoins us to do our duty ;
“faithfully to serve our Country, at the price of our
“blood, of our repose, and of every sacrifice that can
“be required of us.”

Voltaire in Answer

[Relates that he has shown the above letter to the
Mistress, and encloses an answering note from Choiseul,
which was in fact the impulse to some futile negotiations.
Then proceeds :—]

“Sire, there was once a lion and a mouse (*rat*) ; the
“mouse fell in love with the lion, and went to pay him
“court. The lion, tired of it, gave him a little scrape
“with his paw. The mouse withdrew into his mouse-
“hole (*souricière*) ; but he still loved the lion ; and
“seeing one day a net they were spreading out to catch
“the lion and kill him, he gnawed asunder one mesh of
“it. Sire, the mouse kisses very humbly your beautiful
“claws, in all submissiveness :—he will never die between
“two Capuchins, as, at Bâle, the mastiff (*dogue*) of St.

"Malo has done. He would have wished to die beside his lion. Believe that the mouse was more attached than the mastiff."—V.

Frederick to Voltaire ; Winter Quarters, 1760

"Virgil made as fine Verses as you ; but he never made a Peace. It will be a distinction you will have over all your brethren of Parnassus, if you succeed.

"The sword and death have made frightful ravages among us. And the worst is, we are not yet at the end of the tragedy. You may judge what effect these cruel shocks made on me. I wrap myself in my stoicism, the best I can. Flesh and blood revolt against such tyrannous command ; but it must be followed. If you saw me, you would scarcely know me again : I am old, broken, gray-headed, wrinkled ; I am losing my teeth and my gaiety : if this go on, there will be nothing of me left, but the mania of making verses, and an inviolable attachment to my duties and to the few virtuous men whom I know."

Voltaire to Third Parties

What a heart-affecting generosity, humility and dulcet pathos in that of the poor Mouse gnawing asunder a mesh of the Lion's net ! There is a good deal of that throughout, on the Voltaire side,—that is to say, while writing *to* Friedrich. But while writing *of* him, to third parties, sometimes almost simultaneously, the contrast of styles is not a little startling ; and the beautiful affectionately-chirping Mouse is seen suddenly to be an injured Wild-cat with its fur up. All readers of Voltaire are aware of this ; and how Voltaire handles his "*Luc*" (mysterious nickname for *King Friedrich*), when *Luc's* back is turned.

From Kunersdorf to the Spring of 1760 255

The following sentences are taken from letters to D'Argental :

“ I have tasted the vengeance of consoling the King of Prussia, and that is enough for me. He goes beating on the one side, and getting beaten on the other : except for another miracle he will be ruined. Better have really been a philosopher, as he pretended to be.”

“ I don't love Luc, far from it : I never will pardon him his infamous procedure with my Niece ” [at Frankfurt that time] ; “ nor the face he has to write me flattering things twice a month ; without having ever repaired his wrongs. I desire much his entire humiliation, the chastisement of the sinner ; whether his eternal damnation, I don't quite know.”

IO

The Campaign of 1760

The Last Phase of the War

THERE were yet, to the world's surprise and regret, Three Campaigns of this War ; but the Campaign 1760, which we are now upon, was what produced or rendered possible the other two ;—was the crisis of them, and is now the only one that can require much narrative from us here. Ill-luck, which, Friedrich complains, had followed him like his shadow, in a strange and fateful manner, from the day of Kunersdorf and earlier, does not yet cease its sad company ; but, on the contrary, for long months to come, is more constant than ever, baffling every effort of his own, and from the distance sending him news of mere disaster and discomfiture. It is in this Campaign, though not till far on in it, that the long lane

does prove to have a turning, and the Fortune of War recovers its old impartial form. After which, things visibly languish : and the hope of ruining such a Friedrich becomes problematic, the effort to do it slackens also ; the very will abating, on the Austrian part, year by year, as of course the strength of their resources is still more steadily doing. To the last, Friedrich, the weaker in material resources, needs all his talent,—all his luck too. But, as the strength, on both sides, is fast abating,—hard to say on which side faster (Friedrich's talent being always a *fixed* quantity, while all else is fluctuating and vanishing),—what remains of the once terrible Affair, through Campaigns Sixth and Seventh, is like a race between spent horses, little to be said of it in comparison. Campaign 1760 is the last of any outward eminence or greatness of event.

The Prospect

Friedrich is, this Year, considered by the generality of mankind, to be ruined : “ Lost 60,000 men last Campaign ; was beaten twice : his luck is done ; what is to become of him ? ” say his enemies, and even the impartial Gazetteer, with joy or sorrow. Among his own people there is gloom or censure ; hard commentaries on Maxen : “ So self-willed, high, and deaf to counsel from Prince Henri ! ” Henri himself, they say, is sullen ; threatening, as he often does, to resign ‘ for want of health ’ ; and as he quite did, for a while, in the end of this Campaign, or interval between this and next.

Friedrich has, with incredible diligence, got together his finance (copper in larger dose than ever, Jew Ephraim

presiding as usual) ; and, as if by art-magic, has on their feet 100,000 men against his enemy's 280,000. Some higher Officers are secretly in bad spirits ; but the men know nothing of discouragement. But Friedrich, too, is abundantly gloomy, if that could help him ; which he knows well it cannot, and strictly hides it from all but a few ;—or all but D'Argens almost alone, to whom it can do no harm.

“I am unfortunate and old, dear Marquis ; that is why they persecute me : God knows what my future is to be this Year ! I grieve to resemble Cassandra with my prophecies ; but how augur well of the desperate situation we are in, and which goes on growing worse ? I am so gloomy today, I will cut short.” . . . “Write to me when you have nothing better to do ; and don't forget a poor Philosopher who, perhaps to expiate his incredulity, is doomed to find his Purgatory in *this* world.” . . . To another Friend [i. e. Mitchell], in the way of speech, he more deliberately says : “The difficulties I had, last Campaign, were almost infinite : such a multitude of enemies acting against me ; Pommern, Brandenburg, Saxony, Frontiers of Silesia, alike in danger, often enough all at one time. If I escaped absolute destruction, I must impute it chiefly to the misconduct of my enemies ; who gained such advantages, but had not the sense to follow them up. Experience often corrects people of their blunders : I cannot expect to profit by anything of that kind, on their part, in the course of this Campaign ;” judge if it will be a light one, *mon cher*.

[The Austrian plan of campaign was to conquer Saxony with an army under Daun, assisted by the imperialists ; Loudon with 50,000 men to operate in Silesia ; the Russians with 40,000 to join Loudon from across the Oder. The campaign falls into two periods, one ending with the battle of Liegnitz (from June to the middle of August), and one ending with the battle of Torgau (November 3). To divide the Russians and Loudon, and screen Brandenburg, Prince Henry established a long chain of posts from Landshut through the New Mark to Stettin and Colberg. Frederick himself encamped (end of April) on a line running southwards from Meissen, looking to Daun in and about Dresden. To begin the game, a ringing blow was struck by Loudon, who came up from Moravia, and on June 23 overwhelmed a force of 11,000 men under Fouquet at Landshut, the main gate between Silesia and Bohemia. Another disaster, for which again the King's fiery temperament was responsible. Landshut is a parallel to Maxen ; a brave officer and devoted servant driven hastily and imperiously into an impossible situation, and avenging the insults by obeying the commands. If Glatz should now fall another door into the coveted province would be lost, and Loudon was aiming at Glatz. In any case Henry, between the Russians and the Austrians, was in peril, and the King determined to march to his help. From July 2 onwards there began a series of masterly manœuvres and racking marches with the object of bringing Daun to battle or getting before him into Silesia. From July 2 to July 9 the King pushes eastward into Lusatia, with Daun and a detached army under Lacy keeping pace. The Austrians vanish, when he moves to attack, like ghosts before an enchanter ; but Daun is ahead. July 10-29 Frederick turns back, drives Lacy through Dresden, and lays furious siege to the city, until Daun is back again to relieve it, and the news comes that Glatz is lost (July 26), and Loudon free for another stroke. A week later the King

learnt that this most formidable of the Austrian leaders was battering the walls of Breslau, and that Soltikof had risen from his base at Posen to join him. Not an hour was to be wasted. On August 1 the King set out from Meissen on one of the most notable marches in history. He marched again through Lusatia, and on August 7 was at Bunzlau in Silesia, some thirty miles west of Liegnitz, having covered 100 miles through a host of impediments.]

The March of August 1760

Daun, at Bischofswerda [north-east of Dresden], had foreseen this March; and, by his Light people, had spoiled the Road all he could; broken all the Bridges, *half-felled* the Woods (to render them impassable). Daun, the instant he heard of the actual March, rose from Bischofswerda: forward, forward always, to be ahead of it, however rapid; Lacy, hanging on the rear of it, willing to give trouble with his Pandour harpies, but studious above all that it should not whirl round anywhere and get upon his, Lacy's, own throat. One of the strangest marches ever seen. 'An onlooker, who had observed the march of these different Armies,' says Friedrich, 'would have thought that they all belonged to one leader. 'Feldmarschall Daun's he would have taken for the Vanguard, the King's for the main Army, and General Lacy's for the Rearguard.' Tempelhof says: 'It is given only to a Friedrich to march on those terms; between Two hostile Armies, his equals in strength, and a Third' (Loudon's) 'waiting ahead.'

[In a few days more a net of enemies enclosed him. Henry had thrown himself between Breslau and the

Russians; whereupon (August 3) Loudon raised the siege, and moved away to form a third lip of the pincers closing upon the King; Loudon to the east, Daun to the south, Lacy to the west. On the north-east, beyond Prince Henry and the Oder, the Russians constituted a fourth lip, 115,000 of the four armies, Frederick's army numbering 30,000. Finally, the King's provisions were running short, and to break through to Breslau or some magazine, was a matter of life or death. On August 15, after desperate dodgings, the King cut his way out by the brief and furious battle of Liegnitz. Loudon, marching in the dead of night to fall on the left of the Prussian lines before that town, while Daun attacked the other wing, was himself surprised (by accident or design), and driven off with heavy loss. On this strange night each of the three armies secretly left its camp.]

The Hour before Liegnitz

Daun's fires, Loudon's fires; vividly visible both:—and, singular to say, there is nothing yonder either but a few sentries and deceptive drums! All empty yonder too, even as our own Camp is; all gone forth, even as we are. We lie down on the grass;—among others, young Herr von Archenholtz, ensign or lieutenant in Regiment *Forcade*: who testifies that it is one of the beautifullest nights, the lamps of Heaven shining down in an uncommonly tranquil manner; and that almost nobody slept. The soldier-ranks all lay horizontal, musket under arm; chatting pleasantly in an undertone, or each in silence revolving such thoughts as he had. The Generals amble like observant spirits, hoarsely imperative. Friedrich has himself sat down,—I think, towards the middle part of his lines,—by a watch-fire he has found there; and,

wrapt in his cloak, his many thoughts melting into haze, has sunk into a kind of sleep. Seated on a drum, some say ; half asleep by the watch-fire, time half-past 2,—when a Hussar Major, who has been out reconnoitering, comes dashing up full speed : “ The King? where is the King ? ” “ What is it, then ? ” answers the King for himself. “ Your Majesty, the Enemy in force ! ” Friedrich springs to horse ; and has already an order speeding forth.

The Regiment Bernburg

[On some failure of the regiment at the siege of Dresden, Frederick with his own hand took away their side-arms and cut off their plumes ; but at Liegnitz these men bore the brunt of the fray. An hour after the victory :—]

Friedrich riding about among his people, passed along the front of Bernburg, the eye of him perhaps intimating, “ I saw you, *Bursche* ” ; but no word coming from him. The Bernburg Officers, tragically tressless in their hats, stand also silent, grim as blackened stones (all Bernburg black with gunpowder) : “ In us also is no word ; unless our actions perhaps speak ? ” But a certain Sergeant, Fugleman, or chief Corporal, stepped out, saluting reverentially : “ Regiment Bernburg, *Ibro Majestät—?* ” — “ Hm ; well, you did handsomely. Yes, you shall have your side-arms back ; all shall be forgotten and washed-out ! ” “ And you are again our Gracious King, then ? ” says the Sergeant, with tears in his eyes.—“ *Gewiss*, Yea, surely ! ” Upon which, fancy what a peal of sound from the ecstatic throat and heart of this poor Regiment. Which I have often thought of ; hearing mutinous blockheads, “ glorious Sons of Freedom ” to their own

thinking, ask their natural commanding Officer, "Are not we as good as thou? Are not all men equal?" Not a whit of it, you mutinous blockheads; very far from it indeed!

[The battle began at three in the morning, and was over in less than two hours. After a short rest the Prussians pushed forward hot foot, but carrying the spoils of their victory.]

Packing up on Liegnitz Field

Friedrich rested four hours on the Battle-field,—if that could be called rest, which was a new kind of diligence highly wonderful. Diligence of gathering-up accurately the results of the Battle; packing them into portable shape; and marching off with them in one's pocket, so to speak. The wounded, Austrian as well as Prussian, are placed in the empty meal-wagons; the more slightly wounded are set on horseback, double in possible cases: only the dead are left lying: 100 or more meal-wagons are left, their teams needed for drawing our 82 new cannon;—the wagons we split-up, no Austrians to have them; useable only as firewood for the poor Country-folk. The 4 or 5,000 good muskets lying on the field, shall not we take them also? Each cavalry soldier slings one of them across his back, each baggage-driver one: and the muskets too are taken care of. About 9 A.M., Friedrich, with his 6,000 prisoners, new cannon teams, sick-wagon teams, trophies, properties, is afoot again. One of the succinctest of Kings.

[The army was still in danger; Frederick had broken through, but the net might easily be cast round him

again. The Russians, however, who had crossed the Oder, were decoyed back again by a ruse, and Daun waited, and his chance slipped. At Parchwitz Frederick must choose between the road to Glogau and losing Silesia for a time, and the road to Breslau and a perilous chance of saving it. After an agony of indecision, he chose the greater peril, and turned to Breslau, to find with joyful amazement that the way was clear. He had saved his army, and might save Silesia, but his hopes were still feeble.]

Frederick to D'Argens, August 27, 1760 (from Hermannsdorf, near Breslau)

“ In other times, my dear Marquis, the Affair of the 15th would have settled the Campaign ; at present it is but a scratch. There will be needed a great Battle to decide our fate : such, by all appearance, we shall soon have ; and then you may rejoice, if the event is favourable to us. Thank you, meanwhile, for all your sympathy. It has cost a deal of scheming, striving and much address to bring matters to this point. Don't speak to me of dangers ; the last Action costs me only a Coat ” [torn, useless, only one skirt left, by some rebounding cannon-ball], “ and a Horse ” [shot under me] : “ that is not paying dear for a victory.

“ In my life, I was never in so bad a posture as in this Campaign. Believe me, miracles are still needed if I am to overcome all the difficulties which I still see ahead. And one is growing weak withal. ‘ Herculean ’ labours to accomplish at an age when my powers are forsaking me, my weaknesses increasing, and, to speak candidly, even hope, the one comfort of the unhappy, begins to be wanting. You are not enough acquainted with the posture of things, to know all the dangers that threaten the State : I know them, and conceal them ; I keep all the fears to myself, and communicate ✓

"to the Public only the hopes, and the trifle of good news I may now and then have.

"I live here" [Schloss of Hermannsdorf, a seven miles west of Breslau] like a Military Monk of La Trappe: endless businesses, and these done, a little consolation from my Books. I know not, if I shall outlive this War: but should it so happen, I am firmly resolved to pass the remainder of my life in solitude, in the bosom of Philosophy and Friendship."

To the Same, a month later

"The crisis I am in has taken another shape; but as yet nothing decides it, nor can the development of it be foreseen. I am getting consumed by slow fever; / "I am like a living body losing limb after limb. Heaven stand by us: we need it much."

[The second phase of the campaign began after a short rest before Breslau. During September the King held the Austrians pinned in the hills between Schweidnitz and Glatz, with starvation coming upon them unless they fought and beat him. Then (October 3-12) a force of Russians from the east and 15,000 of Lacy's men from the south dashed upon Berlin, occupied it for four days, and exacted a ransom of 2,000,000 thalers. Frederick hurried to the help of his capital; and Daun, thus free of the toils, set out for Saxony, which had now been entirely mastered by the imperialists, and established himself in the almost impregnable post of Torgau, with orders from Vienna to hold his ground for the winter. Whereupon the King, after the raid on Berlin had melted at his approach, descended on Wittenberg, drove the imperialists right down to the Bavarian gates, and took post at Schilda, seven miles south of Daun's encampment. Daun was 65,000 strong, Frederick 44,000.]

To D'Argens, October 28, 1760

“ You, as a follower of Epicurus, put a value on life ;
“ as for me, I regard death from the Stoic point of view.
“ Never shall I see the moment that forces me to make
“ a disadvantageous Peace ; no persuasion, no eloquence,
“ shall ever induce me to sign my dishonour. Either
“ I will bury myself under the ruins of my Country, or
“ if that consolation appears too sweet to the Destiny
“ that persecutes me, I shall know how to put an end to
“ my misfortunes when it is impossible to bear them any
“ longer. I have acted, and continue to act, according
“ to that interior voice of conscience and of honour
“ which directs all my steps : my conduct shall be, in
“ every time, conformable to those principles. After
“ having sacrificed my youth to my Father, my ripe years
“ to my Country, I think I have acquired the right to
“ dispose of my old age. I have told you, and I repeat it,
“ Never shall my hand sign a humiliating Peace. Finish
“ this Campaign I certainly will, resolved to dare all,
“ and to try the most desperate things either to succeed
“ or to find a glorious end.”

Battle of Torgau, November 3, 1760

[The ‘ big mass of knoll or broad Height ’ called the Siptitz Hill runs sloping from west to east some three miles, until, after a short dip, it ends in a shoulder of high ground, on which Torgau lies, and just east of Torgau the Elbe. From north to south the elevation is on the average a mile and a half wide. Ponds, brooks, and morasses girdle it on every side ; and to the south it falls steeply, though, west and north, the descent is more gradual. Frederick saw that Daun’s weak point

was the congestion of his army on the six square miles. If the position were attacked simultaneously from north and south, confusion must ensue. Early on the morning of November 3, he halved his force, and taking one-half himself, marched northwards in three columns through thick pinewoods, leaving Daun on his right, for ten miles from Schilda ; then turned east, and then south ; and assaulted the north-west corner of the Siptitz with the foremost column alone, the other two having fallen behind in the rain-soaked woods. Ziethen, with the other half of the army, had remained on the south of the hill, and his attack on the south-west was to chime with the kings from the north ; but Ziethen allowed himself to be diverted rightwards or eastwards by Lacy's corps, thrown forward in front of Torgau, and for the whole of the day he stood there at a long distance cannonade, while Frederick fought alone. 400 cannon, an unprecedented force of artillery, blazed into the woods through which the 6,000 of Frederick's first column advanced upon the hill at two in the afternoon.]

Archenholtz describes it as a thing surpassable only by Doomsday : clangorous rage of noise risen to the infinite ; the boughs of the trees raining down on you, with horrid crash ; the Forest, with its echoes, bellowing far and near, and reverberating in universal deathpeal. Friedrich himself, who is an old hand, said to those about him : "What an infernal fire (*höllisches Feuer*) ! Did you ever hear such a cannonade before? I never." Friedrich is between the Two Lines of his Grenadiers, which is his place during the attack. Horse they have none, except the 800 Kleist Hussars ; who stand to the left, fronted by Austrian Horse in hopeless multitude. Artillery they have, in effect, none : their Batteries, hardly to be got

across these last woody difficulties of trees growing and trees felled, did rank outside the Wood, on their left ; but could do absolutely nothing. The Grenadiers have their muskets, and their hearts and their right-hands. With amazing intrepidity, they rush into the throat of this Fire-volcano ; in the way commanded,—which is the alone way : such a problem as human bravery seldom had. The Grenadiers plunge forward upon the throat of Daun ; but it is into the throat of his iron engines and his tearing billows of cannon-shot that most of them go. Shorn down by the company, by the regiment, in those terrible 800 yards. The Grenadiers, both Lines of them, still in quantity, did get into contact with Daun. And sold him their lives, hand to hand, at a rate beyond example in such circumstances ;—Daun having to hurry-up new force in streams upon them ; resolute to purchase, though the price, for a long while, rose higher and higher.

[Three of these desperate attacks were made, the belated columns presently appearing ; and all failed with cruel carnage. In the course of them the King was hit by a spent bit of case shot and lay for a time in a swoon, from which he rose ‘ disregarding it altogether and almost as if ashamed of himself ’. Daun, too, was wounded, but had the consolation of sending a courier to Vienna with news of a great victory. At nightfall the King left the field, and the troops began to bivouac in the woods under the fatal height.

Suddenly, at 6 o'clock, there was a sound of musketry and cannon from the south, and the red glow of a village on fire. Ziethen had at last come back to the south-west of the hill, and was opening an attack.]

And here, in utter darkness, illuminated only by the musketry and cannon blazes, there ensued two hours of stiff wrestling in its kind : not the fiercest spasm of all, but the final which decided all. Lestwitz, Hülßen [from Frederick's side] come sweeping on, led by the sound and the fire ; ' beating the Prussian march, they ', sharply on all their drums,—Prussian march, rat-tat-tan, sharply through the gloom of Chaos in that manner ; and join themselves, with no mistake made, to Möllendorf's, to Ziethen's left and fall on. The night is pitch-dark, says Archenholtz ; you cannot see your hand before you. Old Hülßen's bridle-horses were all shot away, when he heard this alarm, far off : no horse left ; and he is old, and has his own bruises. He seated himself on a cannon ; and so rides, and arrives ; right welcome the sight of him, doubt not ! And the Fight rages still for an hour or more.

To an observant Möllendorf, watching about all day, the importance and all-importance of Siptitz Summit [i. e. the extreme western, or highest, point], if it can be got, is probably known ; to Daun it is alarmingly well known, when he hears of it. Daun is zealously urgent on Lacy, on O'Donnell ; who do try what they can ; send reinforcements, and the like, but nothing that proves useful. Most or all of the reinforcements sent halted short, in the belly of the Night, uncertain where ; and their poor friends got altogether beaten and driven away.

About 9 at night, all the Austrians are rolling off, eastward, eastward. Prussians goading them forward what they could (firing not quite done till 10) ; and that all-

important pommel of the saddle is indisputably won. Daun perceives that the key of his ground is gone from him ; that he will have to send a second Courier to Vienna. And, above all things, that he must forthwith get across the Elbe and away. Lucky for him that he has Three Bridges (or Four, including the Town Bridge), and that his Baggage is already all across and standing on wheels.

On Torgau-field there reigned, all night, a confusion which no tongue can express. Poor wounded men by the hundred and the thousand, weltering in their blood, on the cold wet ground ; not surgeons or nurses, but merciless predatory sutlers, equal to murder if necessary, waiting on them and on the happier that were dead. "Unutterable!" says Archenholtz; who, though wounded, had crawled or got carried to some village near. The living wandered about in gloom and uncertainty ; lucky he whose haversack was still his, and a crust of bread in it : water was a priceless luxury, almost nowhere discoverable. Prussian Generals roved about with their Staff-Officers, seeking to reform their Battalions ; to little purpose. They had grown indignant, in some instances, and were vociferously imperative and minatory ; 'but in the dark who needed mind them?—they went 'raving elsewhere, and, for the first time, Prussian word-of-command saw itself futile.' Pitch-darkness, bitter cold, ground trampled into mire. On Siptitz Hill there is nothing that will burn : farther back, in the Domitsch Woods, are numerous fine fires, to which Austrians and Prussians alike gather : "Peace and truce between us ; tomorrow morning we will see which are prisoners, which

are captors." So pass the wild hours, all hearts longing for the dawn, and what decision it will bring.

[When morning came Daun was across the Elbe and retreating to Dresden, in whose neighbourhood both armies soon settled for winter quarters in almost the same positions as in the winter before. The Prussian loss at Torgau was not far short of Daun's in killed, wounded, and prisoners—14,000 to possibly 20,000; and most of the Austrian artillery was got away. But the Austrian campaign had run to water, and Frederick could spend his winter at Leipzig in some tranquillity with friends and books. Old acquaintances were shocked to see him,]

'bent, sunk into himself, grown old; to whom these five years of war-tumult and anxiety, of sorrow and hard toil, had given a dash of gloomy seriousness and melancholy, which was in strong contrast with his former vividly bright expression, and was not natural to his years.'

II

The Last Two Campaigns and the Peace of Hubertsberg

[FREDERICK in Silesia to front Loudon and the Russians, Henry in Saxony to front Daun, in either case with one to almost three—such was the cast for the summer of 1761. Of Henry's share suffice it to say that by admirable manœuvring he held Daun in check. In Silesia it was not till past the middle of August that Loudon united with the Russians, under a Marshall Butturlin, to the west of Schweidnitz; so dexterously had Frederick foiled them until then. And at once the confederates were utterly paralysed by the world-famous camp of Bunzelwitz which the Prussians, digging night and day

for eleven days, threw up in their faces in the rolling country between Striegau and Schweidnitz—an entrenched and embattled circuit, eight miles by eight, teeming with batteries and mines, and commanding all the stores of a great fortress. From August 20 to September 10 Loudon wasted his breath to persuade the Russians to attack; on September 20 they left him, to join eventually in the siege of Colberg. To all seeming Loudon had lost the campaign, but he had yet a shot in his locker.]

The Camp of Bunzelwitz

‘Bunzelwitz, Jauernik, Tschechen and Peterwitz, all ‘fortified’, continues Archenholtz: ‘Würben, in the ‘centre, is like a citadel, looking down upon Striegau ‘Water. Heavy cannon, plenty of them, we have brought ‘from Schweidnitz: we have 460 pieces of cannon in ‘all and 182 mines. Würben, our citadel and centre, ‘is about five miles from Schweidnitz. Our intrench- ‘ments’—You already heard what gulfs some of them were! ‘Before the lines are palisades, storm-posts, the ‘things we call Spanish Horse (*chevaux de frise*);—woods ‘we have in abundance in our Circuit, and axes busy for ‘carpentries of that kind. There are four intrenched ‘knolls; 24 big batteries, capable of playing beautifully, ‘all like pieces in a concert.’ Four knolls elaborately intrenched, clothed with cannon; founded upon *flatter-* mines: try where you will to enter, such torrents of death-shot will converge on you, and a concert of 24 big batteries begin their music!—

On the third day, Loudon, looking into this thing [i. e. the digging of the camp], which he has not minded hitherto, finds it such a thing as he never dreamt of

before. A thing strong as Gibraltar, in a manner ;— which it will be terribly difficult to attack with success ! For eight days more Friedrich did not rest from his spade-work ; made many changes and improvements, till he had artificially made a very Stolpen of it, a Plauen, or more. Cogniazzo, the *Austrian Veteran*, says : ‘ Plauen, ‘ and Daun’s often-ridiculed precautions there, were ‘ nothing to it. Not as if Bunzelwitz had been so inaccessible as our sheer rocks there ; but because it is a master-piece of Art, in which the principles of tactics are ‘ combined with those of field-fortification, as never ‘ before.’ Tielke grows quite eloquent on it : ‘ A master-piece of judgment in ground’, says he ; ‘ and the ‘ treatment of it a model of sound, true and consummate ‘ field-engineering.’

Nobody knows better than Friedrich in what perilous crisis he now stands : beaten here, what army or resource has he left ? Silesia is gone from him ; by every likelihood, the game is gone. This of Bunzelwitz is his last card ; this is now his one stronghold in the world :— we need not say if he is vigilant in regard to this. From about the fourth day, when his engineering was only complete in outline, he particularly expects to be attacked. On the fifth night he concludes it will be ; knowing Loudon’s way. Towards sunset, that evening (August 25th), all the tents are struck : tents, cookeries, every article of baggage, his own among the rest, are sent to Würben Heights : the ground cleared for action. And horse and foot, every man marches out, and stands ready under arms.

Contrary to everybody’s expectation, not a shot was

heard, that night. Nor the next night, nor the next : but the practice of vigilance was continued. Punctual as mathematics : at a given hour of the afternoon, tents are all struck ; tents and furnitures, field swept clear ; and the 50,000 in their places wait under arms. Next morning, nothing having fallen out, the tents come back ; the Army (half of it at once, or almost the whole of it, according to aspects) rests, goes to sleep if it can. By night there is vigilance, is work, and no sleep. It is felt to be a hard life, but a necessary.

Nor in these labours of detail is the King wanting ; far from it ; the King is there, as ear and eye of the whole. For the King alone there is, near the chief Battery, 'on the Pfarrberg, namely, in the clump of trees there', a small Tent, and a bundle of straw where he can lie down, if satisfied to do so. If all is safe, he will do so ; but perhaps even still he soon awakens again ; and strolls about among his guard-parties, or warms himself by their fires. One evening, among the orders, is heard this item : "And remember, a lock of straw, will you,—that I may not have to sleep on the ground, as last night !" Many anecdotes are current to this day, about his pleasant homely ways and affabilities with the sentry people, and the rugged hospitalities they would show him at their watch-fires. "Good-evening, children." "The same to thee, Fritz." "What is that you are cooking ?"—and would try a spoonful of it, in such company ; while the rough fellows would forbid smoking, "Don't you know he dislikes it ?" "No, smoke away !" the King would insist. Mythical mainly, these stories ; but the dialect of them true ; and very strange to us. Like that

of an Arab Sheik among his tribesmen ; like that of a man whose authority needs no keeping up, but is a Law of Nature to himself and everybody.

[And now Fortune veered again. On September 25 Frederick left his fort, and marched to threaten Loudon's rear and hustle him to Bohemia, whither, as it seemed, he needs must go. But no sooner was Schweidnitz left to its own defence than Loudon sprang upon it, and on October 1 took it by storm.]

The Fall of Schweidnitz

The capture of Schweidnitz cost Loudon about 1,400 men ; he found in Schweidnitz, besides the Garrison all prisoners or killed, some 240 pieces of artillery,—‘ 211 heavy guns, 135 hand-mortars,’ say the Austrian Accounts, ‘ with stores and munitions ’ ; and all this was a trifle compared to the shock it has brought on Friedrich's Silesian affairs. For, in present circumstances, it amounts to the actual conquest of a large portion of Silesia ; and, for the first time, of a real prospect of finishing the remainder next Year. It is judged to have been the hardest stroke Friedrich had in the course of this War. “ Our strenuous Campaign, on a sudden rendered wind, and of no worth ! The Enemy to winter in Silesia, after all ; Silesia to go inevitably,—and life along with it ! ” What Friedrich's black meditations were, nobody knows. ‘ In the following weeks ’ (not close following, but poor Küster does not date), ‘ the King fell ill of gout, saw ‘ almost nobody, never came out ; and, it was whispered, ‘ the inflexible heart of him was at last breaking ; that is ‘ to say, the very axis of this Prussian world giving way.

‘ And for certain, there never was in his camp and over his dominions such a gloom as in this October 1761 ; till at length he appeared on horseback again, with a cheerful face ; and everybody thought to himself, “ Ha, the world will still roll, then ! ” ’

Winter in Breslau

Since December 9th, Friedrich is in Breslau, in some remainder of his ruined Palace there ; and is represented to us, in Books, as sitting amid ruins ; no prospect ahead of him but ruin. Withdrawn from Society ; looking fixedly on the gloomiest future. Sees hardly anybody ; speaks, except it be on business, nothing. ‘ One day ’, I have read somewhere, ‘ General Lentulus dined with him ; and there was not a word uttered at all.’ The Anecdote-Books have Dialogues with Ziethen ; Ziethen still trusting in Divine Providence ; King trusting only in the iron Destinies, and the stern refuge of Death with honour : Dialogues evidently symbolical only. In fact, this is not, or is not altogether, the King’s common humour. He is not without society when he likes,—never without employment whether he like or not ; and, in the blackest murk of despondencies, has his Turk and other Illusions, which seem to be brighter this Year than ever.

For certain, the King is making all preparation, as if victory might still crown him : though of practical hope he, doubtless often enough, has little or none. England seems about deserting him ; a most sad and unexpected change has befallen there : great Pitt thrown out ; perverse small Butes come in, whose notions and procedures

differ far from Pitt's ! At home here, the Russians are in Pommern and the Neumark ; Austrians have Saxony, all but a poor strip beyond the Mulda ; Silesia, all but a fraction on the Oder : Friedrich has with himself 30,000 ; with Prince Henri 25,000 ; under Eugen of Würtemberg, against the Swedes, 5,000 ; in all his Dominions, 60,000 fighting men. To make head against so many enemies, he calculates that 60,000 more must be raised this Winter. And where are these to come from ; England and its help having also fallen into such dubiety ? Next Year, it is calculated by everybody, Friedrich himself hardly excepted (in bad moments), must be the finish of this long agonistic tragedy. On the other hand, Austria herself is in sore difficulties as to cash ; discharges 20,000 men,—trusting she may have enough besides to finish Friedrich. France is bankrupt, starving, passionate for Peace ; English Bute nothing like so ill to treat with as Pitt : to Austria no more subsidies from France. The War is waxing feeble, not on Friedrich's side only, like a flame short of fuel. This Year it must go out ; Austria will have to kill Friedrich this Year, if at all.

Pitt being gone, Friedrich's English Subsidy lags : this time Friedrich concludes it is cut off ;—silent on the subject ; no words will express one's thoughts on it. Not till April 9th has poor Mitchell the sad errand of announcing formally That such are our pressures, Portuguese War and other, we cannot afford it farther. Answered by I know not what kind of glance from Friedrich ; answered, I find, by words few or none from the forsaken King : “ Good ; that too was wanting ”, thought the proud soul : “ Keep your coin, since you so need it ;

I have still copper, and my sword!" The alloy this Year became as 3 to 1 :—what other remedy?

The King to D'Argens (at Berlin)

"Breslau, 18th January 1762.

* * * "You have lifted the political veil which covered "horrors and perfidies meditated and ready to burst out" [Bute's dismal procedures, I believe; who is ravenous for Peace, and would fain force Friedrich along with him on terms altogether disgraceful and inadmissible]: "you judge correctly of the whole situation I am in, of the "abysses which surround me; and, as I see by what you say, of the kind of hope that still remains to me. It "will not be till the month of February" [Turks, probably, and Tartar Khan; great things coming then!] "that we can speak of that; and that is the term I contemplate for deciding whether I shall hold to *Cato*" (Cato,—and the little Glass Tube I have!) "or to *Cæsar's Commentaries*," and the best fight one can make.

"The School of patience I am at is hard, long-continued, cruel, nay barbarous. I have not been able to escape my lot: all that human foresight could suggest has been employed, and nothing has succeeded. If Fortune continues to pursue me, doubtless I shall sink; it is only she that can extricate me from the situation I am in. I escape out of it by looking at the Universe on the great scale, like an observer from some distant Planet; all then seems to me so infinitely small, and I could almost pity my enemies for giving themselves such trouble about so very little. What would become of us without philosophy, without this reasonable contempt of things frivolous, transient and fugitive, about which the greedy and ambitious make such a pother, fancying them to be solid! This is to become wise by stripes, you will tell me; well, if one do become wise, what matters it how?—I read a great deal; I devour

“ my Books, and that brings me useful alleviation. But
“ for my Books, I think hypochondria would have had
“ me in bedlam before now. In fine, dear Marquis, we
“ live in troublous times and in desperate situations :—
“ I have all the properties of a Stage-Hero ; always in
“ danger, always on the point of perishing. One must
“ hope the conclusion will come ; and if the end of the
“ piece be lucky, we will forget the rest.”

[The news from England and the fall of Colberg after its heroic defence against the Russians (December 9) had left Frederick in ‘ the darkest hour before the dawn ’. For in January 1762 the dawn broke. On the 5th of that month the Tsarina Elisabeth died, and Peter III succeeded her.]

Peter and Frederick

Peter III., who succeeded, has long been privately a sworn friend and admirer of the King ; and hastens, not too *slowly* as the King had feared, but far the reverse, to make that known to all mankind. That, and much else,—in a far too headlong manner, poor soul ! Like an ardent, violent, totally inexperienced person (enfranchised *schoolboy*, come to the age of thirty-four), who has sat hitherto in darkness, in intolerable compression ; as if buried alive ! He is now Czar Peter, Autocrat, not of Himself only, but of All the Russias ;—and has, besides the complete regeneration of Russia, two great thoughts : *First*, That of avenging native Holstein, and his poor martyr of a Father now with God, against the Danes ;—and,

Second, what is scarcely second in importance to the first, and indeed is practically a kind of preliminary to it, That of delivering the Prussian Pattern of Heroes from

such a pattern of foul combinations, and bringing Peace to Europe, while he settles the Holstein-Danish business.

Peter is one of the wildest men; his fate, which was tragical, is now to most readers rather of a ghastly-grotesque than of a lamentable and pitiable character. Few know, or have ever considered, in how wild an element poor Peter was born and nursed; what a time he has had, since his fifteenth year especially, when Cousin of Zerbst and he were married. Perhaps the wildest and maddest any human soul had, during that Century. I find in him, starting out from the Lethean quagmires where he had to grow, a certain rash greatness of idea; traces of veritable conviction, just resolution; veritable and just, though rash. That of admiration for King Friedrich was not intrinsically foolish, in the solitary thoughts of the poor young fellow; nay it was the reverse; though it was highly inopportune in the place where he stood.

[The new Tsar at once recalled his army from its winter quarters at Glatz, and on May 5 concluded a peace with Frederick, in which he gave back the province of East Prussia. In another month Russia was in alliance with her late enemy, and at the end of June Czernichef, the Russian commander, transferred his 20,000 men to Frederick's side, who had now begun the campaign in Silesia with the main object of recovering Schweidnitz. The Russians only stayed three weeks, however, for on July 9 the Tsar perished by the Orloff conspiracy, and Catharine, his wife and murderess, became the Autocrat of the Russias. Catharine, equally averse to a Russian war and a Prussian alliance, at once recalled her troops, and it was only by the personal favour of the Russian commander that the news was kept from the Austrians

until Frederick had stormed their position to the south of Schweidnitz in the battle of Burkensdorf (July 21). Thereupon, Schweidnitz was reduced after a stubborn defence (October 9). Hastening into Saxony to the help of his brother, the King was met by the news that Henry had secured the whole electorate down to Dresden by his victory over the Reichsfolk and the Austrians in the battle of Freiberg (October 29). The signing of the preliminaries of peace between France and England (November 3) confirmed the general longing for rest; and in February 1763 the treaties concluded at Hubertusberg closed the war by leaving the map of Europe just as it was in 1756.]

The English Ministry and the Peace

Bute [June–July] is ravenous for Peace; has been privately taking the most unheard-of steps:—wrote to Kaunitz, “Peace at once, and we will vote for your *having* Silesia”; to which Kaunitz, suspecting trickery in artless Bute, answered, haughtily sneering, “No help needed from your Lordship in that matter!” After which repulse, or before it, Bute had applied to the Czar’s Minister in London: “Czarish Majesty to have East Prussen guaranteed to him, if he will insist that the King of Prussia *dispense* with Silesia”; which the indignant Czar rejected with scorn, and at once made his Royal Friend aware of;—with what emotion on the Royal Friend’s part we have transiently seen. “Horrors and perfidies!” ejaculated he, in our hearing lately; and regarded Bute, from that time, as a knave and an imbecile both in one; nor ever quite forgave Bute’s Nation either, which was far from being Bute’s accomplice in this unheard-of procedure. “No more Alliances with

England ! ” counted he : “ What Alliance can there be with that ever-fluctuating People ? Today they have a thrice-noble Pitt ; tomorrow a thrice-paltry Bute, and all goes heels-over-head on the sudden ! ”

The Issue of the War

It had cost, in loss of human lives first of all, nobody can say what : according to Friedrich’s computation, there had perished of actual fighters, on the various fields, of all the nations, 853,000 ; of which above the fifth part, or 180,000, is his own share : and, by misery and ravage, the general Population of Prussia finds itself 500,000 fewer ; nearly the ninth man missing. This is the expenditure of Life. There have since been other far bigger Wars,—if size were a measure of greatness ; which it by no means is ! I believe there was excellent Heroism shown in this War ; by one person, Heroism really to be called superior, or, in its kind, almost of the rank of supreme ;—and that in regard to the Military Arts and Virtues, it has as yet, for faculty and for performance, had no rival ; nor is likely soon to have. The Prussians, as we once mentioned, still use it as their school-model in those respects.

The tornado was Infernal ; but Heaven too had silently its purposes in it. There is no taking of Silesia from this man ; no clipping of him down to the orthodox old limits ; he and his Country have palpably outgrown these. Austria gives-up the Problem : “ We have lost Silesia ! ” Yes ; and, what you hardly yet know,—and what, I perceive, Friedrich himself still less knows,—Teutschland has found Prussia. In and of poor dislocated

Teutschland, there is one of the Great Powers of the World henceforth ; an actual Nation. And a Nation *not* grounding itself on extinct Traditions, Wiggeries ; no, but on living Facts,—Facts of Arithmetic, Geometry, Gravitation, Martin Luther's Reformation, and what it really can believe in :—to the infinite advantage of said Nation and of poor Teutschland henceforth.

D'Alembert to Madame du Deffand, June 25, 1763

' *Potsdam.* I will not go into the praises of this Prince '
[King Friedrich, my now Host] ; ' in my mouth it might
' be suspicious : I will merely send you two traits of him,
' which will indicate his way of thinking and feeling.
' When I spoke to him of the glory he had acquired, he
' answered, with the greatest simplicity, That there was
/ ' a furious discount to be deducted from said glory ; that
/ ' chance came in for almost the whole of it ; and that he
/ ' would far rather have done Racine's *Athalie* than all
/ ' this War :—*Athalie* is the work he likes, and re-reads
' oftenest ; I believe you won't disapprove his taste there.
' The other trait I have to give you is, That on the day
' of concluding this Peace, which is so glorious to him,
' some one saying, " It is the finest day of your Majesty's
' life : " (" The finest day of life ", answered he, " is the
' day on which one quits it) "'

BOOK V

AFTER THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR

I

The Stewardship of Prussia

Eve of the French Revolution

THE Twelve Hercules-labours of this King have ended ; what was required of him in World-History is accomplished. There remain to Friedrich Twenty-three Years more of Life, which to Prussian History are as full of importance as ever ; but do not essentially concern European History, Europe having gone the road we now see it in. On the grand World-Theatre the curtain has fallen for a New Act ; Friedrich's part, like everybody's for the present, is played out. In fact, there is, during the rest of his Reign, nothing of World-History to be dwelt on anywhere. America, it has been decided, shall be English ; Prussia be a Nation. The French, as finis of their attempt to cut Germany in Four, find themselves sunk into torpor, abeyance and dry-rot ; fermenting towards they know not what. Towards Spontaneous Combustion in the year 1789, and for long years onwards !

There, readers, there is the next mile-stone for you, in the History of Mankind ! That universal Burning-up, as in hell-fire, of Human Shams. The oath of Twenty-five Million men, which has since become that of all men whatsoever, " Rather than live longer under lies, we

will die ! ” That is the one fact of World-History worth dwelling on at this day ; and Friedrich cannot be said to have had much hand farther in that.

Nor is the progress of a French or European world, all silently ripening and rotting towards such issue, a thing one wants to dwell on. Only when the Spontaneous Combustion breaks out ; and, many-coloured, with loud noises, envelops the whole world in anarchic flame for long hundreds of years : then has the Event come ; there is the thing for all men to mark, and to study and scrutinise as the strangest thing they ever saw. Centuries of it yet laying ahead of us ; several sad Centuries, sordidly tumultuous, and good for little ! Say Two Centuries yet,—ay even Ten of such a process : before the Old is completely burnt out, and the New in any state of sightliness ? Millennium of Anarchies ;—abridge it, spend your heart's-blood upon abridging it, ye Heroic Wise that are to come ! For it is the consummation of All the Anarchies that are and were ;—which I do trust always means the death (temporary death) of them ! Death of the Anarchies : or a world once more built wholly on Fact better or worse ; and the lying jargoning professor of Sham-Fact, whose name is Legion, who as yet (oftenest little conscious of himself) goes tumulting and swarming from shore to shore, become a species extinct, and well *known* to be gone down to Tophet !

Curious how the busy and continually watchful and speculating Friedrich, busied about his dangers from Austrian encroachments, from Russian-Turk Wars, Bavarian Successions, and other troubles and anarchies close by, saw nothing to dread in France ; nothing to

remark there, except carelessly, from time to time, its beggarly decaying condition, so strangely sunk in arts, in arms, in finance ; oftenest an object of pity to him, for he still has a love for France ;—and reads not the least sign of that immeasurable, all-engulfing *French Revolution* which was in the wind ! Anarchy in the shape of Religious slavery was what Voltaire and Friedrich saw round them. Anarchy in the shape of Revolt against Authorities was what Friedrich and Voltaire had never dreamed of as possible, and had not in their minds the least idea of.

Friedrich's History being henceforth that of a Russian King, is interesting to Prussia chiefly, and to a little otherwise than as the Biography of a distinguished fellow-man. Friedrich's Biography, his Physiognomy—as he grows old, quietly on his own harvest-field, among his own People : this has still an interest, and for any feature of this we shall be eager enough ; but this withal is the most of what we now want. And not very much even of this ; Friedrich the unique King not having as a man any such depth and singularity, tragic, humorous, devotionally pious, or other, as to authorise much painting in that aspect.

Healing the Wounds of War (the King's own Narrative)

‘To form an idea of the general subversion, and how great were the desolation and discouragement, you must represent to yourself Countries entirely ravaged, the very traces of the old habitations hardly discoverable ; Towns, some ruined from top to bottom, others half-destroyed by fire ;—13,000 Houses, of which the very vestiges were gone. No field in seed ; no grain for the food of the inhabitants ; 60,000 horses needed, if

'there was to be ploughing carried on : in the Provinces
'generally Half-a-million Population (500,000) less than
'in 1756,—that is to say, upon only Four Millions and
'a Half, the ninth man was wanting. Noble and Peasant
'had been pillaged, ransomed, foraged, eaten-out by so
'many different Armies ; nothing now left them but
'life and miserable rags.

'There was no credit by trading people, even for the
'daily necessities of life. No police in the Towns : to
'habits of equity and order had succeeded a vile greed
'of gain and an anarchic disorder. The Colleges of
'Justice and of Finance had, by these frequent invasions
'of so many enemies, been reduced to inaction : the
'silence of the Laws had produced in the people a taste
'for license ; boundless appetite for gain was their main
'rule of action : the noble, the merchant, the farmer, the
'labourer, raising emulously each the price of his com-
'modity, seemed to endeavour only for their mutual
'ruin. Such, when the War ended, was the fatal spec-
'tacle over these Provinces, which had once been so
'flourishing : however pathetic the description may be,
'it will never approach the touching and sorrowful
'impression which the sight of it produced.'

[Frederick, with the money collected against an eighth
campaign, proceeded to rebuild the waste places and
relieve the distress :—]

'From the Corn-Stores' [*granaries d'abondance*, Govern-
ment establishments gathered from plentiful harvests
against scarce, according to old rule] 'were taken the
'supplies for food of the people and sowing of the ground :
'the horses intended for the artillery, baggage and com-
'missariat, were distributed among those who had none,
'to be employed in tillage of the land. Silesia was dis-
'charged from all taxes for six months ; Pommern and
'the Neumark for two years. A sum of about Three
'Million sterling' (in *thalers* 20,389,000) 'was given for

‘relief of the Provinces, and as acquittance of the impositions the Enemy had wrung from them.

‘Great as was this expense, it was necessary and indispensable. Repeated gifts (*largesses*) restored courage to the poor Husbandmen, who began to despair of their lot; by the helps given, hope in all classes sprang up anew: encouragement of labour produced activity; love of Country rose again with fresh life: in a word’ [within the second year in a markedly hopeful manner, and within seven years altogether] ‘the fields were cultivated again, manufacturers had resumed their work; and the Police, once more in vigour, corrected by degrees the vices that had taken root during the time of anarchy.’

[The reform of the currency; the revision of the civil and criminal codes; the arrest, in Silesia, of the process by which the great lord was ousting the yeoman; the resuscitation and extension of manufactures; the founding of schools and provision of schoolmasters (largely old military sergeants and refugee Jesuits); these are a few aspects of the King’s phenomenal activity. Modern readers, or English readers, will be more interested in matters of manner and method, and a few examples may be given.]

The Excise

[In March 1765 the King called Helvetius, the French economist, to Berlin, to introduce into Prussia the French system of excise, and this system, largely executed by Frenchmen, and cordially detested by the Prussians, was in force to the end of the reign.]

As to the subaltern working-parties, the *Visitateurs*, *Controlleurs*, *Faugeurs* (Gaugers), *Plombeurs* (Lead-stampers), or the strangest kind of all, called ‘Cellar-Rats (*Commis Rats-de-Cave*)’, they were so detested and

exclaimed against, by a Public impatient of the work itself, there is no knowing what their degree of scoundrelism was, nor even, within amazingly wide limits, what the arithmetical number of them was. About 500 in the whole of Prussia, says a quiet Prussian, who has made some inquiry. But we can all imagine how vexatious they and their business were. Nobody now is privileged with exemption : from one and all of you, Nobles, Clergy, People, strict account is required, about your beers and liquors ; your coffee, salt ; your consumptions and your purchases of all excisable articles :—nay, I think in coffee and salt, in salt for certain, what you will require, according to your station and domestic numbers, is computed for you, to save trouble ; such and such quantities you will please to buy in our presence, or to pay duty for, whether you buy them or not. Into all houses, at any hour of the day or of the night, these cellar-rats had liberty,—(on warrant from some higher rat of their own type, I know not how much higher ; and no sure appeal for you, except to the King ; tolerably sure there, if you be *innocent*, but evidently perilous if you be only *not-convicted* !)—had liberty, I say, to search for contraband ; all your presses, drawers, repositories, you must open to these beautiful creatures ; watch in nightcap, and candle in hand, while your things get all tumbled hither and thither, in the search for what perhaps is not there ; nay, it was said and suspected, but I never knew it for certain, that these poisonous French are capable of slipping-in something contraband, on purpose to have you fined whether or not.

The King inspects the Country

[These are a few excerpts from a conversation with the King written down immediately after by one Fromme, a royal bailiff in a district some twenty-five miles north-east of Berlin. In July 1779 Frederick drove rapidly through this peaty and moory country, Fromme riding at the wheel of his carriage and answering his questions.]

‘When we came upon the patch of sand-knolls which lie near Fehrbellin, his Majesty cried :

“Forester, why aren’t these sand-knolls sown?”—*Forester*. “Your Majesty, they don’t belong to the Royal Forest; they belong to the farm-ground. In part the people do sow them with all manner of crops. Here, on the right hand, they have sown fir-cones (*Kien-äpfel*).”—*King*. “Who sowed them?”—*Forester*. “The Oberamtmann” (Fromme) “here.”

The King (to me). “Na! Tell my Geheimer-Rath Michaelis that the sand-patches must be sown.”—(*To the Forester*) “But do you know how fir-cones (*Kienäpfel*) should be sown?”—*Forester*. “O ja, your Majesty.”—*King*. “Na!” (a frequent interjection of Friedrich’s and his Father’s), “how are they sown, then? From east to west, or from north to south?”—*Forester*. “From east to west.”—*King*. “That is right. But why?”—*Forester*. “Because the most wind comes from the west.”—*King*. “That’s right.”

‘Now his Majesty arrived at Fehrbellin; spoke there with Lieutenant Probst of the Ziethen Hussar regiment, and with the Fehrbellin Postmeister, Captain von Mosch. As soon as the horses were to, we continued our travel; and as his Majesty was driving close by my ‘Big Ditches’ (*Graben*, trenches, main-drains), ‘which have been made in the Fehrbellin *Luch* at the King’s expense, I rode up to the carriage, and said :

Ich. “Your Majesty, these now are the two new

"Drains, which by your Majesty's favour we have got here; and which keep the Luch dry for us."

King. "So, so; that I am glad of!—Who is He (are you)?"—*Fromme.* "Your Majesty, I am the Beamte here of Fehrbellin."—*King.* "But tell me now (*sagt mir einmal*) has the draining of the Luch been of much use to you here?"—*Ich.* "O ja, your Majesty."

King. "Do you keep more cattle than your predecessor?"—*Ich.* "Yes, your Majesty. On this farm I keep 40 more; on all the farms together 70 more."

King. "The murrain (*Viehseuche*) is not here in this quarter?"—*Ich.* "No, your Majesty."

King. "Have you had it here?"—*Ich.* "Ja!"—

King. "Do but diligently use rock-salt, you won't have the murrain again."—*Ich.* "Yes, your Majesty, I do use it too; but kitchen salt has very nearly the same effect."—*King.* "No, don't fancy that! You mustn't pound the rock-salt small, but give it to the cattle so that they can lick it."—*Ich.* "Yes, it shall be done."

[At a point in sight of Havelberg and the Elbe the King called several of the local administrators round him, and said:]

"Hear now, the tract of moor here to the left must also be reclaimed; and what is to the right too, so far as the moor extends. What kind of wood is there on it?"—*Ich.* "Alders (*Elsen*) and oaks, your Majesty."

King. "Na! the alders you may root out; and the oaks may continue standing; the people may sell these, or use them otherwise. When once the ground is arable, I reckon upon 300 families for it, and 500 head of cows,—ha?"

Ich. "Ja, your Majesty, perhaps!"—*King.* "Hear now, you may answer me with confidence. There will be more or fewer families. I know well enough one cannot, all at once, exactly say. I was never there, don't know the ground; otherwise I could understand

"equally with you how many families could be put upon it."

The Bauinspector. "Your Majesty, the *Luch* is still "subject to rights of common from a great many hands."

—*King.* "No matter for that. You must make exchanges, "give them an equivalent, according as will answer best "in the case. I want nothing from anybody except at "its value." (*To Amtsrath Klausius*) "Na, hear now, "you can write to my Kammer" (*Board, Board-of-Works that does not sit idle !*), "what it is that I want "reclaimed to the plough; the money for it I will "give." (*To me*) "And you, you go to Berlin, and "explain to my Geheimer-Rath Michaelis, by word of "mouth, what it is I want reclaimed."

Justice

[The famous case of the miller Arnold is characteristic of the royal method in matters of justice. Arnold was a miller at a place near Züllichau in the New Mark. A neighbouring nobleman, Baron von Gersdorf, in the year 1770 laid out a fish-pond at a point higher up the stream which fed Arnold's mill, so that Arnold, as he professed, could get no water, or very little. Without water he could not pay his rent to the landlord, Graf von Schmettau, so that in 1778 Schmettau had him up in his own manorial court (not presided over by himself, but by a lawyer appointed or accepted by him) and obtained an order for the sale of the mill, which was then sold, and bought again from the buyer by von Gersdorf. The Arnolds appealed to the Higher Court or College of Judges in Cüstrin, who decided that, as von Gersdorf had a right by a law of 1566 to lay down the fish-pond, and it did not appear that the pond had checked the flow of water, and as there was no suggestion that von Schmettau had tilted the scales when the case was in his court, no wrong had been committed. The Arnolds then appealed to the

King, as every subject had a right to do ; who sent the petition to the Ministry of Justice, where the case was again examined, and the sentence of the local courts upheld. Petitioned again, the King then deputed a military officer and a lawyer to examine the matter jointly. The officer reported that there had been a miscarriage of justice ; the lawyer that the previous sentences were in order ; and the provincial court, after yet another investigation, took the lawyer's view. Finally, the sentence was confirmed by the Supreme Court of Appeal (*Kammergericht*) in Berlin, to which the King had referred the case. The King, however, had got it into his head that the lawyers were abetting the two noblemen to despoil a peasant. On December 11, 1779, he summoned his Chancellor Fürst and three justices of the Supreme Court to the palace in Berlin. The following account is from one of the justices :]

‘The King sat in the middle of the room, so that he ‘could look point-blank at us ; he sat with his back to ‘the chimney, in which there was a fire burning. He ‘had on a worn hat, of the clerical shape’ ; ‘*cassaquin*’, short dressing-gown, ‘of red-brown (*mordoré*) velvet ; ‘black breeches, and boots which came quite up over ‘the knee. His hair was not dressed. Three little ‘benchlets or stools, covered with green cloth, stood ‘before him, on which he had his feet lying’ [terribly ill of gout]. ‘In his lap he had a sort of muff, with one of ‘his hands in it, which seemed to be giving him great ‘pain. In the other hand he held our Sentence on the ‘Arnold Case. He lay reclining (*lag*) in an easy-chair ; ‘at his left stood a table, with various papers on it,—and ‘two gold snuff-boxes, richly set with brilliants, from ‘which he kept taking snuff now and then.’

King. “Here now is a Nobleman, wishing to make “a Fish-pond : to get more water for his Pond, he has “a ditch dug, to draw into it the water from a small

“stream which drives a water-mill. Thereby the Miller loses his water, and cannot grind. Yet, in spite of all this, it is pretended that the Miller shall pay his rent quite the same as at the time when he had full water for his mill. Of course, he cannot pay his rent; his incomings are gone! And what does the Cüstrin Court of Justice do? It orders the mill to be sold, that the Nobleman may have his rent. And the Berlin Tribunal”—Chancellor Fürst, standing painfully mute, unspoken to, unnoticed hitherto, more like a broomstick than a Chancellor, ventures to strike in with a syllable of emendation, a small correction, of these words “Berlin Tribunal”—

Fürst (suggestively). “Kammergericht” (mildly suggestive, and perhaps with something in his tone which means, “I am not a broomstick!”): “Kammergericht!”

King (to short-hand *Stellter*). “Kammergerichts-Tribunal:”—(then to Fürst) “Go you, Sir, about your business, on the instant! Your Successor is appointed; with you I have nothing more to do. Disappear!”

King. “The Kammergerichts-Tribunal confirms the same. That is highly unjust; and such Sentence is altogether contrary to his Majesty’s landsfatherly intentions:—my name” [you give it, ‘In the King’s Name’, forsooth] “cruelly abused!”

[After an harangue, the King orders them out of the room, and then:]

‘We had hardly left the room when the King followed us’, [lame as he was, with a fulminant] “Wait there!” Shortly after came an Aide-de-Camp, who took us in a carriage to the common Town-prison, the Kalandshof; here two Corporals and two Privates were set to guard us. On the 13th December 1779’, third day of our arrest, ‘a Cabinet-Order was published to us, by which the King had appointed a Commission of Inquiry [i. e. into our conduct]; but had, at the same time,

'commanded beforehand that the Sentence should not
'be less than a year's confinement in a fortress, dismissal
'from office, and payment of compensation to the Arnold
'people for the losses they had sustained.'

[This sentence was executed on the Berlin justices as well as on the members of the college at Cüstrin, in spite of the opposition of the Minister of Justice and the manifest displeasure of Prussian society. One of the first acts of Frederick's successor was to make amends to the lawyers who had suffered, and to reverse the decree in favour of the Arnolds. The case was celebrated all the world over as an example of royal rectitude. The Tsarina Catharine ordered the public reading in her Senate of Frederick's proclamation issued during the proceedings. The following are a few of its sentences :]

'The King's desire always is and was, That everybody,
'be he high or low, rich or poor, get prompt justice ;
'and that, without regard of person or rank, no subject
'of his fail at any time of impartial right and protection
'from his Courts of Law.

'Wherefore, with respect to this most unjust Sentence
'against the Miller Arnold of the Pommerzig Crabmill,
'pronounced in the Neumark, and confirmed here in
'Berlin, his Majesty will establish an emphatic example
'(*ein nachdrückliches Exempel statuiren*) ; to the end
'that all Courts of Justice, in all the King's Provinces,
'may take warning thereby, and not commit the like
'glaring unjust acts. For, let them bear in mind, That
'the least peasant, yea, what is still more, that even
'a beggar, is, no less than his Majesty, a human being,
'and one to whom due justice must be meted out.'

The Army

[The efficiency of the army was the King's first care, and was promoted by yearly manœuvres in Silesia, conducted by Frederick himself, who was a Rhadamanthine judge

of the performances. The following is from a letter addressed on one of these occasions to the commander of the army in Silesia, General von Tauentzien, and dated September 7, 1784 :]

“ My dear General von Tauentzien,—While in Silesia
“ I mentioned to you, and will now repeat in writing,
“ That my Army in Silesia was at no time so bad as at
“ present. Were I to make Shoemakers or Tailors into
“ Generals, the Regiments could not be worse. Regiment
“ *Thadden* is not fit to be the most insignificant militia
“ battalion of a Prussian Army ; *Keller* is like a heap of
“ undrilled boors ; *Hager* has a miserable Commander ;
“ and your own Regiment is very mediocre. Only with
“ Graf von Anhalt, with *Wendessen* and *Markgraf Heinrich*,
“ could I be content.

“ It is not my purpose to lose Battles by the base conduct (*lâcheté*) of my Generals : wherefore I hereby
“ appoint, That you, next year, if I be alive, assemble
“ the Army between Breslau and Ohlau ; and for four
“ days before I arrive in your Camp, carefully manœuvre
“ with the ignorant Generals, and teach them what their
“ duty is. Regiment *Von Arnim* and Garrison-Regiment
“ *Von Kanitz* are to act the Enemy : and whoever does
“ not then fulfil his duty shall go to Court-Martial,—
“ for I should think it shame of any Country (*jeden*
“ *Puissance*) to keep such people, who trouble themselves
“ so little about their business. Erlach sits four weeks
“ longer in arrest ” [to have six weeks of in full]. “ And
“ you have to make known this my present Declared
“ Will to your whole Inspection.—F.”

The Clergy

In settling the Spiritual or internal Catholic-Protestant limits of Silesia, Friedrich did also a workmanlike thing. Perfect fairness between Protestant and Catholic ; to

that he is bound, and never needed binding. But it is withal his intention to be King in Catholic Silesia ; and that no Holy Father, or other extraneous individual, shall intrude with inconvenient pretensions there. He accordingly [1742] nominates the now Bishop of Neisse and natural Primate of Silesia,—Cardinal von Sinzendorf, who has made submission for any late Austrian peccadilloes, and thoroughly reconciled himself,—nominates Sinzendorf “Vicar-General” of the Country ; who is to relieve the Pope of Silesian trouble, and be himself Quasi Supreme of the Catholic Church there. “No offence, Holy Papa of Christian Mankind ! Your holy religion is, and shall be, intact in these parts ; but the palliums, bulls and other holy wares and interferences are not needed here. On that footing, be pleased to rest content.

The Holy Father shrieked his loudest (which is now a quite calculable loudness, nothing like so loud as it once was) ; declared he would “himself join the Army of Martyrs sooner ;” and summoned Sinzendorf to Rome : “What kind of *Hinge* are you, *Cardinalis* of the Gates of”—Husht ! Shrieked his loudest, we say ; but, as nobody minded it, and as Sinzendorf would not come, had to let the matter take its course. And, gradually noticing what correct observance of essentials there was, he even came quite round, into a high state of satisfaction with this Heretic King, in the course of a few years. Friedrich and the Pope were very polite to each other thenceforth ; always ready to do little mutual favours. And it is to be remarked, Friedrich’s management of his Clergy, Protestant and Catholic, was always excellent ; true, in a considerable degree, to the real law of things ;

gentle, but strict, and without shadow of hypocrisy,—in which last fine particular he is singularly unique among Modern Sovereigns.

He recognises honestly the uses of Religion, though he himself has little ; takes a good deal of pains with his Preaching Clergy, from the Army-Chaplain upwards,—will suggest texts to them, with scheme of sermon, on occasion ;—is always anxious to have, as Clerical Functionary, the right man in the important place ; and for the rest, expects to be obeyed by them, as by his Sergeants and Corporals. Indeed, the reverend men feel themselves to be a body of Spiritual Sergeants, Corporals and Captains ; to whom obedience is the rule, and discontent a thing not to be indulged in by any means. And it is worth noticing, how well they seem to thrive in this completely submissive posture ; how much real Christian worth is traceable in their labours and them ; and what a fund of piety and religious faith, in rugged effectual form, exists in the Armies and Populations of such a King.

2

The Partition of Poland

[THE lode-star of the King's foreign policy after the war was the necessity of standing well with Russia. In April 1764 he signed a Treaty of Alliance with Catharine to run for eight years ; it was subsequently renewed, and continued valid as long as Frederick ruled and after Catharine had changed her leanings.

In October 1763 August, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, died, and Catharine determined to give the

Poles their next king in the person of one of her discarded lovers, Stanislaus Poniatowski, and through him to reform the kingdom. Poland had long been in effect the vassal of Russia ; and the 'election' of Stanislaus was carried through, in the face of an impotent Saxon Court, in September 1764.]

Catharine's Motives

Russian Catharine's interference seems first of all to have been grounded on the grandiose philanthropic principle. Astonishing to the liberal mind ; yet to appearance true. That is gradually one's own perception of the matter ; no other refuge for you out of flat inconceivability. Philanthropic principle, we say, which the Voltaires and Sages of that Epoch are prescribing as one's duty and one's glory : " Oh ye Kings, why won't you do good to mankind, then ? " To put one's cast Lover into a throne,—poor soul, console him in that manner ;—and reduce the long-dissentient Country to blessed composure under him : what a thing ! Foolish Poniatowski, an empty, windy creature, redolent of macassar and the finer sensibilities of the heart : him she did make King of Poland ; but to reduce the long-dissentient Country to composure,—that was what she could not do. The Czarina took, for above five years, a great deal of trouble, without losing patience. The Czarina, after every new effort, perceived with astonishment that she was farther from success than ever. With astonishment ; and gradually with irritation, thickening and mounting towards indignation. There is no reason to believe that the grandiose Woman handled, or designed to handle, a doomed Poland in the merciless feline-diabolic way set

with with wearisome loud reiteration in those distracted Books. Reason first is, that the Czarina, as we see her elsewhere, never was in the least a Cat or a Devil, but a mere Woman. Reason second is, that she had not the gift of prophecy, and could not foreknow the Polish events of the next ten years. She was a grandiose creature, with considerable magnanimities, natural and acquired ; with many ostentations, some really great qualities and talents ; in effect, a kind of She-Louis Quatorze (if the reader will reflect on that Royal Gentleman, and put him into petticoats in Russia, and change his improper females for improper males).)

State of Poland : Constitutional

In 1652, the incredible Law of *Liberum Veto* had been introduced. *Liberum Veto* ; the power of one man to stop the proceedings of Polish Parliament by pronouncing audibly "*Nie pozwalam*, I don't permit !"—never before or since among mortals was so incredible a Law. Law standing indisputable, nevertheless, on the Polish Statute-Book for above two hundred years : like an ever-flowing fountain of Anarchy, joyful to the Polish Nation. How they got any business done at all, under such a Law? Truly they did but little ; and for the last thirty years as good as none. But if Polish Parliament was universally in earnest to do some business, and Veto came upon it, Honourable Members, I observe, gathered passionately round the vetoing Brother ; conjured, obtested, menaced, wept, prayed ; and, if the case was too urgent and insoluble otherwise, the *Nie pozwalam* Gentleman still obstinate, they plunged their swords through him, and

in that way brought consent. The commoner could not be expected to dissolve and go home again, in a tempest of shrieks and curses.

The Right of Confederation, too, is very curious : do our readers know it ? A free Polack gentleman, aggrieved by anything that has occurred or been enacted in his Nation, has the right of swearing, whether absolutely by himself I know not, but certainly with two or three others of like mind, that he will not accept said occurrence or enactment, and is hereby got into arms against its abettors and it. The brightest jewel in the cestus of Polish Liberty is this right of confederating ; and it has been, till of late, and will be now again practised to all lengths.

Religious Dissidence

[The political troubles were aggravated by religious. The country was in the main fanatically Roman Catholic, though there were minorities of Protestants and Greek Catholics ; and while Russia and the Russian party in Poland favoured toleration and enforced it, the Poles for the most part were eager to persecute. In the spring of 1768 the Roman Catholic and Nationalist elements banded together against the Russian influence, and began a persecution of the Greek Orthodox peasants in the south. Whereupon the peasants revolted, the Cossacks, with the connivance of Petrograd, came over the border to help them, and confusion was worse confounded.]

Southern Poland in 1770 : Letter from Vergennes, French Emissary

‘ Near Lublin, 25th September 1770. It is frightful, all this that is passing in these parts,—about the Town of Labun, for example. The dead bodies remain without

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‘burial; they are devoured by the dogs and the pigs.
‘. . . Everywhere reigns Pestilence; nor do we fear
‘contagion so much as famine. Offer 100 ducats for
‘a fowl or for a bit of bread, I swear you won’t get it.
‘General von Essen has had to escape from Laticzew.
‘Pestilence chasing him everywhere.’

[In October 1768 the Turks, seeing a chance against Russia, made common cause with the recalcitrant Poles, and began one of the most disastrous of their wars, not without incitement from Austria and France. Frederick was now in serious anxiety. His one wish since the war had been to avert a European embroilment; and now Austria and Russia seemed likely to be embroiled.]

Frederick to the Electress of Saxony, June 1764

“I am doing like the dogs who have fought bitterly
“till they are worn down: I sit licking my wounds.
“I notice most European Powers doing the same; too
“happy if, whilst Kings are being manufactured to
“right and left, public tranquillity is not disturbed
“thereby, and if every one may continue to dwell in
“peace beside his hearth and his household gods.”

[The young Emperor Joseph II, on the death of his father in 1764, had assumed the sovereignty conjointly with his mother, Maria Theresa. He admired Frederick, and paid him a friendly visit at Neisse in August 1769; which was returned at Neustadt (September 3-7, 1770). On this occasion the King brought all his influence to bear in favour of an agreement between Petrograd and Vienna. Soon after the interview, however, Austria, which had massed troops on the Hungarian border, took the dangerous step of seizing a slice of Polish territory (district of Zips), and Frederick was almost in despair, when Catharine suddenly mooted a notion that promised to solve the whole difficulty. In February 1771 Prince

Henry was in Petrograd, and the Tsarina said to him : ' It seems in Poland you have only to stoop and pick up what you like of it. If the Court of Vienna have the notion to dismember that kingdom, its neighbours will have the right to do as much.' Frederick himself had made a similar proposal to Catharine at some time in the previous winter, and then, in default of any encouragement, had let it drop as a thing not yet ripe. By dint of infinitely patient diplomacy on the Prussian side the partition was agreed upon between the three Powers in the spring of 1772.]

The Morality of the Partition

One's clear belief, on studying these Books, is of two things : *First*, that, as everybody admits, Friedrich had no real hand in starting the notion of Partitioning Poland ; —but that he grasped at it with eagerness, as the one way of saving Europe from War : *Second*, what has been much less noticed, that, under any other hand, *it* would have led Europe to War ;—and that to Friedrich is due the fact that it got effected without such accompaniment. Friedrich's share of Territory is counted to be in all 9,465 English square miles ; Austria's 62,500 ; Russia's, 87,500, between nine and ten times the amount of Friedrich's, —which latter, however, as an anciently Teutonic Country, and as filling-up the always dangerous gap between his Ost-Preussen and him, has, under Prussian administration, proved much the most valuable of the Three ; and, next to Silesia, is Friedrich's most important acquisition.

Considerable obloquy still rests on Friedrich, in many liberal circles, for the Partition of Poland. Two things, however, seem by this time tolerably clear, though not

yet known in liberal circles : first, that the Partition of Poland was an event inevitable in Polish History ; an operation of Almighty Providence and of the Eternal Laws of Nature, as well as of the poor earthly Sovereigns concerned there : and secondly, that Friedrich had nothing special to do with it, and, in the way of originating or causing it, nothing whatever.

It is certain the demands of Eternal Justice must be fulfilled : in earthly instruments, concerned with fulfilling them, there may be all degrees of demerit and also of merit,—from that of a world-ruffian Attila the Scourge of God, conscious of his own ferocities and cupidities alone, to that of a heroic Cromwell, sacredly aware that he is, at his soul's peril, doing God's Judgments on the enemies of God, in Tredah and other severe scenes. If the Laws and Judgments are verily those of God, there can be no clearer merit than that of pushing them forward, regardless of the barkings of Gazetteers and wayside dogs, and getting them, at the earliest term possible, made valid among recalcitrant mortals ! Friedrich, in regard to Poland, I cannot find to have had anything considerable either of merit or of demerit, in the moral point of view ; but simply to have accepted, and put in his pocket without criticism, what Providence sent. He himself evidently views it in that light ; and is at no pains to conceal his great sense of the value of West-Prussen to him. We praised his Narrative as eminently true, and the only one completely intelligible in every point : in his Preface to it, written some years later, he is still more candid. Speaking there in the first person, this once and never before or after,—he says :

'These new pretensions' (of the Czarina, to assuage the religious putrid-fever of the Poles by word of command) 'raised all Poland; the Grandees of the Kingdom 'implored the assistance of the Turks: straightway War 'flamed out; in which the Russian Armies had only to 'show themselves to beat the Turks in every rencounter.' His Majesty continues: 'This War changed the whole 'Political System of Europe' (general Diplomatic Dance of Europe, suddenly brought to a whirl by such changes of the music); 'a new arena (*carrière*) came to open 'itself,—and one must have been either without address, 'or else buried in stupid somnolence (*engourdissement*), 'not to profit by an opportunity so advantageous. 'I seized by the forelock this unexpected opportunity; 'and, by dint of negotiating and intriguing I succeeded 'in indemnifying our Monarchy for its past losses, by 'incorporating Polish Prussia with my Old Provinces.'

Here is a Historian King who uses no rouge-pot in his Narratives,—whose word, which is all we shall say of it at present, you find to be perfectly trustworthy, and a representation of the fact as it stood before himself! What follows needs no vouching for: 'This acquisition 'was one of the most important we could make, because 'it joined Pommern to East Prussia' (ours for ages past), 'and because, rendering us masters of the Weichsel 'River, we gained the double advantage of being able to 'defend that Kingdom' (Ost-Preussen), 'and to draw 'considerable tolls from the Weichsel, as all the trade of 'Poland goes by that River.'

Yes truly! Our interests are very visible: and the interests and wishes and claims of Poland,—are they

nowhere worthy of one word from you, O King ? Nowhere that I have noticed ; not any mention of them, or allusion to them ; though the world is still so convinced that perhaps they were something, and not nothing ! Which is very curious. In the whole course of my reading I have met with no Autobiographer more careless to defend himself upon points in dispute among his Audience, and marked as criminal against him by many of them. Shadow of Apology on such points you search for in vain. In rapid bare summary he sets down the sequel of facts, as if assured beforehand of your favourable judgment, or with the profoundest indifference to how you shall judge them ; drops his actions, as an Ostrich does its young, to shift for themselves in the wilderness, and hurries on his way. This style of his, noticeable of old in regard to Silesia too, has considerably hurt him with the common kind of readers ; who, in their preconceived suspicions of the man, are all the more disgusted at tracing in him not the least anxiety to stand well with any reader, more than to stand ill, *as* ill as any reader likes !

Third parties, it would seem, have small temptation to become his advocates ; he himself being so totally unprovided with thanks for you ! But, on another score, and for the sake of a better kind of readers, there is one third party bound to remark : 1^o. That hardly any Sovereign known to us did, in his general practice, if you will examine it, more perfectly respect the boundaries of his neighbours ; and go on the road that was his own, anxious to tread on no man's toes if he could avoid it : a Sovereign who, at all times, strictly and beneficently confined himself to what belonged to his real business

and him. 2^o. That apparently, therefore, he must have considered Poland to be an exceptional case, unique in his experience : case of a moribund Anarchy, fallen down as carrion on the common highways of the world ; belonging to nobody in particular ; liable to be cut into (nay, for sanitary reasons requiring it, if one were a Rhadamanthus Errant, which one is not !)—liable to be cut into, on a great and critically stringent occasion ; no question to be asked of *it* ; your only question the consent of bystanders, and the moderate certainty that nobody got a glaringly disproportionate share ! That must have been, on the part of an equitable Friedrich, or even of a Friedrich accurate in Bookkeeping by Double Entry, the notion silently formed about Poland.

Whether his notion was scientifically right, and conformable to actual fact, is a question I have no thought of entering on ; still less, whether Friedrich was morally right, or whether there was not a higher rectitude, granting even the fact, in putting it in practice. These are questions on which an Editor may have his opinion, partly complete for a long time past, partly not complete, or, in human language, completable or pronounceable at all ; and may carefully forbear to obtrude it on his readers ; and only advise them to look with their own best eyesight, to be deaf to the multiplex noises which are evidently blind, and to think what they find thinkablest on such a subject. For, were it never so just, proper and needful, this is by nature a case of *Lynch Law* ; upon which, in the way of approval or apology, no spoken word is permissible. Lynch being so dangerous a Law-giver, even when an indispensable one !—

For, granting that the Nation of Poland was for centuries past an Anarchy doomed by the Eternal Laws of Heaven to die, and then of course to get gradually buried, or eaten by neighbours, were it only for sanitary reasons,—it will by no means suit, to declare openly on behalf of terrestrial neighbours who have taken up such an idea (granting it were even a just one, and a true reading of the silent but inexorably certain purposes of Heaven), That they, those volunteer terrestrial neighbours, are justified in breaking-in upon the poor dying or dead carcass, and flaying and burying it, with amicable sharing of skin and shoes! If it even were certain that the wretched Polish Nation, for the last forty years hastening with especial speed towards death, did in present circumstances, with such a howling canaille of Turk Janissaries and vultures of creation busy round it, actually require prompt surgery, in the usual method, by neighbours,—the neighbours shall and must do that function at their own risk. If Heaven did appoint them to it, Heaven, for certain, will at last justify them; and in the mean while, for a generation or two, the same Heaven (I can believe) has appointed that Earth shall pretty unanimously condemn them. The shrieks, the foam-lipped curses of mistaken mankind, in such case, are mankind's one security against over-promptitude (which is so dreadfully possible) on the part of surgical neighbours.

Alas, yes, my articulate-speaking friends; here, as so often elsewhere, the solution of the riddle is not Logic, but Silence. When a dark human Individual has filled the measure of his wicked blockheadisms, sins and brutal nuisancings, there are Gibbets provided, there are Laws

provided ; and you can, in an articulate regular manner, hang him and finish him, to general satisfaction. Nations too, you may depend on it as certain, do require the same process, and do infallibly get it withal ; Heaven's Justice, with written Laws or without, being the most indispensable and the inevitable thing I know of in this Universe. No doing without it ; and it is sure to come : —and the Judges and Executioners, we observe, are *not*, in that latter case, escorted in and out by the Sheriffs of Counties and general ringing of bells ; not so, in that latter case, but far otherwise !

*Another View : Maria Theresa to Kaunitz, February
1772*

“ When all my lands were invaded, and I knew not
“ where in the world I should find a place to be brought
“ to bed in, I relied on my good right and the help of
“ God. But in this thing, where not only public law
“ cries to Heaven against us, but also all natural justice
“ and sound reason, I must confess never in my life to
“ have been in such trouble, and am ashamed to show
“ my face. Let the Prince [Kaunitz] consider what an
“ example we are giving to all the world, if, for a miser-
“ able piece of Poland, or of Moldavia or Wallachia, we
“ throw our honour and reputation to the winds. I see
“ well that I am alone, and no more in vigour ; therefore
“ I must, though to my very great sorrow, let things
“ take their course.”

The War of the Bavarian Succession and the Fürstenbund

[ON December 30, 1777, the Elector, Max Joseph of Bavaria, died childless. His heir, Karl Theodor, Elector Palatine, had no legitimate child to succeed him, and his inheritance would fall to a nephew, Karl August Christian of Zweibrück. On January 3, 1778, Karl Theodor, in return for a liberal sum of money and a secure peace, signed an agreement by which he bequeathed more than half Bavaria to the Austrian crown at his decease. Austria (if that were any excuse for the transaction) was able to present a shadowy claim to the reversion of these lands, or of some of them, based on a deed secretly executed by the Emperor Sigismund in 1426.]

Policy of Kaunitz and Joseph II

‘Do but look on the Map: you would say, Austria without Bavaria is like a Human Figure with its belly belonging to somebody else. Bavaria is the trunk or belly of the Austrian Dominions, shutting-off all the limbs of them each from the other; making for central part a huge chasm. Our Tyrol, our Styria, Carniola, Carinthia,—Bavaria blocks these in. Then the Swabian Austria,—Breisach, and those Upper-Rhine Countries, from which we invade France,—we cannot reach them except through Bavarian ground. Swabian Austria should be our right arm, fingers of it reaching into Switzerland; Ober-Pfalz our left:—and as to the broad breast between these two; left arm and broad breast are Bavaria’s, not ours. Of the Netherlands, which might be called geographically the head of Austria, alas, the long neck, Lorraine, was once ours; but whose is

'it? Irrecoverable for the present,—perhaps may not 'always be so!'

These are Kaunitz's ideas ; and the young Kaiser has eagerly adopted them as the loadstar of his life. "Make the Reich a reality again", thinks the Kaiser (good, if only possible, think we too); "make Austria great; Austria is the Reich, how else can the Reich be real?"

In practical politics these are rather wild ideas ; but they are really Kaunitz's and his Kaiser's ; and were persisted in long after this Bavarian matter got its check : and, as a whole, they got repeated checks ; being impossible all, and far from the meaning of a Time big with French Revolution, and with quite other things than world-greatness to Austria, and rejuvenescence on such or on any terms to the poor old Holy Roman Reich, which had been a wiggery so long.

[Frederick, on hearing of the agreement, at once came forward as the protector of the Reich, enlisted the support of Saxony, Mecklenburg, and a number of the princes, and engaged with Zweibrück to champion his claims, so that Zweibrück, in answer to Austria's demand, declined to renounce them. After protracted negotiations the dispute ended in a feeble war. In July 1778 two Prussian armies entered Bohemia, one from Silesia under Frederick, another from Saxony under Prince Henry. But so strongly were the Austrians posted on a length of fifty miles in the hill country of the Upper Elbe that a deadlock ensued ; and after looking at the enemy positions for ten weeks, both Prussian armies retired into their own territory for the winter. Before a new campaign could begin, a peace was made (May 13, 1779), by which the Prussian spoke was firmly thrust into Austria's wheel. Austria, in return for a small strip of Bavarian land, agreed to renounce the arrangement with Karl Theodor.

Frederick had been in ill humour and strangely irresolute throughout the campaign, but his purpose was achieved. Those who have read his letters written during the Seven Years' War, will be willing to believe of him, at this period of his life, what he once said to one of his officers : how he might have struck hard in this war in the old manner, ' but the lothness to shed blood had restrained him. ']

The King on the Campaign
(*To Colonel von Backhof*)

" Tell me now : how did you get on in the last War?
" Most likely ill ! You in Saxony too could make nothing
" out. The reason was, we had not men to fight against,
" but cannons ! I might have done a thing or two ; but
" I should have sacrificed more than the half of my Army,
" and shed innocent human blood. In that case I should
" have deserved to be taken to the Guardhouse door, and
" to have got a six-score there (*einen öffentlichen Produkt*) !
" Wars are becoming frightful to carry on."

[The Austrian ambitions became more troublesome than ever when the death of Maria Theresa (November 1780) left the Emperor and Kaunitz to their own discretion.]

Joseph and Catharine

On her death [i.e. Maria Theresa's], Joseph and Kaunitz, now become supreme, launched abroad in their ambitious adventures with loose rein. Schemes of all kinds ; including Bavaria still, in spite of the late check ; for which latter, and for vast prospects in Turkey as well, the young Kaiser is now upon a cunning method, full of promise to him,—that of ingratiating himself with the Czarina, and cutting-out Friedrich in that quarter. Summer 1780, while the Kaiserin still lived, Joseph made his famous

First Visit to the Czarina (May—August 1780),—not yet for some years his thrice-famous Second Visit (thrice-famous Cleopatra-Voyage with her down the Dnieper ; dramaturgic cities and populations keeping pace with them on the banks, such the scenic faculty of Russian Officials) :—in the course of which First Visit, still more in the Second, it is well known the Czarina and Joseph came to an understanding. Little articulated of it as yet ; but the meaning already clear to both. “ A frank partnership, high Madam : to you, full scope in your glorious notion of a Greek Capital and Empire, Turk quite trampled away, Constantinople a Christian metropolis once more ” (and your next Grandson a *Constantine*,—to be in readiness) : “ why not, if I may share too, in the Donau Countries, that lie handy ? To you, I say, an Eastern Empire ; to me, a Western : Revival of the poor old Romish Reich, so far as may be ; and no hindrance upon Bavaria, next time. Have not we had enough of that old Friedrich, who stands perpetually upon *status quo*, and to both of us is a mere stoppage of the way ? ”

Czarina Catharine took the hint ; christened her next Grandson “ Constantine ” (to be in readiness) ; and from that time stiffly refused renewing her Treaty with Friedrich ;—to Friedrich’s great grief, seeing her, on the contrary, industrious to forward every German scheme of Joseph’s, Bavarian or other, and foreshadowing to himself dismal issues for Prussia when this present term of Treaty should expire. As to Joseph, he was busy night and day, —really perilous to Friedrich and the independence of the German Reich.

[As the sequel to many small encroachments, Austria, in January 1785, once more stretched out her hand to take Bavaria. The Prince of Zweibrück was suddenly informed by the Russian ambassador at his court that Karl Theodor had agreed forthwith to hand over the whole of Bavaria to the Emperor, in return for the Austrian Netherlands, of which he was to become king under the title of King of Burgundy. Again Frederick stepped in. By urgent remonstrances he induced Catharine openly to dissociate herself from the plot; and in July 1785 succeeded in forming a league of German princes (*Fürstenbund*)—Saxony, Hanover, Brunswick, Hessen among them—to protect the Reich; whereby the European system came for a moment into something like its future configuration. Abandoned by Catharine, and confronted by the league, Kaunitz and his master once more retracted the Bavarian policy.]

A Tragical Emperor

That of the *Fürstenbund* put a final check on Joseph's notions of making the Reich a reality; his reforms and ambitions had thenceforth to take other directions, and leave the poor old Reich at peace. A mighty reformer he had been, the greatest of his day. Broke violently in upon quiescent Austrian routine, on every side: monkeries, school-pedantries, trade-monopolies, serfages, —all things, military and civil, spiritual and temporal, he had resolved to make perfect in a minimum of time. Austria gazed on him, its admiration not unmingled with terror. He rushed incessantly about; hardy as a Charles Twelfth; slept on his bearskin on the floor of any inn or hut;—flew at the throat of every Absurdity, however broad-based or dangerously armed, "Disappear, I say!" Will hurl you an Official of Rank, where need is, into the

Pillory ; sets him, in one actual instance, to permanent sweeping of the streets in Vienna. A most prompt, severe, and yet beneficent and charitable kind of man. Immensely ambitious, that must be said withal. A great admirer of Friedrich ; bent to imitate him with profit. "Very clever indeed," says Friedrich ; "but has the "fault" (a terribly grave one !) "of generally taking "the second step without having taken the first."

A troublesome neighbour he proved to everybody, not by his reforms alone ;—and ended, pretty much as here in the *Fürstenbund*, by having, in all matters, to give-in and desist. In none of his foreign Ambitions could he succeed ; in none of his domestic Reforms. In regard to these latter, somebody remarks : 'No Austrian man or 'thing articulately contradicted his fine efforts that 'way : but, inarticulately, the whole weight of Austrian '*vis inertia* bore day and night against him ;— 'whereby, as we now see, he bearing the other way with 'the force of a steam-ram, a hundred tons to the square 'inch, the one result was, To dislocate every joint in the 'Austrian Edifice, and have it ready for the Napoleonic 'Earthquakes that ensued.' In regard to ambitions abroad it was no better. The Dutch fired upon his Scheld Frigate : "War, if you will, you most aggressive Kaiser ; but this Toll is ours !" His Netherlands revolted against him, "Can holy religion, and old use-and-wont be tumbled about at this rate?" His Grand Russian Copartneries and Turk War went to water and disaster. His reforms, one and all, had to be revoked for the present. Poor Joseph, broken-hearted (for his private griefs were many, too), lay down to die. "You may put

for epitaph," said he with a tone which is tragical and pathetic to us, "Here lies Joseph," the grandly-attempting Joseph, "who could succeed in nothing." A man of very high qualities, and much too conscious of them. A man of an ambition without bounds. One of those fatal men, fatal to themselves first of all, who mistake half-genius for whole; and rush on the second step without having made the first. Cannot trouble the old King or us any more.

4

Frederick's Last Years

[FROM the mass of notes upon the King and his conversation by men who met and spoke with him during the last part of his life, a few fragments may be selected:]

Obiter Dicta ; Foibles

(From notes by the Prince de Ligne)

De Ligne. "On the whole, there is that in the Country which really deserves to be happy. It is asserted that your Majesty has said, If one would have a fine dream, one must—"

King. "Yes, it is true,—be King of France."

"Why have they destroyed, too, the Depositories of the graces of Rome and of Athens, those excellent Professors of the Humanities, and perhaps of Humanity, the Ex-Jesuit Fathers? Education will be the loser by it. But as my Brothers the Kings, most Catholic, most Christian, most Faithful and Apostolic, have

“tumbled them out, I, most Heretical, pick-up as many as
 “I can; and perhaps, one day, I shall be courted for
 “the sake of them by those who want some. I preserve
 “the breed; I said, counting my stock the other day,
 “‘A Rector like you, my Father, I could easily sell for
 “300 thalers; you, Reverend Father Provincial, for 600;
 “and so the rest, in proportion.’”

‘I forget how the conversation changed; but I know
 ‘it grew so free that, seeing somebody coming to join
 ‘in it, the King warned him to take care; that it
 ‘wasn’t safe to converse with a man doomed by the
 ‘theologians to Everlasting Fire. I felt as if he some-
 ‘what overdid this of his “being doomed”, and that he
 ‘boasted too much of it.’

‘For five hours daily, the King’s encyclopedical con-
 ‘versation enchanted me completely. Fine arts, war,
 ‘medicine, literature and religion, philosophy, ethics,
 ‘history and legislation, in turns passed in review.
 ‘Everything, the most varied and piquant that could
 ‘be said, came from him,—in a most soft tone of voice;
 ‘rather low than otherwise, and no less agreeable than
 ‘were the movements of his lips, which had an inex-
 ‘pressible grace. It was this, I believe, which prevented
 ‘one’s observing that he was, in fact, like Homer’s heroes,
 ‘somewhat of a talker (*un peu babillard*).’

‘The King sometimes *played King*, and thought him-
 ‘self, sometimes, extremely magnificent while taking-up
 ‘a walking-stick or snuff-box with a few wretched little
 ‘diamonds running after one another on it.’

*The King and his Nephew, Frederick William, afterwards
King of Prussia*

'The King, questioning him about his bits of French studies, brought down a *La Fontaine* from the shelves, and said, "Translate me this Fable;" which the Boy did, with such readiness and correctness as obtained the King's praises: praises to an extent that was embarrassing, and made the honest little creature confess, "I did it with my Tutor, a few days since!" To the King's much greater delight; who led him out to walk in the Gardens, and exhorted him on the supreme law of truth and probity that lies on all men, and on all Kings still more; one of his expressions being, "Look at this high thing" (the Obelisk they were passing in the Gardens), "its uprightness is its strength (*sa droiture fait sa force*)."

The King's Old Age

A fine, unaffectedly vigorous, simple and manful old age;—rather serene than otherwise; in spite of electric outbursts and cloudy weather that could not be wanting.

Foreign Visitors there are in plenty; now and then something brilliant going. But the old Generals seem to be mainly what the King has for company. Dinner always his bright hour; from ten to seven guests daily. If fine speculation do not suit, old pranks of youth, old tales of war, become the staple conversation; always plenty of banter on the old King's part;—who sits very snuffy (says the privately ill-humoured Büsching), and does not sufficiently abhor grease on his fingers, or keep his nails quite clean.) Occasionally laughs at the Clergy, too; and has little of the reverence seemly in an old King. For the rest, completely an old Bachelor, an old

Military Abbot ; with business for every hour. (Princess Amelia takes care of his linen, not very well. I think I have heard there were but twelve shirts, not in first-rate order, when the King died) A King supremely indifferent to small concerns ; especially to that of shirts and tailorages not essential. Holds to Literature, almost more than ever ; occasionally still writes ; and has his daily Readings, Concerts, Correspondences as usual.

*The King's Last Ride in Berlin ; from the Reminiscences of
General von der Marwitz*

'The third time I saw him was that same year (1785),
'at Berlin still, as he returned home from the Review.
'My Tutor had gone with me for that end to the Halle
'Gate, for we already knew that on that day he always
'visited his Sister, Princess Amelia. He came riding on
'a big white horse. His dress was the same as formerly
'at Dolgelin, on the journey ; only that the hat was in
'a little better condition, properly looped-up, and with
'the peak set in front, in due military style. Behind him
'were a guard of Generals, then the Adjutants, and
'finally the grooms of the party. The whole "Rondeel"
'(now Belle-Alliance Platz) and the Wilhelms-Strasse
'were crammed full of people ; all windows crowded,
'all heads bare, everywhere the deepest silence ; and on
'all countenances an expression of reverence and confi-
'dence, as towards the just steersman of all our destinies.
'The King rode quite alone in front, and saluted people,
'continually taking off his hat. In doing which he
'observed a very marked gradation, according as the
'onlookers bowing to him from the windows seemed to
'deserve. At one time he lifted the hat a very little ;
'at another he took it from his head, and held it an
'instant beside the same ; at another he sunk it as far as
'the elbow.'

'Through this reverent silence there sounded only the trampling of the horses, and the shouting of the Berlin street-boys, who went jumping before him, capering with joy, and flung-up their hats into the air, or skipped along close by him, wiping the dust from his boots.

'Arrived at the Princess Amelia's Palace the crowd grew still denser, for they expected him there: the fore-court was jammed full; yet in the middle, without the presence of any police, there was open space left for him and his attendants. He turned into the Court; the gate-leaves went back; and the aged lame Princess, leaning on two Ladies, came hitching down the flat steps to meet him. So soon as he perceived her, he put his horse to the gallop, pulled-up, sprang rapidly down, took-off his hat (which he now, however, held quite low at the full length of his arm), embraced her, gave her his arm, and again led her up the steps. The gate-leaves went-to; all had vanished, and the multitude still stood, with bared head, in silence, all eyes turned to the spot where he had disappeared; and so it lasted a while, till each gathered himself and peacefully went his way.'

The King's Appearance in Later Life

He is a King every inch of him, though without the trappings of a King. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown but an old military cocked-hat,—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute softness, if new;—no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse 'between the ears', say authors);—and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on

Raphael

the breast of it ; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in colour or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots. The man is not of godlike physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume : close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height ; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man ; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labour done in this world ; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention ; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humour,—are written on that old face ; which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck ; snuffy nose rather flung into the air, under its old cocked-hat,—like an old snuffy lion on the watch ; and such a pair of eyes as no man or lion or lynx of that Century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. ‘ Those eyes ’, says Mirabeau, ‘ which, at the bidding of ‘ his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with ‘ terror (*portaient, au gré de son âme héroïque, la séduction ‘ ou la terreur*).’ Most excellent potent brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, stedfast as the sun ; gray, we said, of the azure-gray colour ; large enough, not, of glaring size ; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination ; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great

inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy : clear, melodious and sonorous ; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation ; a voice 'the clearest and most agreeable in conversation 'I ever heard', says witty Dr. Moore. 'He speaks 'a great deal,' continues the doctor ; 'yet those who 'hear him, regret that he does not speak a good deal 'more. His observations are always lively, very often 'just ; and few men possess the talent of repartee in 'greater perfection.'

The Last Illness

[The King caught his death on a day of drenching rain which he spent in the saddle at the Silesian manœuvres in August 1785. He died August 17, 1786, after fighting for a year with a complication of diseases.]

During all this while, and to the very end, Friedrich's Affairs, great and small, were, in every branch and item, guided on by him, with a perfection not surpassed in his palmiest days : he saw his Ministers, saw all who had business with him, many who had little ; and in the sore coil of bodily miseries never was the King's intellect clearer, or his judgment more just and decisive. Of his disease, except to the Doctors, he spoke no word to anybody. The body of Friedrich is a ruin, but his soul is still here ; and receives his friends and his tasks as formerly. (Asthma, dropsy, erysipelas, continual want of sleep ; for many months past he has not been in bed,

but sits day and night in an easy-chair, unable to get breath except in that posture.

He well knew himself to be dying ; but some think, expected that the end might be a little farther off. There is a grand simplicity of stoicism in him ; coming as if by nature, or by long *second-nature* ; finely unconscious of itself, and finding nothing of peculiar in this new trial laid on it. From of old, Life has been infinitely contemptible to him. In death, I think, he has neither fear nor hope. Atheism, truly, he never could abide : to him, as to all of us, it was flatly inconceivable that intellect, moral emotion, could have been put into *him* by an Entity that had none of its own. But there, pretty much, his Theism seems to have stopped. Instinctively, too, he believed, no man more firmly, that Right alone has ultimately any strength in this world : ultimately, yes ;—but for him and his poor brief interests, what good was it? Hope for himself in Divine Justice, in Divine Providence, I think he had not practically any ; that the unfathomable Demiurgus should concern himself with such a set of paltry ill-given animalcules as oneself and mankind are, this also, as we have often noticed, is in the main incredible to him.

A sad Creed, this of the King's ;—he had to do his duty without fee or reward. Yes, reader ;—and what is well worth your attention, you will have difficulty to find, in the annals of any Creed, a King or man who stood more faithfully to his duty ; and, till the last hour, alone concerned himself with doing that.

Tuesday August 15th, 1786, Contrary to all wont, the King did not awaken till 11 o'clock. On first looking up,

R. = Ravensburg
M. = Minden

R. = Ravensburg
M. = Minden



he seemed in a confused state, but soon recovered himself ; called in his Generals and Secretaries, who had been in waiting so long, and gave, with his old precision, the Orders wanted,—one to Rohdich, Commandant of Potsdam, about a Review of the troops there next day ; Order minutely perfect, in knowledge of the ground, in foresight of what and how the evolutions were to be ; which was accordingly performed on the morrow. The Cabinet work he went through with the like possession of himself, giving, on every point, his Three Clerks their directions, in a weak voice, yet with the old power of spirit,—dictated to one of them, among other things, an ‘ Instruction ’ for some Ambassador just leaving ; ‘ four quarto pages, which ’, says Hertzberg, ‘ would have done honour to the most experienced Minister ’ ; and, in the evening, he signed his Missives as usual. This evening still,—but—no evening more. We are now at the last scene of all, which ends this strange eventful History.

Wednesday morning, General-Adjutants, Secretaries, Commandant, were there at their old hours ; but word came out, “ Secretaries are to wait ” : King is in a kind of sleep, of stertorous ominous character, as if it were the death-sleep ; seems not to recollect himself, when he does at intervals open his eyes. After hours of this, on a ray of consciousness, the King bethought him of Rohdich, the Commandant ; tried to give Rohdich the Parole as usual ; tried twice, perhaps three times ; but found he could not speak ;—and with a glance of sorrow, which seemed to say, “ It is impossible, then ! ” turned his head, and sank back into the corner of his chair. Rohdich burst into tears : the King again lay slumberous ;

—the rattle of death beginning soon after, which lasted at intervals all day. Selle, in Berlin, was sent for by express; he arrived about 3 of the afternoon: King seemed a little more conscious, knew those about him, 'his face red rather than pale, in his eyes still something of their old fire'. Towards evening the feverishness abated (to Selle, I suppose, a fatal symptom); the King fell into a soft sleep, with warm perspiration; but, on awakening, complained of cold, repeatedly of cold, demanding wrappage after wrappage ('*Kissen*', soft quilt of the old fashion);—and on examining feet and legs, one of the Doctors made signs that they were in fact cold, up nearly to the knee. "What said he of the feet?" murmured the King some time afterwards, the Doctor having now stepped out of sight. "Much the same as before", answered some attendant. The King shook his head, incredulous.

He drank once, grasping the goblet with both hands, a draught of fennel-water, his customary drink; and seemed relieved by it;—his last refection in this world. Towards nine in the evening, there had come on a continual short cough, and a rattling in the breast, breath more and more difficult. Why continue? Friedrich is making exit, on the common terms; you may *hear* the curtain rustling down. For most part he was unconscious, never more than half-conscious. As the wall-clock above his head struck 11, he asked: "What o'clock?" "Eleven", answered they. "At 4", murmured he, "I will rise." One of his dogs sat on its stool near him; about midnight he noticed it shivering for cold: "Throw a quilt over it", said or beckoned he; that, I think, was

his last completely-conscious utterance. Afterwards, in a severe choking fit, getting at last rid of the phlegm, he said, "*La montagne est passée, nous irons mieux*, We are over the hill, we shall go better now."

Attendants, Hertzberg, Selle and one or two others, were in the outer room ; none in Friedrich's but Strützki, his Kammerhussar, one of Three who are his sole valets and nurses ; a faithful ingenious man, as they all seem to be, and excellently chosen for the object. Strützki, to save the King from hustling down, as he always did, into the corner of his chair, where, with neck and chest bent forward, breathing was impossible,—at last took the King on his knee ; kneeling on the ground with his other knee for the purpose,—King's right arm round Strützki's neck, Strützki's left arm round the King's back, and supporting his other shoulder ; in which posture the faithful creature, for above two hours, sat motionless, till the end came. Within doors, all is silence, except this breathing ; around it the dark earth silent, above it the silent stars. At 20 minutes past 2, the breathing paused,—wavered ; ceased. Friedrich's Life-battle is fought out ; instead of suffering and sore labour, here is now rest. Thursday morning 17th August 1786, at the dark hour just named. On the 31st of May last, this King had reigned 46 years. 'He has lived', counts Rödenbeck, '74 years, 6 months and 24 days.'

NOTES

PAGE 3, l. 11. *Count Philip Königsmark*. A Swedish nobleman and adventurer, who took service at Hanover, and assisted the Princess in more than one attempt to escape from the Court. His fate is still a mystery, as are also his relations with the Princess, for it is by no means sure that there was guilt. Curious readers may consult W. H. Wilkins, *The Love of an Uncrowned Queen* (London, 1900).

PAGE 4, l. 12. *Wilhelmina*. In her *Mémoires*, written at Baireuth about 1744. With many exaggerations and inaccuracies, the book is 'our one resource', says Carlyle, on the Court of Frederick William and the early life of Frederick the Great. She was Frederick's companion in childhood and devotedly attached to him. Frederick William treated her with severity and forced her to marry Frederick Margrave of Baireuth in 1731, after the project for her marriage with Frederick Prince of Wales had come to nothing. Carlyle defines her nature as 'shrill and eager'. She died in 1758.

PAGE 5, l. 31. *ten survived him*. Of these brothers and sisters of Frederick, beside Wilhelmina, the eldest, the most notable in this history are: (a) August Wilhelm, the seventh of the ten, the Heir-Apparent after Frederick, and father of his successor. He died in June 1758, of a broken heart, under circumstances related in the text; (b) the ninth child, Friedrich Heinrich Ludwig, better known as Prince Henry, born 1726, a cautious and brilliant soldier, and the ablest of the Prussian Generals in the latter part of the Seven Years' War.

PAGE 6, l. 23. *Jülich and Berg*. See Introduction II.

l. 33. *twelfth for population*. The population in 1740 was some 2,200,000. After the acquisition of East Frisia and Silesia, some 4,000,000.

PAGE 7, l. 6. *elaboration of administrative machinery*. It will be well to give the reader an outline of the administrative system set

up by Frederick William in an ordinance of 1723, and only slightly modified by Frederick the Great. The chief civil officer in the country 'districts' (*Kreise*) was the *Landrat*, or Sheriff, under whose direction each village or parish was administered by its Bailiff (*Amtmann*). The Bailiff was appointed by the feudal lord of the village, who over about a third of Prussian territory was the King himself. The *Landrat* was nominated by the local nobles, but appointed by the King, whose servant he became for all the purposes of civil government. In the towns the collecting of excise and the supervision of municipal life was carried out by Royal Commissioners. At the next stage we come to the 'Colleges' or 'Boards' of officials, which are characteristic of the Prussian system. The *Landräte* and Commissioners were responsible to Provincial Chambers (*Kriegs- und Domänen-Kammer*), whose members acted as royal inspectors and occasional commissioners in their provinces. Then the work of the Provincial Chambers was co-ordinated and centralized by the General Directory or corporation of ministers in Berlin, who reported to the King, and received his orders, through the Cabinet of three private secretaries (see p. 115). The 'General Directory of Finance, War, and the Domains' (*General-Ober-Finanz-Kriegs- und Domänen-Directorium*) consisted at Frederick's accession of four departments, to which he added two more. Each of the original four supervised the general government over a section of Prussian territory; but each might be entrusted besides with some minor charge, e.g. the control of some article of excise, extending to the whole kingdom. One of the two added departments was concerned with trade, manufactures, and immigration; the other with military affairs. Foreign Policy, Justice, and the entire government of Silesia, were separate ministries, not belonging to the Directory.

The functions of the Directory were purely executive of the royal will, and the utmost care was exercised to check the doings of individual officials by involving their colleagues of the whole board in the responsibility for each administrative step, as well as by the provision of inspectors or royal spies to watch for shortcomings and report them. The course of the King's actions in any matter of internal government was commonly this: he would send through one of his confidential secretaries an inquiry on the affair with which

he wished to deal to a department of the Directory, who passed it on to the Provincial Chamber, who sent a Commissioner to collect the facts. The Commissioner's report was sifted by the Chamber, sent on to the Directory, and sifted again, sent on to the Cabinet and cast into the concisest form, and so presented to the King. The King jotted down his wishes in one of the margins; the wishes were formulated by one of his clerks in an Order; and the Order was signed by the King on the same day. Then the entire machine, down maybe to the village Bailiff, began working on the command. The *Staatsrat* was now a shadowy institution, and the legislative power was wholly the King's. Foreign Affairs were controlled by Frederick with special jealousy. He was commonly his own negotiator, and his minister was admitted but a short way into his confidence.

l. 27. *Orson*. The hero of a fifteenth-century French romance, *Valentine and Orson*. These were twin brothers born in a wood near Orleans. Orson was nurtured by a she-bear, and grew up a wild and terrible man, known as the 'Wild man of the Forest'.

PAGE 8, l. 19. *tall Potsdam Regiment*. It was instituted in the time of Frederick I, and disbanded by Frederick the Great at his accession. Of three battalions: two at Potsdam, one at Brandenburg; 2,400 men in all. They were recruited or kidnapped from all countries, and as much as £1,200 was paid for a single recruit.

PAGE 9, l. 20. *Pesne's Portraits*. Antoine Pesne, a French artist, became Court Painter to Frederick William in 1710, and the Berlin and Potsdam palaces are full of his work.

PAGE 10, l. 30. *Pöllnitz*, i. e. Karl Ludwig Freiherr von Pöllnitz, a friend of Frederick's, whose garrulous *Memoirs of the Life and History of the Last Four Rulers of Prussia* were published in 1791.

PAGE 14, l. 21. *Criminal-Collegium*. Prussian justice was then, as it is now, sharply divided into civil and criminal, and never knew such a court as that of our King's Bench with jurisdiction over both categories. *Collegium* means a board of judges, which is the rule in Prussia, where all the courts, except the lowest, are composed of colleges.

l. 25. *Schlubbus*. A nobleman and member of the Administrative

Board for East Prussia, convicted of peculation, and condemned to refund the stolen moneys and undergo a short term of imprisonment. The King resented the sentence as too light, and suspected that his Court was dealing out one measure to nobles and another to commoners. He took the case into his own hands, and Schlubhut was hanged (July 1731).

PAGE 16, l. 10. *Edict of Nantes*. An edict, signed at Nantes by Henry IV in 1598, gave the Huguenots the freedom of their religion. Louis XIV revoked it in 1685, and in consequence 400,000 French were driven into exile.

PAGE 17, l. 21. *the Prussian dialect*. The greater part of what was then Prussia, including Berlin, lies within the zone of the Low German tongue, and consequently the conversational speech even of the upper classes is interspersed with Low German expressions. The Berlin dialect is a subject of jest in other parts of Germany.

PAGE 18, l. 2. *Goethe*. He lived from 1749 to 1832. His first printed work, *Die Müschuldigen*, was published in 1769. *Götz von Berlichingen* appeared in 1773; *Die Leiden des jungen Werther* in 1774.

Lessing. Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, critic and dramatist, lived from 1729 to 1781. His first critical writings appeared in 1753; his first drama in 1755; *Laokoon* was published in 1765; *Minna von Barnhelm* in 1766.

l. 4. *Ulrich Hutten*. Ulrich von Hutten (1488-1523), humanist, poet, satirist, reformer. The son of a poor knight, he was sent in early life to the Benedictine monastery of Fulda, which he deserted for the life of a wandering scholar. It was his endeavour to appeal to the higher classes in Germany in favour of nationalism and the Reformation, as Luther appealed to the lower. He wrote poems both in Latin and German.

Friedrich Barbarossa, i. e. the great Emperor Frederick I, who reigned from 1152 to 1190.

PAGE 19, l. 1. *Grumkow*. General von Grumkow, Frederick William's most trusted counsellor. He was in the pay of Austria, and intrigued in her interests until his death in 1739.

l. 12. *Anhalt-Dessau*. Anhalt, a small territory to the south of

Brandenburg, was an hereditary estate of the descendants of Albert the Bear, once the so-called Ascanian Margraves (see Introduction, p. xxiv), and a satellite of Prussia. Leopold was at this time the representative of the senior branch, whose seat was in Dessau. The younger branch, whose seat was in Zerbst, are notable in history as the family of Catharine II of Russia.

PAGE 20, l. 3. *in many wars*. He served under Eugene at Blenheim, Malplaquet, and at the storming of the lines of Turin (1706).

l. 27. *Bayle-Calvin logics*. Pierre Bayle (1647-1706), philosopher and literary critic, spent most of his life as Professor of Philosophy in the (subsequently suppressed) University of Sedan, and then at Rotterdam. He is best known for his *Dictionnaire historique et critique*.

PAGE 23, l. 2. *Jus Naturale and Jus Gentium*. The two terms are equivalent to International Law. The *jus naturale* was first conceived by the Stoics, who, with their doctrine of the human *persona*, aspired after a law to govern the relations of each and all men. The *jus gentium* is a term borrowed from the Roman jurists, who meant by it the law governing the relations of non-Romans with each other, as distinct from that between Roman citizens. In the movement towards an international law, which arose in Europe after the Thirty Years' War, both terms became famous; and *jus gentium* took the meaning of the rights valid between different states or their members. Hugo Grotius, e. g., in his famous *De Jure Belli ac Pacis* (1625), starts with the conception of a *jus naturale*, and deducts from it a systematic *jus gentium*.

PAGE 25, l. 15. *fugling*. A fugleman (German Flügelmann) is a soldier who is stood in front of a company to serve as a model of the motions and the drill.

PAGE 26, l. 19. *Wusterbausen*. The King's country seat, some twenty miles south-east of Berlin.

PAGE 30, l. 12. *Squire Western*. The fox-hunting squire in Fielding's *Tom Jones*.

PAGE 33, l. 6. *Sauerteig, in bis Springwurzeln*. Carlyle, when running off into reflections, often adopts a pseudonym—Teufels-

dröckh, Sauerteig, Smelfungus—or quotes from some imaginary book, either for the sake of liveliness or to deprecate the reader's impatience. There is never any difference between one of his voices and another.

PAGE 35, l. 11. *Tby obstinate*, &c. The grammar of this sentence is the King's.

PAGE 39, l. 5. *civil government of the district*. He was attached to the Provincial Chamber. See note, p. 328.

PAGE 45, l. 2. *Fontenelle*, i. e. Bernard le Bovier de Fontenelle (1657-1757), best known for his *Nouveaux dialogues des morts* (1683); his *Entretiens sur la pluralité des mondes* (1686), and his *Histoire des oracles* (1687). He was a popularizer of scientific truths, and was a link between the classical age of Boileau and Racine and the age of Voltaire.

Rollin. Charles Rollin, professor at Paris. His *Histoire ancienne*, in thirteen volumes, appeared between 1730 and 1738.

l. 14. *Siege of Stralsund*. It was held by Charles XII of Sweden against a composite force of Danes and Prussians, the Prussians under Frederick William, and was captured in December 1715.

l. 20. *Chevalier Folard*, i. e. Le Chevalier Jean-Charles de Folard (1669-1752). Towards 1760 Frederick had a précis made of the Chevalier's *Nouvelles découvertes sur la guerre* (1724) and wrote a preface to it. Folard was not only an historian but an original tactician.

Feuquière. *Mémoires sur la guerre*, published 1711. Chiefly on the wars of Louis XIV, in which the writer had himself shared. The standard work on war in the eighteenth century.

Epaminondas at Leuctra. The great Theban patriot won the battle of Leuctra against the Spartans in 371.

l. 21. *Charles XII at Pultawa*. He was defeated here by Peter the Great in June 1709. The town is some five hundred miles north-east of Odessa.

PAGE 47, l. 24. *Voltaire*. François Marie Arouet, born 1694, the son of a lawyer. He was educated at the Collège Louis-le-Grand, the chief French seminary of the Jesuits, and destined by his father for the Bar. But he abhorred this career, and preferred to shine as

a young wit and sceptic in fashionable circles in Paris, and to write lampoons, of which one on the Regent led to his being thrown into the Bastille (1717). His triumphant literary career began with the tragedy of *Œdipe* (1718), and his epic on Henry IV, the *Henriade* (1723, in its first form). He now assumed the name of Voltaire and began to appear at Court; but his success there was cut short by a quarrel with the Chevalier de Rohan, whom, for an insult offered to him, he castigated with caustic verses, and was in return set upon and beaten by the nobleman's hirelings. Voltaire thereupon sent the Chevalier a challenge, was in consequence thrown a second time into the Bastille, and after his liberation went to England, where he spent nearly three years. He was received into the highest circles, conversed intimately with Bolingbroke, Peterborough, Chesterfield, and with Thomson and Young, and became conversant with English literature, and with the writings of Newton, Locke, and the Deists, who supplied him with many weapons for his subsequent controversies. On his return to Paris he laid the foundations of a great fortune by prudent speculations, and entered into his long connexion with Madame du Châtelet, an accomplished and scientific lady, who came of a distinguished family. He took refuge with her in her Château of Cirey in Champagne after his *Letters on the English* had excited the displeasure both of the Court and the clergy; and here he settled for many years, busy with chemistry and physics and with literary works, *Méropé* and *Mabomet* among tragedies; his satire on Joan of Arc, *La Pucelle*; and much of his *Siècle de Louis-Quatorze*, to name the best known. In 1749 his gradual estrangement from Madame du Châtelet culminated in her *liaison* with a young officer and her death. After the Prussian episode related in the text, Voltaire settled in 1755 in Geneva, and in 1758 in Ferney, some four miles from Geneva on the northern shore of the lake. Here he entered on the most brilliant and famous chapter of his career as a Paladin of religious liberty; wrote his poem on the earthquake at Lisbon and his *Candide*, besides many other works, mainly historical and philosophical; and carried on an immense correspondence, in which the highest personages in Europe were glad to share, including, besides Frederick, Catharine of Russia. In May 1778, after an absence of over thirty years, he

entered Paris amid extraordinary ovations from all classes. The occasion was too much for an ailing man of 84, and he died of the excitement.

PAGE 48, l. 2. *Anti-Macchiavel*. Niccolò di Bernardo dei Mac(c)hiavelli, Florentine diplomatist and statesman (1469-1527), wrote his famous *Il Principe* (published in 1532, after his death) as a handbook for princes. One of his theses is that reasons of State determine the right and wrong of a prince's actions.

PAGE 50, l. 30. *Trismegistus*, i. e. 'thrice-great'. The epithet was applied to Hermes, the Egyptian philosopher, who invented, among other things, the art of writing in hieroglyphics, the lute, the lyre, and the sciences of astronomy and magic.

PAGE 51, l. 11. *Frederick's Writings*. The edition of his complete works issued by Frederick William IV (1846-57) comprises thirty volumes, six poetical, seven historical, two philosophical, three military, the rest correspondence. The sentiments of the *Anti-Macchiavel* were reproduced in 1777 in an *Essai sur les formes du gouvernement et les devoirs des souverains*, in which the Republican and the English forms of government are commended as the best, and sovereignty is said to derive from the people. The most important historical works are : *Histoire de la Guerre de sept ans*, the *Histoire de mon temps*, and the *Mémoires depuis la paix de Huberisbourg jusqu'à la fin du partage de la Pologne*.

PAGE 52, l. 28. *Van Duren*. The printer and publisher, a Dutch bookseller at The Hague.

PAGE 56, l. 13. *Geistliche Departement*. This would be one of the Departments in the Directory charged with the duties of the present *Kultus-Ministerium*, in addition to its supervision of one of the four sections of Prussia. See note, p. 328. To this hour religion in Prussia is a subject under the purview of the Education Office. The Fiscal would be the Royal Commissioner charged with the collection of the taxes and the oversight of the civic life of Berlin.

PAGE 59, l. 3. *Vie privée*. A spiteful account of the King's private life, written by Voltaire and piratically published after the writer's death.

l. 4. *Matinées du Roi de Prusse*. An anonymous pamphlet published in 1766, containing spurious conversations between Frederick and Prince Frederick William, his heir-apparent. Frederick is represented as recommending the Macchiavellian methods, as those by which the Hohenzollerns had always prospered. The pamphlet ran into many editions after its publication, and was able to survive the most destructive criticism. Its author has been identified as a M. de Bonneville, once adjutant and secretary to Marshal de Saxe, and subsequently a needy adventurer.

PAGE 60, l. 1. *Maupertuis*. Pierre de Maupertuis was born in 1698, devoted himself to science after serving five years in the French army, and made himself famous by contending for Newton's physical theory against that of Descartes. With other academicians he was sent by Louis XV on an expedition to Lapland in 1736 in order to determine the exact measure of a degree of longitude, and he embodied the results in his *De la Figure de la Terre* (1738). He assumed the Presidency of the Academy in Berlin in 1740. After Voltaire's *Diatribes du Docteur Akakia* he left Berlin for Basel, and died there in 1759.

PAGE 61, l. 27. *Karl VI*. He was born in 1685, second son of Leopold I. After playing his part as the Hapsburg candidate in the War of the Spanish Succession, he succeeded his brother Joseph on the imperial throne in 1711. A conspicuous example of the dogged ambition of his house, it was only with great difficulty he could be persuaded to give up the hope of reconstructing the empire of Charles V and uniting the dominions of Spain and Austria. The main concern of his life was the Pragmatic Sanction, on which see p. 361.

PAGE 62, l. 17. *Podewils*. Minister for Foreign Affairs, and, for a few years after the Second Silesian War, ambassador at Vienna.

Schwerin. Kurt Christoph Graf von Schwerin (1684-1757) was a Pomeranian by birth, and served his apprenticeship in war in the Dutch army, being present at Blenheim. He served afterwards in the army of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin at Ramillies and Malplaquet. His next master was Charles XII of Sweden, and

finally he entered the Prussian army in 1720. He was a member of the Court which tried Frederick as Crown Prince in 1730. Frederick, on his accession, made him General Field-marshal, and many difficult operations in the first two Silesian Wars and in the beginning of the Seven Years' War were in his hands. He saved the situation at Mollwitz after the King had left the field, and fell at Prague in 1757. The army knew him as 'the little Marlborough': a man of fiery energy and vehement temper.

PAGE 63, l. 5. *Herstal*. It lies a short way north of Liège. It fell to Frederick William as his portion of the inheritance of William of Orange. In September 1740 Frederick marched a force of troops into the territory of the Bishop of Liège, who had set up claims to Herstal and was now forced to renounce them.

l. 14. *ancient claims*. See Introduction, p. xxvii.

PAGE 65, l. 5. *Pragmatic Sanction*. See p. 361.

PAGE 66, l. 8. *Fifth Proposition*, i. e. the last article in Gotter's note.

l. 17. *Silesia*. From the tenth century the land was under Polish dominion and the population was Slavic. It was largely Germanized by immigration in the thirteenth century, and in the fourteenth was divided up among a number of dukes or petty rulers, who in 1327-29 transferred their allegiance from Poland to Bohemia. Through the tolerance of these dukes at the Reformation Protestantism spread to a considerable extent among the people, of whom to this day a half are Protestants; but it was cruelly persecuted down to the first half of the eighteenth century, when the emperors inherited Bohemia and therewith the Silesian suzerainty.

PAGE 68, l. 1. *Crossen*. Frontier town on the Prussian-Silesian border.

l. 5. *Wallenstein's old Friedland*. The most remarkable of the imperial generals in the Thirty Years' War (b. 1583, d. 1634). He purchased the castle of Friedland in Bohemia in 1622, and took from it his title of Duke of Friedland.

l. 19. *Lausitz*, i. e. Lusatia. Formerly divided into Upper and Lower, constituting two independent Margraviates. Became part

of Saxony in 1635. Ceded to Prussia at the Congress of Vienna, except a small strip around Bautzen, which still belongs to Saxony.

PAGE 71, l. 16. *Pogarell*. The reader must bear in mind that each battle front was some two miles wide, and ran from south-west to north-east. This fact is a little obscured in the text, since Carlyle says that 'the sun, coming more and more round to West of South (for it is now past noon) shines right in Neipperg's face'; whereas it would be shining laterally, and would be more and more at Neipperg's back as the day wore on. Thus, when the last Prussian advance was sounded, we read that Schwerin's men charged 'forwards towards the Austrians and the setting sun'. The important villages were

. Grünigen
. Mollwitz . Hermsdorf.

The Austrians were deployed in front of Mollwitz and Grünigen (which are $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles apart), and another half-mile beyond Mollwitz to the brook called Laugwitz Water, Laugwitz itself being some way on the other or western side. We are told that Hermsdorf was to have been the point of support for the Austrian left, but the Prussians 'took it up', which must mean simply that they threatened it, since Schulenburg, when overwhelmed, was advancing to seize it (p. 76). The Austrian cavalry charged the flank as well as the front of the Prussian right wing. The flank was protected by the battalions *en potence*, who only let a few horsemen through to the space between the lines of infantry (Koser). *Pogarell*, Frederick's quarters of the night before, is eight miles south-east of Mollwitz; Pampetz, a mile to the rear of the Prussian left; Grottkau, some twenty miles due south of Mollwitz, the Austrian retreat sweeping round the Prussian flank southwards. A short distance east of Grünigen lay the fortress of Brieg-on-the-Oder, at this time in Austrian hands.

PAGE 72, l. 13. *Colonel Count von Rothenburg*. See p. 119. A Prussian by birth, with French relationships; lived much in Paris, and was previously in the French diplomatic service, being for a time French ambassador in Berlin under Frederick William. He was known as a dandy and a gamester, but Frederick thought

highly of him both as a man and a soldier. His influence at Paris and his skilful diplomacy brought about the understanding between Paris and Berlin of May 1744. Was present also at Hohenfriedberg. Died in 1751.

PAGE 77, l. 17. *Prince Leopold*. Eldest son of the Old Dessauer.

PAGE 78, l. 3. *vanished from the Field*. The King's flight from the battle is shrouded in fable, and he himself always maintained a rigorous silence with regard to it. It is certain, however, that, on the urgency of Schwerin and Prince Leopold, he rode late in the afternoon with a small suite to Löwen, fifteen miles south on the Neisse River; thence under cloud of night to Oppeln, intending to cross the Oder there and so reach Glogau or Brandenburg by the right bank. But Oppeln had been occupied by a wandering party of Austrian Hussars, who fired on the King and his suite through the gate. Frederick then rode back to Löwen, where he heard of the victory, and before dark that day was once more on Mollwitz field. Oppeln lay thirty-five miles to the rear of the Prussian army; the King was absent from the field sixteen hours; and the night of his ride was his third night without sleep.

l. 31. *Winterfeld*. Frederick's most trusted counsellor during the first years of the reign; a man, says Carlyle, of 'brilliant effectuality', and, 'except Frederick, the most shining figure in the Prussian Army'. He was constantly employed in posts of danger and difficulty in the two Silesian wars and in the Seven Years' War until his death. He took a conspicuous part at Mollwitz, Hohenfriedberg, Hennersdorf, Prague. Frederick trusted him no less as a diplomatist than as a soldier, and sought his advice on the gravest matters of foreign policy. The Treaty of Alliance with the Tsarina Elisabeth was manipulated by him as special envoy to St. Petersburg; and in 1756 he repeatedly pressed the king to forestall his enemies by taking the aggressive against them. 'Fiery Winterfeld, who hates the French, who despises the Austrians, and thinks the Prussian Army a considerable factor in politics, has great schemes. "Home upon our implacable enemies. And the French,—what are the French? Our King should be Kaiser of Teutschland; and he can, and he may."' He fell in a skirmish with the Austrians (September 7,

1757), while co-operating with the Duke of Bevern in the futile attempt to keep the enemy out of Silesia during the critical weeks before Rossbach.

PAGE 83, l. 10. *Belleisle*. Charles Louis Auguste Fouquet, Duc de Belleisle, grandson of the Intendant Fouquet, engineered the coalition against Austria. He was born in 1684. After serving in the Low Countries, Italy, Spain, and Poland, he commanded the French armies in Bohemia in 1741 and 1742. His retreat from that country before the Austrians in 1742 is a recognized masterpiece in the art of war. In 1757 he was made Minister of War, and died in 1761.

l. 20. *treaty with France*. See Appendix, p. 362. It is not true that Frederick gave no promise to vote for Charles Albert. He was to vote either for him, 'or, if requisite, for another candidate agreeable to France'.

PAGE 85, l. 2. *Jordan*. Charles Étienne J., of French Protestant parents settled in Berlin, was first a Lutheran clergyman, and then librarian and secretary to Frederick, who had a hearty affection for him. Jordan was cheerful, modest, and sincere. He died in 1746.

l. 3. *Algarotti*. A Venetian, and one of the literary men about Frederick in the earlier part of his reign. He wrote a book on the Opera, and another entitled *Astronomy for Ladies*, and was often Voltaire's guest at Cirey. His association with Frederick lasted until 1753, when he left the Court, having fallen into disfavour.

PAGE 87, l. 3. *Hyndford*. John Carmichael, third Earl of Hyndford (1701-67), was sent as Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to mediate between Frederick and Maria Theresa in 1741. The Treaty of Breslau (otherwise called of Berlin) was largely due to his persistent efforts. On Hyndford's diplomacy see Appendix, p. 362.

l. 4. *Valori*. French ambassador at Berlin until the Seven Years' War.

PAGE 92, l. 11. *Münchows*. A Baron von Münchow was President of the Provincial Government at Cüstrin when Frederick, as Crown Prince, was imprisoned there, and he showed the prisoner many clandestine kindnesses. A son of his became a favourite after Frederick's accession, and was made one of the two commissioners of the 'Military Field Commissariat' in Silesia during the first two

wars, in which office he had to collect food and taxes from the conquered country. He was afterwards appointed Minister for Silesia.

PAGE 94, l. 6. *Salic Law*. The ancient law of the Salian Franks, dating from the fifth century, forbids the succession of a female to the throne. This became an established principle in France from the fourteenth century onwards.

l. 16. *Her Husband*. Francis (1708-65), second son of Leopold, Duke of Lorraine. Was adopted by Charles VI in early youth as the future husband of Maria Theresa, whom he married in 1736, and who made him co-regent of her dominions at her accession. He succeeded Charles VII as Emperor in 1745. He was content to leave the real direction of affairs to his wife, whom, however, he aided with constant loyalty and good sense.

PAGE 95, l. 6. *Bielfeld*. Baron de Bielfeld, author of an untrustworthy book about Frederick and his times, *Lettres familières et autres* (1763). He was the son of a Hamburg merchant, and was for a few years, in the early part of the reign, at Frederick's Court; but did not advance, and retired, after marrying money, to an estate in Saxony, where he lived thenceforth remote from Prussia.

PAGE 96, l. 8. *August of Saxony*. His reign falls between the years 1733 and 1763.

l. 24. *Graf von Brühl*. Born in 1700; became Prime Minister to August III in 1746. He used his position to become enormously rich and to squander his riches on whims. After the capitulation of Struppen, he fled to Warsaw; returned to Dresden when peace was made in 1763, and died in October of that year a few weeks after the Elector.

PAGE 98, l. 23. *Tsarina Elisabeth*. She was born in 1709, a daughter of Peter the Great. During the reign of her cousin Anne (1730-40) she practised a self-effacement out of which she was only aroused, when Anne Leopoldovna became regent, by the fear of being shut up in a convent. On December 6, 1741, she arrested the Ministers and the Regent with the aid of the Preobrazhensky Regiment of Guards, and became Autocrat of the Russias in a single night. There was a streak of her father's energy and craft in her otherwise indolent

nature, and her personal spite against Frederick was thoroughly consonant with the soundest foreign policy for Russia.

PAGE 108, l. 16. *Jauernik*. In what is now Austrian Silesia, fifty miles north-west by west of Troppau.

l. 25. *Karl*, i. e. Prince Charles of Lorraine. Youngest son of Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, and brother of the Emperor Francis I; b. 1712, d. 1780. Although but twenty-eight years old, he was made a Field-Marshal on the outbreak of the First Silesian War, and led the Austrians to defeat at Chotusitz, Hohenfriedberg, Sohr, Prague, Leuthen. His reputation is in some measure redeemed by his leading of the allies in Bohemia in 1743 and his crossing of the Rhine in face of the French army in 1744. After Leuthen he retired from the war, and spent the rest of his life in Brussels as Governor-General of the Austrian Netherlands.

PAGE 109, l. 19. *Striegau*. It lies a little north-east of Hohenfriedberg, and the Saxon or left wing of the invading army rested upon it.

PAGE 111, l. 3. *Robinson*. Thomas Robinson, first Baron Grantham (1695-1770), became ambassador at Vienna in 1730 and continued there eighteen years. Throughout the First Silesian War he was insistent with Maria Theresa to make terms with Frederick. There was, in fact, a conflict of wishes between the governments, the Austrians wishing to turn the point of the war against Prussia, and the English against France. Hence the separate peace between England and Prussia in 1745.

PAGE 118, l. 29. *boled roquelaure*. He had received three bullets in his overcoat during the battle.

PAGE 119, l. 9. *Rothenburg*. See note, p. 337.

l. 15. *Marshal Keib*. James Keith, younger son of the family now represented by the Earl of Kintore, in which the office of Great Marischal of Scotland was hereditary. Both James and his elder brother George, tenth Earl Marischal, took part in the Jacobite risings in Scotland in 1715 to 1719, and escaped to the Continent; both subsequently took service under Frederick, George as a diplomatist, James as a soldier. James had been in the Spanish and the Russian services, and had had much experience of war especially

against the Swedes and the Turks, before Frederick engaged him in 1747. He was present at Prague, Lobositz, Rossbach ; conducted the skilful retreat from Olmütz, and fell at Hochkirch in 1758. He was one of the four among his generals to whom Frederick erected statues in the Wilhelmsplatz in Berlin.

PAGE 121, l. 27. *Voltaire*. See note, p. 332.

PAGE 123, l. 17. *the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree and the Golden Water*. These are allusions to the tale of 'The Two Sisters' in the *Arabian Nights*. There is an oracular bird in the tale, from which the Sultan learns of the fate of his two children, who had been exposed by the Sultana's jealous sister. When the bird sings, all the birds of the field join in. Every leaf of the Singing Tree was a mouth, and all the leaves sang together. One drop of the Golden Water would fill a fountain, and throw up a jet of beautiful device.

PAGE 127, l. 15. *A Bookseller Jore, an Opera Fiddler*. Jore was a Rouen bookseller, who piratically printed the *Henriade*, and was sued for it by Voltaire in 1736. The Opera Fiddler was one Travenol, whom Voltaire vengefully prosecuted for selling pasquils written against him. The case lasted over a year, from the spring of 1746 to the autumn of 1747.

PAGE 128, l. 9. *Maupertuis*. See p. 60, and note, p. 335.

PAGE 130, l. 1. *like Bude light*. 'Bude Castle was the home of Sir G. Gurney, who in 1839-41 patented the *Bude burner*, consisting of two, three, or more Argand burners, each inner one a little above the outer. The *Bude light* was a brilliant flame, produced by introducing a current of oxygen into the interior of the flame' (Chambers, *Encyclopaedia*).

PAGE 135, l. 7. *Cbasot*. Once an officer in the French army. He made acquaintance with Frederick at Philipsburg in 1734, was one of the Reinsberg circle, and served with credit in the Silesian Wars as an officer of Dragoons.

l. 22. *the old Treaty, which we called of Warsaw*. There were two distinct agreements called of Warsaw. On January 8, 1745, while Frederick was being worsted by Traun, a 'Union of Warsaw', otherwise called the 'Quadruple Alliance of Warsaw', was con-

cluded between the King of Poland (i. e. the Elector of Saxony), the Queen of Hungary, England, and Holland, to oppose the Union of Frankfurt. Saxony was to send 30,000 men to join the Austrian armies, the sea powers to find subsidies. The 30,000 men were at once forthcoming, and the subsidies were paid. Four months later (May 18) a 'Treaty of Warsaw' was concluded between the Queen of Hungary and the Elector of Saxony, in which they agreed to combine to reconquer Silesia and cut down the Prussian territory. Magdeburg and a few other towns were to pass to Saxony as a reward. The sea powers were invited to subscribe these undertakings, as a secret codicil to the original Union, but refused. The Treaty was kept secret until Frederick discovered its existence in 1756.

PAGE 187, l. 16. *The Menzel Documents*. Menzel was a government clerk in the Foreign Office at Dresden, and was employed in the Secret Archives. In 1752 he began to transmit secret documents to the secretaries at the Prussian Embassy and to receive pay in return from the Prussian envoy. He also communicated documents from the Foreign Office at Warsaw. It was from these papers that Frederick got wind of the conspiracy against him.

PAGE 188, l. 21. *Kaunitz*. See pp. 309 ff. Wenzelius Anthony, Prinz von Kaunitz (1711-94) first acquired his European reputation as a diplomatist at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. It was he who, as ambassador in Paris 1750-2, was the main instrument of the difficult Franco-Austrian reconciliation and the engineer of the coalition for the Seven Years' War. For forty years from his appointment as Chancellor in 1753 he was the principal director of Austrian policy.

PAGE 189, l. 31. *Madame de Pompadour*. Jeanne Antoinette Poisson was born in 1721, the illegitimate daughter of a financier, and well educated. She married early, and became a woman of fashion in the financial world, until in 1745 she was made the king's mistress, and ennobled as the Marquise de Pompadour. She was virtually Prime Minister of France for twenty years. Her reserve and refinement were in creditable contrast to the vulgarity of her successors in the position of favourite. She was a great patroness of art and literature.

l. 33. *Je ne la connais pas.* The answer returned by Frederick when Voltaire, on coming to Berlin, brought him a greeting from Madame de Pompadour.

PAGE 143, l. 4. *Capitulation of Struppen.* Koser mentions that on the margin of the articles of capitulation drawn up by Winterfeld and Rutowski, which provided that the Saxon non-commissioned officers and men should not be forced into the Prussian service, the King wrote a flat refusal to give any such promise. 'No General', he wrote, 'shall be forced to serve against his will. That is enough.' The official apology for the impressment of Saxons is that the same thing was commonly done to prisoners of war on a smaller scale, and in this case there was only a numerical difference. Struppen was the Saxon head-quarters in the Pirna country.

PAGE 147, l. 24. *Duke of Bevern.* See note, p. 348.

l. 30. *Daun.* Leopold Joseph, Graf von D. (1705-66), son of a distinguished Austrian officer. His fame rests on the part he played in the Seven Years' War; but he was besides a skilful organizer, and bore a large share in the reform of the Austrian army during the years preceding it.

PAGE 148, l. 25. *Prince Maurice.* Youngest of three sons of the Old Dessauer. Played conspicuous parts at Kolin and Leuthen. Was wounded and taken prisoner at Hochkirch, and died the year after (1759).

PAGE 149, l. 4. *Retzow.* A colonel of the Prussian army, and son of the major-general von Retzow, of whom the reader will hear much in the account of Hochkirch. The younger Retzow fought through all three of the King's great wars with much distinction, and wrote a book called *Charakteristik des siebenjährigen Krieges*, which is weighty and concise and much valued by historians and soldiers.

PAGE 150, l. 15. *The Prussians moving into Line of Battle.* See p. 178.

PAGE 151, l. 6. *the Emblem . . . on the Piano.* A composition for the piano entitled 'The Battle of Prague', was popular some fifty years ago. It was characterized by violent sound, and used to be played, with a view to contrast, either immediately after or before 'The Maiden's Prayer'.

PAGE 152, l. 8. *Zieten*. Hans Joachim von Zieten (1699-1786) was the most famous of the Prussian generals under Frederick, at least among the common people, with whom he has become legendary. He was early employed as colonel of a regiment of Hussars to study the Austrian cavalry and introduce their methods into the Prussian army, and his name is associated with (generally) brilliant cavalry action on many fields, including Hohenfriedberg, Prague, Kolin, Leuthen, and Liegnitz. Of his rôle in the battle of Torgau, readers will learn at length from the text. He lived to extreme old age in high favour with the King.

PAGE 154, l. 14. *Mannstein*. The impatient general commanding the Prussian right.

PAGE 158, l. 11. *Mitchell*. Sir Andrew Mitchell (1708-71) came of an Aberdeenshire family. He was called to the Bar in 1738, and was Under Secretary of State for Scotland in the difficult year 1745. In 1747 he entered Parliament as a Whig, and held a seat to the end of his life, although usually absent in Prussia after his appointment as British Envoy in 1756. He was by far the most successful of the British representatives in Frederick's time, and became the King's intimate friend. He accompanied the King on his campaigns, and his dispatches on the war, from which Carlyle often quotes, are valuable evidence. He was a lover of literature, and friend of the poet Thomson, and one of the first who saw that a literary age was dawning in Germany. He continued at his post after the war and died at Berlin.

PAGE 160, l. 22. *Duke of Cumberland at Hastenbeck*. William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland (1721-65), son of George II, entered the army in 1742, was present at Dettingen, where he was wounded, and commanded with skill and courage at Fontenoy. After crushing the Jacobite rebellion at Culloden, he took the field against Marshal de Saxe in Flanders in 1747, and suffered defeat at Lauffeld. At the head of the army of the allies in Hanover in 1757, after being defeated by D'Estrées at Hastenbeck (July 27), he was driven by Richelieu from point to point, surrounded, and forced to capitulate at Kloster Zeven (September 8), agreeing to disband his army and leave Hanover. The capitulation was presently disavowed by

George II. It was the end of Cumberland's career as a soldier, and he lived in retirement until his death.

PAGE 160, l. 16. *Zittau Army*. Zittau was the crucial point in the unfortunate episode of the loss of Lusatia by Prince Augustus William in July 1757. It was the Prussian magazine; was besieged and burnt by the Austrians, and the Prince endeavoured in vain to relieve it.

l. 24. *Ferdinand of Brunswick*. Born 1721, died 1792. Took a prominent part at Hohenfriedberg, Sohr, Lobositz; commanded at the siege of Prague; led the right wing at Rossbach. From the autumn of 1757 to the end of the war commanded the allied army in North-West Germany (see p. 352). He left the Prussian army after a quarrel with Frederick in 1766, and lived in the enjoyment of a large pension from England, where his was a household name.

PAGE 162, l. 4. *Richelieu* (1696-1788), a grand-nephew of Cardinal Richelieu, a man notorious for his dissolute living, but a successful soldier. He was present at Dettingen and Fontenoy, and was commander of the expedition which wrested Minorca from the English in 1756. In 1757-8 he led the French in Hanover, and allowed them to plunder the country at will. This was his last year at the wars, and the rest of his life was spent in Court intrigue. He was a friend to Voltaire.

PAGE 167, l. 24. *de Saxe*. Maurice (1696-1759), a natural son of August II of Saxony and Poland. After many warlike adventures in his youth he entered the French army in 1727. On the outbreak of the War of the Austrian Succession he accompanied the French army into Bohemia, and was the leading spirit in the storming of Prague. He was in command of the Saxon contingent in the dismal Moravian foray of 1742, and earned Frederick's liking and respect in spite of the friction between them. In 1745 he was made a marshal of France, and at the head of the army in Flanders won the battle of Fontenoy. Two other of his victories—Roucoux and Lauffeld—disposed the sea powers to come to terms at Aix-la-Chapelle. He was a dissolute man and a dare-devil soldier.

PAGE 168, l. 13. *Battle of Rossbach*. The sketch on p. 169 is a clear reflex of the simple tactics of the battle. The reader should figure to himself that the French-German army, when the attack broke upon it, was heading up the slope about midway between the highest part of the Janus Hill to the west and that of the Pölzen Hill to the east, the Prussians coming down on them from over the other or northern side. The distance from the first Prussian position to the third, i. e. to the attack, may be judged from the fact that the cavalry were trotting just an hour before they formed for the charge on the slope of the Pölzen Hill, and the van of the infantry arrived at the crest just as Seidlitz had scattered the enemy horse, i. e. in another half-hour (about 4 p.m.). The Hollow of Tageswerben, not shown in the sketch, is south of the line of march of the French and German army, and some way westward of the main tussle, so that Seidlitz, on issuing from it, fell upon the enemy's rear.

l. 26. *Soubise*. Charles de Rohan, Prince de Soubise, peer and marshal of France, was descended from the de Rohans, the heroes of the Huguenot wars, who had come by inheritance into the estates of the ancient French family of Soubise. He was born in 1715, and was a favourite both of Madame de Pompadour and Madame Dubarry. He retained the command of his army after Rossbach until the end of the war, and died as a minister of Louis XVI in 1787.

PAGE 169, l. 4. *Dauphiness*. The Dauphiness of France, a daughter of the Elector of Saxony, was an ardent intercessor for the Saxon cause at the French Court. In compliment to her the army defeated at Rossbach was styled 'L'Armée de la Dauphine', or 'La Dauphine'.

l. 6. *Free-Corps*. A considerable section of Frederick's armies consisted of mercenaries of all nationalities, many of them deserters from the enemy. Before the end of the war there were twenty-one regiments of these troops in being, mostly foot. At the peace they were summarily disbanded without compensation even to the officers who raised them and spent a good deal of private money on the enterprise, for, said Frederick, when expostulated with, 'the officers have stolen like ravens'. In their many incursions into enemy territory they made themselves notorious as plunderers, but compared

favourably in point of discipline with the irregular troops on the other side.

l. 7. *St. Germain and his Almsdorf people*, i. e. the detachment of French cavalry left at Almsdorf to contain Frederick in his first position.

l. 9. *Seidlitz*. Properly Seydlitz, Friedrich Wilhelm, Freiherr von S. (1721-73). His fame as a leader of cavalry rivals that of Zieten. He began making it as a subaltern officer at Hohenfriedberg, and enhanced it at Kolin, Rossbach, Zorndorf, and Kunersdorf.

PAGE 173, l. 10. *Duke of Bevern* (1715-81), a cousin of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. He had taken a creditable part at Lobositz and Prague. A day after his defeat he was captured on a reconnaissance by Austrian cavalry, sent to Vienna, and liberated. On his return to Prussia was ordered to Stettin as governor. His faithful service in that post, and his victory over the Austrians at Reichenbach (1762) redeemed his reputation.

PAGE 176, l. 22. *the famous Pommern regiment*. On March 15, 1760, this regiment was the main constituent of a small column, two thousand strong, which successfully resisted repeated attacks by an Austrian force more than twice its number under Loudon between Neustadt and Neisse. When summoned to surrender the regiment returned Loudon an emphatic answer, to render which, says Carlyle, 'the powers of translation and even of typography fail'. The Prussian regiments were called, as a rule, by the names of their commanders.

PAGE 177, l. 15. *Battle of Leuthen*. Sagschütz lay just in front of where the Austrian line bends back at its southern end—at the 'knee-pan', as Carlyle puts it. The reader must bear in mind the line of knolls facing the Austrians all along the front. Radaxdorf and Lobetintz (p. 181, l. 13) are more or less due west of Sagschütz on the western side of the knolls. Borne (p. 180, l. 3) is on the same side opposite the Austrian right. Saara is about half-way from the Austrian line to Schweidnitz Water, on the high road by which Frederick marched from Neumarkt and from which he turned off at Borne. The road cut the Austrian position just north of Leuthen. Lissa is on the same road and on the banks of the Water. Nadasti

was a celebrated leader of Austrian Light Horse. Lucchesi commanded the Austrian right, and at the outset insisted on being heavily reinforced with cavalry in expectation of an attack.

PAGE 190, l. 21. *Balbi*. A Genoese, taken into the Prussian service before the war. At Olmütz he opened the first parallel 800 yards too far from the defences of the town, with the result that much ammunition was wasted.

PAGE 194, l. 22. *Zabern Hollow*. It ran along the eastern face of the higher ground called 'Drewitz Heath'.

PAGE 195, l. 32. *Manteuffel*. See p. 176, and note.

PAGE 196, l. 23. *Kutzdorf*. On the Mützel, a little to the west of the Russian square.

PAGE 197, l. 7. *Tielcke*. An artillery captain in the Saxon and Russian services. His *Contributions to the Art of War and to the History of the War from 1756 to 1763*, published in six volumes at Freiburg 1775-86, is a scientific work in good repute with soldiers.

PAGE 198, l. 29. *Tempelhof*. A Prussian major and professor, who wrote a *History of the Seven Years' War* in six thin quarto volumes (Berlin, 1794), 'learned, intelligent, but diffuse'. The first part of the work is 'a mere translation' of the *History of the Late War in Germany*, by Major-General Lloyd, in three volumes (London, 1781), which only takes the story up to 1759.

l. 30. *Jägersdorf*. A battle in East Prussia (August 30, 1757), in which the Prussians under General Lehwald were beaten by the superior numbers and artillery of the Russians after a stiff fight.

PAGE 199, l. 2. *grass-devils*. On joining Dohna before the battle, Frederick commented on the spick-and-span appearance of his troops, and said of his own troops from Bohemia: 'I bring you a set of fellows rough as grass-devils (*Grasteufel*), but they can bite.' Carlyle does not know what 'grass-devils' are, whether insects or birds. In Muret-Sanders the expression, 'aussehen wie ein Grasteufel', is translated: 'to be dirty all over, to look like a mud-lark'; and in Austria the word is applied to 'a lively or clever fellow'.

PAGE 200, l. 11. *Archenholtz*. A Prussian infantry captain, who

wrote a *History of the Seven Years' War*, in which he served. See p. 266.

PAGE 205, l. 16. *Retzow*. He was one of the King's most trusted generals, and was present with Schwerin and Winterfeld at the famous conference at Potsdam, at which the beginning of the Seven Years' War was resolved on. His death, by dysentery, followed close upon Hochkirch.

PAGE 208, l. 27. *Loudon*. Gideon Ernst, Freiherr von Loudon (1716-90), came of a Scottish Lowland family, a member of which migrated to Livonia in the fourteenth century. He was ten years in the Russian service before he entered the Austrian in 1742. By common consent he was the one military genius on the Austrian side. Hochkirch was largely his doing; at Kunersdorf he turned a defeat into a victory. He commanded the Austrians in the War of the Bavarian Succession (1778), and afterwards, with great splendour, in the war of 1788-89 against the Turks.

PAGE 208, l. 17. *Retzow Junior*. See note, p. 344.

PAGE 210, l. 6. *Möllendorf*. See p. 184.

PAGE 211, l. 27. *Prince Eugen of Würtemberg*. Properly Friedrich Eugen. He afterwards played a conspicuous part at Kunersdorf, and was prominent throughout the war. The second son of Karl Alexander, Duke of Würtemberg, his elder brother being Karl Eugen, who figures so importantly in the life of Schiller. Friedrich Eugen subsequently became the reigning Duke. With his two brothers he had been educated at Berlin and trained in the Prussian service.

PAGE 213, l. 1. *Mablstrom*. More properly Maelström, a famous whirlpool between two of the Lofoden Islands. The stories of ships and whales sucked under by it are fabulous, but both ships and whales are often stranded through coming into the vortex.

l. 7. *Moritz*. See note, p. 344.

PAGE 216, l. 4. *Lord Mariscbal Keith*. See note, p. 341. He was afterwards reconciled with the British Government and came into his rights in Scotland; but preferred to accept a home offered him

by Frederick at Potsdam, and was one of the comforts of the King's last years.

PAGE 217, l. 21. *Contades*. Appointed to the command of the French army against Ferdinand of Brunswick in July of this year, 1758, and defeated in the following year at Minden.

PAGE 219, l. 13. *Duc de Choiseul*. Étienne François, Duc de Choiseul-Amboise (1719-85), served with credit in the War of the Austrian Succession, and then, under the favour of Madame de Pompadour, as a diplomatic agent in the formation of the Franco-Austrian alliance against Frederick. He afterwards brought about the family compact between the Bourbon sovereigns. He was an able and vigorous minister both at home and abroad, and so manipulated the reins of diplomacy that Catharine called him 'Le Cocher de l'Europe'. Unseated by Madame Dubarry in 1770, he lived for the rest of his life in splendid retirement.

PAGE 224, l. 7. *An ingenious Predecessor*. Carlyle is plainly making his own remarks in disguise.

l. 28. *the English Subsidy*. The part played by England in the Seven Years' War, so far as it directly affected Frederick, may be summarized in a few words. The First Treaty of Alliance between England and Prussia was signed in January 1756, and was confirmed in January of the following year by a Second Treaty, in which England promised a subsidy, a fleet to operate in the Baltic, and an army in Hanover. But neither the subsidy nor the fleet was forthcoming, and in Hanover the Duke of Cumberland perpetrated the capitulation at Kloster Zeven. In June 1757 Pitt, after being thwarted and at last driven from office by Newcastle and his set, was placed in supreme power by the indignation of the country; whereupon, in January 1758, there came a Third Treaty, and after that three others of the same tenor, all these four being strictly executed. The Third Treaty, like its successors, provided that Frederick should receive for the year a subsidy of £670,000 to be spent only on the war, and that neither party should make peace or truce without the other's consent. In all, therefore (1758-61), Frederick received £2,680,000 of English money. In October 1757 England repudiated the Convention of Kloster Zeven, and applied to

Frederick for a general to command a new British-Hanoverian army, and Frederick lent them Ferdinand of Brunswick. A contingent of 12,000 English joined the army in the summer of 1758, and its numbers were subsequently doubled, so that it formed a fourth part of Ferdinand's troops. The net result of the strenuous fighting of this army during the rest of the war was to save Hanover and put the French in check. The victory of Minden, August 1, 1759, was its most shining exploit, and was due, in the first place, to the valour of the British infantry. Pitt fell in October 1761, and Bute assumed the government with the set purpose of making peace. The agreement with Frederick not to negotiate separately was not renewed for 1762, and no subsidy was paid. In November the preliminaries of peace with France were signed at Fontainebleau. For the sake of a party advantage at home, Bute did what Pitt had steadfastly refused as an act of dishonour; he left his ally in the lurch in the thick of his troubles, and was even ready, if need were, to join in the demand for the restitution of a part of Silesia. The betrayal was never forgiven by Frederick or forgotten in Prussia. See note, p. 354, 355.

l. 30. *Schatz*. Treasure, the 'Hoarded Moneys' just mentioned.

PAGE 225, ll. 15, 16. *Mecklenburg, Anbalt*. There had long been friction between Mecklenburg (or Mecklenburg-Schwerin) and Prussia, and between the reigning Duke and Frederick. The Duke was the first of the German Princes to vote in the Reichstag for putting the King of Prussia to the ban of the Empire. The four Princes representing Anhalt also voted for the ban, though they subsequently withdrew the vote. Frederick took this very ill of the Dessauers, who for generations had almost incorporated themselves with Prussia.

PAGE 227, l. 7. *thalers*. The worth of a thaler would be about three English shillings.

PAGE 236, l. 12. *Walckberg*. It is opposite the north-east corner of the Mühlberg.

PAGE 238, l. 27. *Tempelbof*. See note, p. 349.

PAGE 239, l. 30. *Alder Waste*, i. e. the 'Elsbruch' on the plan of the battle, a morass formed by the water of the Hünnerfliess.

PAGE 250, l. 13. *blessed by the Holy Father*. After Hochkirch the Pope presented Marshal Daun with a consecrated hat and sword, 'such as the old Popes, very long ago, were wont to bestow on distinguished champions against the heathen'. Frederick was never tired of jesting on this topic.

PAGE 252, l. 25. *Amboise*, i. e. Choiseul. See note, p. 351.

PAGE 253, l. 35. *die between two Capuchins*. The 'mastiff of St. Malo' is Maupertuis, who was born at St. Malo. He died at Basel in July 1759, and was attended in his last weeks by two Capuchin monks. At the same time, 'unknown to the Capuchins; he made his Valet, who was a Protestant, read to him out of the Geneva Bible'. Voltaire used to make fun of these incidents.

PAGE 254, l. 30. '*Luc*.' This was originally the name of a dangerous monkey, which Voltaire kept in his garden at Ferney. He transferred the name to Frederick, because Frederick, as he writes in a letter, 'is like my *Luc* here, bites whoever caresses him'.

PAGE 258, l. 31. *Lacy*. Franz Moritz, Count Lacy, was one of the many Austrian commanders of British or Irish extraction, his father an exiled Irish Jacobite and a distinguished soldier in the Russian service. Lacy's advancement in the Austrian army was extraordinarily rapid, and he was but thirty-three years old when he became Daun's lieutenant and his chief coadjutor in the Fabian strategy. After the war he carried through a number of drastic and effective reforms in the Austrian army, and bore a large share in the plot of the Partition of Poland.

PAGE 259, l. 18. *Pandour*. Croatian word for a mounted frontier guard; commonly applied to the Austrian Irregular Horse.

PAGE 264, l. 4. *Monk of La Trappe*. La Trappe is a monastery at Coligny in the Department of Orne in France. It was the original seat of the Trappists, who sprang from a reform movement in the Cistercian Order (1665). Their life is of the severest kind.

PAGE 271, l. 21. *chevaux de frise*, i. e. 'Friesland Horses', so called because first used in Friesland in the seventeenth century. The common form is an iron tube pierced with holes, into which spikes or spears are inserted; a formidable obstacle to storming parties.

l. 26. *flatter-mines*, i. e. fougades, charges of gunpowder, sometimes mingled with stones.

PAGE 272, l. 5. *Stolpen, Plauen*. Stolpen is a place in the Pirna country, close to Dresden. Plauen is close to Zwickau in Saxony. Both are by nature strong defensive positions, and were more than once turned into impregnable camps by the armies on one side or the other in the Seven Years' War.

l. 6. *Cogniazzo*. The author of *Confessions of an Austrian Veteran*, published anonymously at Breslau, 1788-91, which, says Carlyle, is 'candid to Prussian merit' and 'still worth reading'.

l. 12. *Tielke*, or Tielcke. See note, p. 349.

PAGE 274, l. 27. *Küster*. An army chaplain, who wrote a book on one of Frederick's generals, *Charakterzüge des General-Lieutenant von Saldern*, Berlin, 1793.

PAGE 275, l. 22. *Turk Illusions*. The hope that the Turks might see their chance in the Austrian embarrassments, and come in on the Prussian side, was a constant comfort to the King.

l. 30. *Bute*. John Stuart, third Earl of Bute (1713-92), was a favourite of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and the daily companion of George III before his accession, an opportunity which he used to imbue the future King with hatred of the Whigs and a high conception of the prerogative. On the accession of George III, he became a considerable power and the chief abettor of the policy of a peace with France, the surest way to weaken the hands of the Whig potentates. By skilful intrigue, the Ministers were one by one discarded, and Bute became one of the Secretaries of State in March 1761. The resignation of Pitt followed in the ensuing October, and Bute was made Prime Minister. He was for peace at any price, and at once began a course of secret negotiations with France, the preliminary treaty being signed on November 3, 1762. Bute bought a majority in the Commons by lavish bribery, and after the peace conducted a vindictive proscription of the Whig party, in which its meanest adherents, down to menials and schoolboys, were made to suffer in purse or otherwise. Such was the hatred of him in England that in April 1763 he retired from office, and soon after lost his influence with the King. He died in 1792. He was an amiable and

refined man, not bad but weak, born for studious obscurity, and thrust into power by mischance.

In the treaty of alliance between England and Prussia, each sovereign agreed to uphold the integrity of the other's possessions. In 1761 it seemed as if no peace could be made unless Frederick ceded a part of Silesia. In June of that year, Pitt asked the King of Prussia 'what he thought of the matter', and Frederick answered decisively that he would give up nothing. The declaration disappointed Pitt, though it could hardly surprise him, for the feeling in England was now veering towards peace, and a peace with France might have been made in 1760 but for the obligation to Prussia. That Bute and Newcastle wished to purchase peace at Frederick's expense is certain; but it is not certain that they were truthfully charged by Frederick with promising Austria and Russia to manipulate him. There are two counts in the charge: (a) In March 1762 the King received from Petrograd an extract from a report by the Russian ambassador in London, of a conversation between him and Bute. Bute was reported to have told the ambassador that, while England would not see the King of Prussia humiliated, she would induce him to make the necessary concessions. He hoped that Russia would not recall her troops from the field, as that would encourage the King to prolong the war. (b) A few days later Frederick learnt from his own ambassador in London of an inquiry addressed by the British to the Austrian Government through Prince Louis of Brunswick. If Austria would resume her old policy of an *Entente* with England, England would see that the Silesian question was regulated. The message had been met by Kaunitz with a cold and sarcastic refusal. The Prussian ambassador in London complained. Bute asserted in reply that the Russian report of what he (Bute) had said was garbled, and that Prince Louis of Brunswick had misunderstood or exceeded his instructions. It could also be pleaded on Bute's behalf that he had refused to renew for 1762 the Anglo-Prussian Treaty in respect of a separate peace and of the territorial integrity of the contracting Powers.

PAGE 276, l. 15. *France is bankrupt.* She was the banker of Austria during the war. In 1758 she gave 7 per cent. interest on loans, and marine insurance was at the rate of 70 per cent.

l. 27. *Portuguese War*. In the spring of 1762, France and Spain summoned Portugal to give up her alliance with England and make common cause with them. Portugal refused, and the Spaniards invaded the country, but were successfully resisted by a small army of English, and lost Havana and the Philippine Islands to boot.

PAGE 278, l. 16. *Peter III*. Under his father, the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp and Schleswig (1702-39), Schleswig was forcibly acquired by the Danes, who held it until 1864. The unfortunate Duke married a daughter of Peter the Great, and Peter III of Russia was their son (b. 1728). His mother was the sister of the Tsarina Elisabeth, who was devoted to her memory, and destined Peter for the throne of the Russias. In 1745, partly by Frederick's contrivance, he was married to Sophie Frederike of Anhalt-Zerbst, who took the Russian names of Catharine Alexiowna; and the eighteen years of their married life previous to his accession were passed in obscurity and in all manner of disorder—she scandalously profligate, and he all but a madman and a drunkard. In the ninth year of the marriage a son, the future Tsar Paul, was born to them, though there were doubts of his paternity. Peter began his reign with a shower of reforms; but offended the Church by his liberalism, and the army by his Prussian sympathies and his Prussian drill. In February he fell under the influence of a mistress, and Catharine saw that either he or she must go 'to Siberia or farther'. She concocted a plot with Gregory Orloff, one of her lovers, and a brother of his, which ripened on July 9, 1762, when Catharine summoned the Guards to take her part, and was proclaimed Empress by them and the populace of Petrograd. Peter was murdered by the Orloffs and three of their friends at a villa near the capital on July 17.

PAGE 282, l. 8. *D'Alembert*. Mathematician and encyclopaedist (1717-83). Besides many mathematical works, he is known by his *Discours préliminaire*, or review of the sciences, written for Diderot's Encyclopaedia, for many articles in the Encyclopaedia, for his literary criticism, and his biographies of the members of the Academy (of which he became secretary) from 1700 to 1752. With Frederick he was 'Voltaire's successor'. He accepted a pension from the King, but refused the Presidency of the Berlin Academy offered him in 1752.

Madame du Deffand. A conspicuous figure in the literary society of Paris, and one of the most brilliant letter-writers of all times. Horace Walpole was one of her correspondents and friends.

PAGE 289, l. 4. *royal bailiff*, i. e. 'Amtmann'. See p. 328.

PAGE 291, l. 15. *Justice.* Prussian Justice was the last sphere of civil life to be brought under the royal absolutism. It was one of the feudal privileges to which the gentry and nobility most tenaciously clung, that every case at law should be tried in the first instance in the manorial court on the land or the municipal court in the towns. The manorial courts were supposed to be presided over by lawyers appointed by the lords of the manors, but in fact the lords themselves officiated in many cases, and justice constantly miscarried. But the King was master and the judges were his creatures both in the provincial courts of second instance and the Court of Appeal in Berlin (*Kammergericht*). The Edict by which the King made himself the last Court of Appeal for all his subjects belongs to the year 1744.

PAGE 295, l. 27. *Erlach.* A general who had committed a faulty manoeuvre.

PAGE 297, l. 22. *Partition of Poland.* There were three Partitions : (1) In 1772 Poland lost a fifth of her population and a fourth of her soil. Russia secured 1,500 square miles ; Prussia obtained West Prussia, except Danzig and Thorn ; Austria, most of Galicia. (2) In 1793 the two Powers concerned were Russia and Prussia. Russia secured the eastern provinces from Livonia to Moldavia ; Prussia, Great Poland with Danzig and Thorn. (3) In 1796 the three Powers again took part, and the last third of Poland was shared between them. This time the Prussian share included Warsaw. The territorial divisions were revised and assumed their present shape at the Congress of Vienna.

Carlyle's account again represents Frederick as more modest and less purposeful in the transaction than probably he was. The acquisition of West Prussia was an old ambition at the Prussian Court, and only the opposition of Peter the Great frustrated it when August of Saxony, as a candidate for the Polish Crown, offered to

do a deal with Frederick of Prussia in 1710. In his prison at Cüstrin in 1731, Frederick the Great, then Crown Prince, put on paper a sketch of his political aspirations, in which Polish Prussia was pronounced to be an indispensable link between the Hohenzollern territories, and the opinion recurs in the King's 'Political Testament', written for the benefit of the Heir Apparent, Prince August Wilhelm, in 1752, and re-written in 1768. The same hope was cherished by Prince Henry, the King's brother, who in 1760 repeatedly urged it on the King; so that the very cautious suggestion made for the first time to the Russian Government in February 1769, and coldly received, was not, as Carlyle would have it, a momentary inspiration, that came and went, but rather a deliberate push to set the stone rolling.

PAGE 298, l. 2. *Stanislaus Poniatowski*. He was the son of a Count Poniatowski, born in 1732. His reign lasted from 1764 to 1795. In the end he fell out with Russia, and resisted the Second Partition, until the Russians took him prisoner in Warsaw and compelled him to sign the Treaty of Partition and renounce his throne. He lived thenceforward on a pension from the three Powers.

PAGE 299, l. 6. *a grandiose creature*. Probably Carlyle's charitable view of the Tsar Peter III casts too much of the shadow of the story on Catharine. Peter treated her with consistent brutality, and her life, after his accession, was not safe. It is not known how far she was passive and how far active in his murder. So hated was Peter by the Russians that she needed only to give a hint and wait on events, and many have believed (Frederick among them) that this is what she did. The account of the first Partition of Poland, here given by Carlyle, is also somewhat unfair to her, in so far as it places the discredit of the initiative entirely at her door (see note above). The plan of planting the Cross at Constantinople and reviving the Empire of the East (p. 312) was a favourite idea with her for some years, and was enthusiastically applauded by Voltaire, with whom she regularly corresponded. She had her youngest grandson christened Constantine in anticipation of its success. But the jealousy of the Powers defeated it. After prompting the Greeks of the Morea to revolt in 1770 by sending a fleet to the Mediterranean, and then

leaving them in the lurch, she contented herself with securing from Turkey, in the peace she made with it in 1774, a promise to respect the rights of its Christian subjects. She reigned from 1762 to 1796.

PAGE 301, l. 22. *Joseph II.* He was born in 1741, became Emperor on the death of his father in 1765, but shared his authority with his mother until her death in 1780. The principal concerns of his policy were (a) to acquire Bavaria, in which he failed; (b) to combat the spiritual authority of the Pope in his dominions, which led him into a prolonged quarrel with the Church; (c) to clear his kingdom of feudalism by abolishing serfdom and reforming the laws of tenure. Many of his edicts had to be revoked. Hungary, Tyrol, and the Netherlands revolted from him; and the war with Turkey in 1788 was unsuccessful. The vexation caused by the failure of his work hastened his death in 1790. He did much for education, science, and the arts.

PAGE 303, l. 15. *Tredah*, i. e. Drogheda; defended by 3,000 royalists, and stormed by Cromwell's men in September 1649. 'Being thus entered, we refused them quarter, having the day before summoned the Town. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives. Those that did are in safe custody for the Barbadoes. . . I believe this bitterness will save much effusion of blood through the goodness of God.'—Cromwell to Bradshaw, September 16, 1649.

l. 27. *his Narrative.* See note, p. 334.

PAGE 308, l. 15. *brought to bed in.* Her son, Joseph II, was born on March 13, 1741, in the thick of her troubles.

PAGE 317, l. 1. *Frederick William*, i. e. Frederick William II, Frederick's successor and eldest son of his brother August Wilhelm (d. 1758).

PAGE 321, l. 8. *Dr. Moore.* John Moore (1727-1802), a Glasgow doctor, who accompanied the Duke of Hamilton on his travels in the years 1772-8, and published *A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany* in 1779.

PAGE 324, l. 14. *Hertzberg.* Count Hertzberg, afterwards the Chief

Minister of Frederick William II. He had been Prussian Plenipotentiary in the negotiations for the Peace of Hubertsburg.

PAGE 325, l. 2. *Selle*. The leading doctor in Berlin at this time.

PAGE 326, l. 25. *Rödenbeck*. Author of two 'laborious and chaotic' works on the period : *Contributions towards the Histories of Frederick William I and Frederick the Great* (*Beiträge zur Bereicherung der Lebensbeschreibungen Friedrich Wilhelms I. und Friedrichs des Grossen*), and a *Diary of the Reign of Frederick the Great* (*Tagebuch aus Friedrichs des Grossen Regentenleben*), the aim of which last is to determine for every day of the King's life where he was and what doing.

APPENDIX

ON THE POLITICS OF THE FIRST AND SECOND SILESIAN WARS

A PRAGMATIC SANCTION was the legal term in Austria for a law of the first importance. There were several Pragmatic Sanctions, but the world speaks of only one. In 1711 the Emperor Charles VI succeeded his brother Joseph I. Joseph had two daughters, (a) Maria Josepha, married in 1719 to the Electoral Prince of Saxony, (b) Maria Amalia, married in 1722 to Charles Albert of Bavaria. In 1703 the Emperor Leopold I, the father of Joseph and Charles, ordained that, in default of male heirs, females should succeed to the Hapsburg dominions, and Joseph's daughters should have precedence. In 1713 Charles cancelled this ordinance by the Pragmatic Sanction, which laid down (a) that the Hapsburg dominions should be indivisible, (b) that his own daughters should have the priority; and when Joseph's daughters married, he exacted from them both a formal renunciation of their claims. Having obtained the recognition of his Sanction from the Estates of his own realms, Charles spent the rest of his life in obtaining it from the Powers of Europe. Sooner or later all the Powers pledged themselves to support it, except Bavaria and the Palatinate. When Maria Theresa succeeded, George II at once acknowledged her, the Saxon Elector offered his friendship, and so, with some ambiguous reservations, did Frederick. France would not define her attitude; Russia gave no answer (but from her there was nothing to fear); the Elector of Bavaria was openly hostile, and claimed the Hapsburg heritage. When the Prussians invaded Silesia, the Saxon withdrew his recognition; Spain and Sardinia came forward with claims; Charles Albert began to arm; and France sent out Belleisle to intrigue in the German Courts, secure the imperial Crown for Charles Albert, and make an alliance with Frederick.

Belleisle saw Frederick at Brieg at the end of April, i. e. after

Mollwitz (April 10). But the King would not commit himself; he did not want the French in Germany if he could have Silesia without them, and preferred an arrangement with the Queen of Hungary through the mediation of England. Belleisle had no sooner left, than Lord Hyndford arrived on a special diplomatic mission; and the uncertainty of the English attitude declared itself at once. It was a chapter of cross purposes. George II, as Elector of Hanover, feared Prussia, and wished to keep it down. But the Whigs were favourably inclined, believing that the Protestant power would bear naturally against France, and hoping to unite Austria and Prussia against that hated enemy. Thus, on April 19, George II voiced the popular indignation in England over the invasion of Silesia in a warlike speech from the throne, in which he declared his resolve to stand by the Pragmatic Sanction, and announced that he had called on his allies, Denmark and Hesse, to raise the contingents due from them in the event of war. And a few days later Hyndford came to Frederick with the olive branch in his hand. Frederick was angry, and angrier still when, having consented that Hyndford should send a courier to Vienna to ask if the Queen would cede Lower Silesia and Breslau in return for the support of Prussia, he was faced a few days later with a solemn request from both England and Holland to evacuate Silesia as a first step to an understanding. In any case the negotiations at this point were of no use in view of the Queen's determination to go on fighting for her rights. So Frederick concluded his treaty with France on June 5.

The provisions of the treaty by which the King set store were the French promises to induce Sweden to begin a war with Russia (of which Power he was himself an ally), and to aid the Bavarian Elector at once with a strong army. On the other hand, by pledging his vote to Charles Albert, he had shut the door on his hope of an understanding with Austria. He did not make the pact in a reserved spirit, but with infinite relief and almost with enthusiasm, declaring to Fleury that he (Fleury) was not a better Frenchman than the King of Prussia. Except the commitment to vote for Charles Albert the treaty had cost him only the renunciation of the claims on Jülich and Berg, and that was a light matter. In three months his enthusiasm for the Alliance cooled, for France had promised more than

she could pay, and the French army sent into Bohemia was less effective than he had hoped. His expectations rose high when Charles Albert marched into Upper Austria in September 1741 and threatened the imperial capital. To double the weight of the coming blow at the heart of his enemy he tried to bring Neipperg to battle again (September 7), and failed. Meanwhile he began to see to the bottom of Belleisle's policy and to feel his old leanings to Austria. By this time the Austrians were in great straits. The Queen's moving appeal to the loyalty of the Hungarians in Pressburg (beginning of September), and the devotion it awakened, had brought the promise of help, but before the Hungarian levies could take the field she might be lost. Neipperg's army alone might save her. On September 21 Saxony joined the coalition; on September 27 England, yielding to the threats of France, declared her neutrality. Imminent necessity drove the Queen at last to resign her rights at Klein-Schnellendorf (October 9); and Frederick was ready for the agreement, for it gave him what he wanted. It was his old aim of an agreement with Austria on the basis of the surrender of Silesia. If his own memoirs are to be trusted, he was moved by solicitude for the House of Hapsburg, lest it should be overwhelmed by France; and his language to Neipperg (p. 88) does suggest that this was his sentiment at the time.

If so, it was of short duration; and in a few weeks he saw with misgiving that he had saved his enemy, and saved her for a concession to which she would never be reconciled. Once again he conceived that his real interest lay in the humiliation of Austria. When the French, Bavarians, and Saxons stormed Prague on November 25, he began to think of being in at the death. He had already denounced the agreement of Klein-Schnellendorf on the ground that Austria had published it against his express stipulation; and in the beginning of November he signed a treaty of Alliance with Bavaria, and another with Saxony, now a partner in the coalition, by which he agreed that Moravia should be Saxon and the southern border of Silesia at the Neisse should abut on Saxon territory.

There was now another reversal of the situation. An English subsidy revived Austria. An Austrian army under the able Khevenhüller pushed into Bavaria, and captured Munich in the very days

when Charles Albert was being crowned Emperor at Frankfurt (December 1741—February 1742). Frederick's vexatious adventure in Moravia (December—April) had the effect of sickening him with the coalition, and disposing him again to play for his own hand. Chotusitz did not help the French fortunes in Bohemia; it saved the Prussians, and that was all. In spite of Chotusitz, Prince Charles was able to reduce the enemy strongholds, and shut up the French in Prague. The battle had brought home to the Queen of Hungary, however, the enormous difficulty of recovering Silesia, and being for the time even more intent on the Bavarian issue, she listened at last to the counsels of England and, with Hyndford's help, concluded the Treaty of Breslau, otherwise called of Berlin.

The springs of Frederick's policy in the two years between the Peace of Breslau and the renewal of the war are not alone his desire to keep Silesia safe. The fortunes of the newly made Emperor Charles VII had a very real bearing on the European standing of Prussia. Charles was Frederick's creature and his dependant, and the idea of playing the guardian of the Holy Roman Empire, as a sort of *major domo*, was certainly not strange to the King in 1743. In point of mere renown and influence it would be a profitable policy, and who could know where it might lead? The Moravian expedition had sickened him of the coalition; he would withdraw from it; rest and recruit his army; and watch the war; ready to step in and save the Emperor, if the chance or the need came, and as independently of France as might be. His German sentiments for the German *Reich* were honest, and in any case the cause of Charles Albert was really his own. The course of the war did not please him. Bavaria, almost lost to Khevenhüller by the spring of 1742, was recovered by the French and Imperialists in October of that year. But nothing could save Prague, and only Belleisle's escape from the city and his costly retreat to Eger preserved the remnant of the garrison (December 1742). Then came George II and his so-called Pragmatic Army on the scene (February 1743), marching down the Rhine to threaten the French and Imperialists in Bavaria. Frederick saw their coming, and watched the restless policy of Carteret, who after the fall of Walpole in February 1742 was Foreign Minister, with deep annoyance and alarm, and several times

plainly threatened the English Court that, while England might do as she liked with France, she must not meddle with the *Reich*. The Pragmatic Army was slow, but it had a moral effect on the situation, and by the beginning of June the French had evacuated Bavaria; the Bavarian army had capitulated to the Austrians, and the whole electorate was lost to the Emperor, now a penniless fugitive in Frankfurt. There was another French army under de Noailles, which might be expected to retrieve the case. But on June 27, to Frederick's intense irritation, de Noailles was beaten at Dettingen. In face of these facts Frederick set about a scheme for a league of the German Princes to protect the *Reich* (a policy which he revived at the very close of his reign). There was to be a *Reichs-Army*, with himself as permanent lieutenant-general; and primarily it was to be a power to mediate between the belligerents and restore peace; an aggressive power only if the mediation failed. He was loath to break with England, and even consented to enter into the English plans for a general accommodation, without any result. This was the policy of 1743; and it failed, for the Princes would not respond, and Saxony was won over to the other side (December). In 1744 his policy reverted to the old line of an aggressive alliance with France, the first impulses being Maria Theresa's note to France of August 1743, and the apparent slight inflicted on Prussia by the Treaty of Worms (September). The Union of Frankfurt, signed in May 1744, was a relic of the discarded policy of the previous year; but it had its use as a demonstrable sign of the King's profession towards the *Reich*. In Carlyle's phrase, it was the coat, but the treaty with France (June) was the substance. Even just before August 1744 there is evidence of the old vacillation in Frederick, for he hesitated to draw the sword until the crossing of the Rhine by Prince Charles (July 2) and the peril of Alsace threatened to enfeeble or paralyse his one nameworthy ally.

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